

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## The SOCIALLY AMBITIOUS MUST Have CHARM and POISE



### Crashing The Gates The Right Way

PARIS.

*High Society in every country guards its honors jealously—and Paris most of all.*

IN Paris advancement in the social world requires a great expenditure of effort—and even then with charm. No hope for your hot-pollol. It is even more difficult to enter the genuine aristocratic circles of the French. Yet Paris has its social climbers, who are determined and clever.

The Marquise de la Chartreuse tells stories of their technique.

These people send out invitations to endless entertainments, she says, and are not upset by refusal. They keep on entertaining lavishly, and know that in the end they will succeed by mere insistence.

It works out this way: Even if social leaders ignore the invitations nine times, society likes to dine out every night, and so, quite possibly on the tenth invitation from the same person, a distinguished member of the elite will accept—and so brings a triumph to the lesser known host.

For many of these affairs are really brilliantly staged, with lavish generosity, and so some of the lesser social lights shine with greater radiance, but never as brightly as their ambition hopes.

The Marquise commends certain canons of behaviour to the socially ambitious:

*They must wear a perpetual look of contentment.*

*They must walk slowly and gracefully.*

*They must listen to their voices—and be critical.*

*They must watch every gesture, until a studied harmony and grace become second nature, and not a too-obvious special accomplishment.*

## WOMEN will PROFIT at the WINTER SALES

Winter sales are in full swing, and the prudent housewife is taking full advantage of them. The prices of cotton, silk and wool have already shown a tendency to rise, and, it is anticipated, will continue to do so for some months to come. It is obviously the right time to buy while, even on present prices, sales reductions can be secured.

IN all women a keener sense of values and a deeper sense of appreciation of the necessities of life, have been aroused.

Once they were prone to regard the periodical sales at the big stores as a joyous expedition in which there was a sporting chance of securing a bargain.

They were rather uninformed in the matter of values. With the general idea of saving money, they bought all manner of things (that they did not really want), because they were attractively displayed and conspicuously labelled "genuinely reduced."

But that word is no longer the open sesame to the housekeeping purse. Sales need more than the reduced tag to tempt women now. They need to be "genuinely" in word and in fact.

Manufacturers and retailers are fully

aware of the changed attitude of their customers in regard to sales. The shops now aim for a bigger turnover and quicker sales, rather than the old-time idea of big profits.

The most striking savings can be effected in the manchester department. A linen-press can be re-stocked at prices that will make the housewife congratulate herself for her foresight in buying.

Local manufacture has played a big part in effecting a lower price level on clothing. Silk underwear and hosiery are obtainable at prices that bring them within the reach of all.

Tables of silk stockings at bargain prices enable one to secure two pairs at an outlay that would ordinarily approximate the price of one pair. Fleecy Shetland underwear and woollens generally represent bargains that enable the owner

### Do You Dream of Hollywood?

THE Australian Women's Weekly and Paramount want to send to Hollywood Australia's most perfect young man and woman. Screen fame and fortune are awaiting them there. This thrilling contest closes on July 8. See story on page 2.

of the most straitened purse to be adequately equipped for the winter months.

Millinery has achieved a certain chic through the medium of berets and jaunty pull-ons. It is no longer necessary to purchase an expensive model to be smart. The sale prices of topcoats are almost too good to be true. A good quality facecloth or velour coat, with the ubiquitous rabbit collar, is no longer a garment purchased at a figure that calls for many years of wear to counter-balance the outlay.

The expenditure of three or four guineas at the winter sales will provide a charming wrap for all occasions.

Look the sales over carefully, keep an account of what you spend, and compare it with what you would spend in the ordinary course of events; and then, again, compare that with the budget of, say, three years ago. The result will be very pleasantly instructive.

## £5 a Week For The Best Letter

READERS of The Australian Women's Weekly are invited to join in an exciting new development of the competition which has already drawn an avalanche of letters to this office.

A weekly prize of £5 will be given for the best letter of 50 words, suggesting a new feature not already covered by The Australian Women's Weekly, and criticising the paper constructively. Full details on page 3.

### Real Bargains



## SCREEN FAME— Here's Your CHANCE

Seven days—only a week, for you to submit your entry form and photographs in the Paramount-Australian Women's Weekly "Search for Beauty" contest to send two young Australians to Hollywood for a screen career. The contest definitely closes at midnight on July 8.

OWING to the Paramount Hollywood Studio production schedule, which at all times must be strictly adhered to, calling for the picture "The Search for Beauty" to commence production early in October, the contest closing dates cannot be altered.

All theatres must have their local winners selected by July 12, and the photographs and entry forms of the winners must be in the hands of the various State contest managers by July 15 for State judging, which will be carried out on July 17. In the four days following, screen tests of the State winners will be made in Sydney and Melbourne. These test films will leave Sydney on July 26 for Hollywood. When they reach their destination, they will be

viewed by seven noted Paramount directors, who will adjudge the two national winners—one man and one woman.

The names of the winning couple will be cable to The Australian Women's Weekly and published immediately they are received. The two lucky Australians will sail for Hollywood by the s.s. Mariposa on August 22.

### Method of

**Judging**  
No contest will be decided by personal popularity, by applause, or by the ability of the individual competitors to secure votes. All judging will be done by the committee of three or five judges appointed by each theatre authorised to conduct contests. The decisions of the judges by a majority of votes will be final.

All contestants must be between the ages of 17 and 30 years. They must be single, and Australian-born.

The principal attributes that will be considered by the judges are—

**For the Woman Winner:** Beauty in figure, face, and pose; personality in expression, and ability to wear frocks well; talent in voice enunciation and

The contest, perhaps the most ambitious and most dignified ever promoted in this country, has created tremendous enthusiasm, and hundreds of entries are pouring in to theatres authorised to conduct the contest. Many of the best known girls in Australia have entered. You still have time.

accent, but not necessarily in singing or dramatics.

**For the Man Winner:** Handsomeness in looks and figure; personality in expression, and ability to wear clothes well; talent in voice enunciation, and accent, but not necessarily in singing or dramatics.

The contest is not only entirely seeking bodily perfection.

In other words, Paramount is seeking new faces for the screen. Australia, together with the rest of the English-speaking nations, is sending representatives to Hollywood to appear in the picture, "The Search for Beauty," and The Australian Women's Weekly is happy to co-operate in finding two young Australians to make the trip.

The rest is up to you. Get your entry form at once from your local theatre. Remember you have only seven short days. This opportunity really does offer a wonderful chance of fame and fortune, and perhaps a permanent screen career.

### Make-up by Max Factor

In order that the State finalists will appear at their best in the screen tests which will be forwarded to the Hollywood Studios for selection of the Australian winners, they will have the benefit of Max Factor's make-up specialists and screen cosmetics. Messrs. James and Anderson, Australian agents for Max Factor, made this generous offer and will personally supervise the making-up of the contestants.

Max Factor's cosmetics are standard make-up material in every motion picture studio in the world, and as both Messrs. James and Anderson have had actual experience in several Hollywood studios, the value of this offer to the State winners can be readily appreciated.

### You May Win This!

1. A part in the Paramount picture, "The Search for Beauty" at a salary of fifty dollars per week for a minimum of five weeks.
2. Transportation to and from Hollywood.
3. Hotel accommodation during stay in Hollywood.
4. Chance to compete for special bonus of 2000 dollars.
5. Wardrobe of clothes, valued at £150, by courtesy of Myer's Emporium (Melbourne).
6. To the woman winner a canteen of cutlery, valued at £200, by courtesy of Viner and Hall Ltd.
7. Elaborate wardrobe trunk by courtesy of Beharfelds Ltd. (Sydney).

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Lady Maitland gave a morning tea party in honor of Mrs. Raymond Laurie (formerly Coralie Morgan Jones) before her departure overland to catch the Otranto. Mrs. Morgan Jones and Miss Charlie Morgan Jones were also present. The table was arranged in the lounge at The Australia, and every woman guest had a posy beside her tea cup. There was quite a large party. Among the guests were Lady Fuller and her daughter, Mrs. Gwen Wharton; Lady Carruthers and her two daughters, one of whom, Alice, is engaged to Lady Maitland's son; Miss Annie Cook, who lives with her sister, Lady Maitland; Mrs. H. Bullmore; Mrs. Owey Falkner and her daughter; Mrs. Jim McMaster; Mrs. Victor White, and Miss Muriel Lee.



Being notable sayings by and about women. For the best contribution 10/- will be paid. The source of the quotations must be indicated.

"BE GOOD if you can and if you want to; be bad if you must and if you prefer. But never wear a cloak to cover your real self: whatever you are, be enthusiastic about it."—Anna Pavlova.  
Prize of 10/- to Miss A. Mays, Parkes Rd., Temora, N.S.W.

"MANY WOMEN—some wives—stray from the straight and narrow path through ignorance, but there are those who delight in taking this track because of the pleasure they get, and with them it is not ignorance, for they have their eyes wide open."—Rev. Hugh Paton.

"WHEN A little native girl told me the story of the beheading of her mother, I wished that the woman anthropologist who suggested last year that head-hunters should be treated tenderly, had been there to hear it."—Sir Herbert Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of New Guinea.

"NO MATTER what the legislation, I myself do not drink anything with alcoholic contents, but that is a purely individual thing. I should not dream of imposing my own convictions on other people."—Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of U.S.A. President.

"I HAVE met many members of the public during my term of office. I have taken it always as a compliment that the humbler sections of the people have come up to me in the street and exchanged greetings."—Mr. Whitdon, ex-Lottery Director.

## More Feminine Than Ever!

From Nell Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

"More feminine and frilly than ever, with masses of organdie, chiffon, taffeta, and monkey fur, large flower-trimmed hats, and Edwardian parasols!"

THAT was the verdict of one of Mayfair's foremost dress designers when I asked him to cast his mind a few weeks forward and chat on Ascot fashions. And he proceeded to show me some of the creations which will grace the lawns, ordered by women noted for their smart frocking.

One of the most sensational was of stiff black taffeta, built on Empire lines with a narrow tube skirt. It had enormous armholes of monkey fur and a swirl-

### Strange Inanimate Pets

NOT humans only are immortalised in song, in story, and in portraiture. Members of the so-called lower world enjoy this distinction, too.

The extent to which this immortality has been conceded to animals has caused amusement to the committee organising the Pets in Portraiture Exhibition, which will open at the Blandford Galleries on Monday.

Another surprise awaited the committee when it was learned that pets were not necessarily living animals, or portraits of them. The Marchesa Ferrante, for instance, offered to loan her pet, and it proved to be a bronze dromedary she had acquired in Persia 15 years ago, and had treasured ever since.

There are portraits and paintings in plenty, subjects ranging from chickens to wild animals.

### CAMERA ART



is the last word in decoration for the walls of the Modern Home, and it is interesting (but not expensive) to run a collection and change them on occasion.

Photographs seen and liked in The Australian Women's Weekly are purchasable from the Photography Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

ing flounce applied round the hem. Long, black, taffeta ruffled gloves and a picture hat trimmed at one side with a big pink cabbage rose completed the ensemble.

Another Ascot model which is bound to attract attention was of pale grey organdie (silk organdie), tucked from shoulder to hem, worn with a matching halo hat and a swagger coat of organdie floating away from the shoulders in airy fashion.

Monkey fur, by the way, is enjoying a great vogue just now. It is used for evening capes, to form short sleeves for dresses, as peplums on jackets, and even for hats.

### Hobble Skirts

Another Mayfair designer is letting his fancy run riot with masses of black and white organdie for Ascot. He is making cotton organdie gowns with hobble skirts, but so ruffled and frilled that they eat up yards and yards of material.

The puffed sleeves applied to these are so large that they double the wearer's width when she puts them on.

A new idea, too, is the Ascot coat of organdie. Made full length, with a flounced skirt, it is meant to wear over a gown of silk or satin, and may be slipped off and left in the cloakroom should the weather turn dull.

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LONDON · PARIS · SYDNEY



A special-formula Face Powder  
that all London clamoured for

Beautiful women, leaders of London Society, have come to Atkinson's exclusive Perfumery Shop in Old Bond Street in their search for a face powder that brings a smooth flower-like beauty to the skin and yet looks natural. Hundreds of formulas were perfected but there was one—known simply as "No. 24"—favoured above all the rest for the exquisite skin-beauty it always gave, and for its delicate fragrance. For each distinguished patron the precious formula "No. 24" was prepared specially, and this made it so costly that only a few could afford it.

The same "No. 24" formula exactly, has now been produced for the hundreds of thousands of discriminating women all over the world—so that it can be sold within the reach of all.

### The charm of real skin-tones

Shades vibrant with warm beauty. A tone to match your colouring is among them—Rashel, Rashel No. 2, Natural, Suntan, Oultry, Rose, White and Brunette.

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ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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Let's Talk Of  
**INTERESTING  
PEOPLE . . .**



MRS. MARY MARTIN

MRS. MARY MARTIN, 60, of Philadelphia, has discovered that equality for women has some weaknesses. In America social legislation on behalf of women has gone much further than in most other parts of the world. Thus, in Philadelphia, as a result of a recent decree, a wife who has means is liable for the support of her husband if he is without means. Mrs. Martin failed to pay her husband support money, and was taken to the House of Correction. The judge refused to fix anything less than a 30 days' sentence—but the judge was a man.



MRS. H. BONNEY

MRS. H. BONNEY, the first woman to fly from Australia to England, left Brisbane on April 10, and five days later hopped off from Darwin, finally landing at Croydon, amid great excitement, on June 21. Mrs. Bonney is the wife of Mr. H. L. Bonney, of Brisbane. Flying is apparently in her blood, as she is a cousin of the late Bert Hinkley. To look at her slim little figure, one would never think that it could house such an air-minded and adventure-seeking spirit as she evidently possesses. She is fair, too, and reminds one somewhat of our own Dot Brunton. When she married, her husband wouldn't even let her drive a car. "I'll do the driving," he said. But he put no obstacle in the way of her learning to fly, which she did under the guidance of the Brisbane Aero Club. The experienced gained on this flight will be of considerable assistance should Mrs. Bonney decide to take part in the world air race from England to Australia next year, for which Sir MacPherson Robertson has offered £15,000 in prizes.



LADY MACCALLUM —P.M.

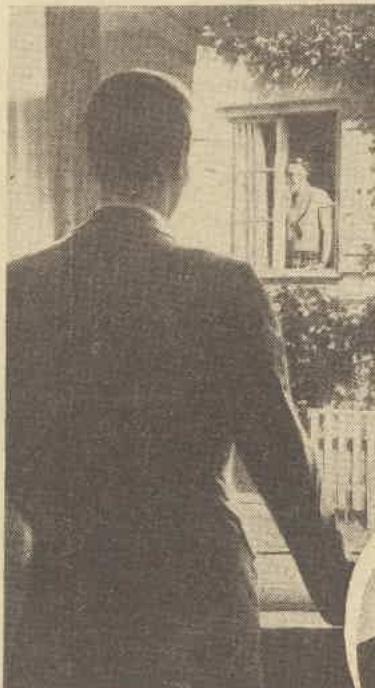
LADY MACCALLUM, wife of Sir Mungo MacCallum, is well known for her many personal qualities, as well as a leader of public activities. Her close association with the Sydney University, as wife of the Deputy-Chancellor, has given her a deep interest in the University Settlement, where undergraduates receive their training in social service. Lady MacCallum is an ex-president of the National Council of Women. Her main interests to-day are the Sydney Day Nursery Association, and the Ashfield Infants' Home, of which she has been president for 30 years.

# When a WOMAN Says YES!

THERE Adam strives for Eve's caress.  
There go two lives upon a woman's "yes."  
There brightly burn two fires  
Warm to confess,  
The tumult of desires  
That bind two lives  
By one small "yes."

THINK what one tiny "yes" can do!  
It can change continents.  
It can change lives. It can change nations. It can change history. That's an ordinary "yes."  
But when a woman says "yes"—

In her heart of hearts, every woman has rehearsed over and over again the exact way in which she will say it, some day, when a tall and handsome lover, with eyes a-glow (these dream men never go red and gulp) will say: "My darling, marry me."  
Maybe she'll whisper it. Maybe she'll sigh it. Maybe she'll just smile, and wilt. But why go on? Every woman says it differently. There are dull ones, and darling ones, and dumb ones, and then there are the little devils. But they are all women, saying "yes."



The interesting "Yes."



The uncertain "Yes."



The sentimental "Yes."



The unconditional "Yes."



The unexpected "Yes."



The dignified "Yes."



The serious "Yes."

## WOMEN ARE BRAVER Than MEN

"It is not that women feel pain any less acutely than men. They feel it just as badly; but the general fact remains that they do not fear the operating table in the least. 'Some people,' said the surgeon, 'almost invariably women, like being operated upon, although there may be nothing whatever the matter with them. One woman was operated on 11 times. Then, when nobody would operate any more, she committed suicide.'"

SIR JOHN BLAND SUTTON, famous London surgeon, asked recently if he thought women were braver than men, replied: "That is certainly my experience after a long life and a wide experience of the surgical diseases of women."

are less sensitive. In proof of this he says that they can stand changes of temperature better than men; that more men wear glasses than women, and that a woman's memory is far less sensitive than a man's.

An official at London Hospital said that men, strangely enough, faint more quickly than women. In the Army it was often found that men who had gone through big battles quite calmly were afraid of being pricked by a needle.

A Sydney dentist said last week that the bravest people were usually frail, married women who had had one or two children. They appeared to be able to stand any amount of pain. Young men of the blustering, swaggering type were the worst in the chair.

A Macquarie Street specialist does not agree with Sir John Bland Sutton. He says that women bear pain better than men because, generally speaking, they

This was endorsed some time ago by Judge Curlew, who declared in court that nine out of ten girls who gave evidence in certain cases could not be believed. It was not that they were untruthful, according to the Macquarie Street specialist, but that their memories failed them. The general experience of hospital nurses is that men are better patients than women, but this might be no more deeply seated than the reason why waitresses pay more attention to men diners than to women. There is very little doubt that men are easily upset by small aches and pains which women stand much better. But women ought to be fair and admit that there's no one much braver than a man when he's put to it. But so are women. So the honors are even.

## Exquisite CUT GLASS

of MODERN, GLITTERING BEAUTY.  
All real Lead Crystal and guaranteed by Angus & Coote.

Just a few articles, selected at random, are illustrated here.  
Call in! Our richly stocked cut-glass department is a pleasure to wander through.



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Electric Lamp of scintillating beauty. Ten inches tall, complete with globe, flex, and plug.

12/6

Charming Cut Powder Bowl.

19/6

Latest type square cut Jewel Case.

17/6

Oval Jewel Case, very deeply cut.

12/6

Oval Cut-Glass Perfume Bottle.

35/-

This handsome oval Toilet Tray is just one of a huge assortment in a variety of shapes and prices.

China and Cut-Glass in Exquisite Patterns are conveniently displayed on our ground floor. Illustrations gladly posted if you cannot call.  
**ANGUS & COOTE Ltd.** 500 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.



## HIGH HAT Rage Brings NEW Beauty MAKE-UP

FOR the effect of these ridiculous "nonsense" creations is often the reverse of flattery. A Bond Street beauty specialist of world-wide fame found that out when she bought her first high hat, and thereupon devoted herself to a study of the problem. She has now evolved a special "high-hat make-up," in which the main point of focus (usually on a line approximately across the upper lip) has been moved right up to the eyes.

In wearing the new fez and chela some Australian women may unconsciously have sensed the change and realised the new importance of eye make-up.

Women who never used eye-shadow in their lives are now adopting it, as well as mascara, or dark ointment, to accentuate the lashes.

Otherwise the general effect is apt to be insipid and utterly devoid of chic. Rouge, too, must be applied high up on the cheekbones, and not on the lower part of the cheeks.

This beauty specialist advocates a "keep smiling" attitude of mind as well for she says that a happy mouth with the corners turned up is much better with a high hat than a discontented one with drooping corners. The fashion for appearing bored and languid with everything in life appears to be passing.

To carry off these new hats with distinction, inconsequence and gaiety simply must be in the picture," she stated. "Now, as never before, women must pay attention to cosmetic detail—for nothing looks worse, with the present sophisticated fashions, than an unkempt face."

### Eye Beauty

Another tip which she passed on for beautifying the eyes and adding to their importance in the new make-up was to make a small nick at the outer corner of each eye with the eyebrow pencil. This makes them appear larger.

In order to make them appear set more widely apart than in nature, she advocates the application of eye-shadow beginning halfway across the lid only, and its continuation at the outer edges a little beyond the lid and on to the temple.

From NELL MURRAY, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

### LONDON.

*Australian women who want to adopt the high hats that are now the rage among smart Londoners and Parisiennes must make up their minds to spend a little time and trouble over their facial make-up if the ultimate effect is to be becoming.*

A new bronze eye-shadow is now the vogue for women with grey or harel eyes, and it has the effect of bringing out the colors in their most flattering aspects. Greeny-blue is another eye-shadow shade which is good for the same purpose.

In Bond Street nowadays rather different principles in the matter of general make-up have been adopted from those generally accepted in recent years. A woman's natural coloring is no longer adopted as a basis for her make-up colors; the scheme is based on the color of the frock or suit which she is going to wear. So the woman of fashion now buys her cosmetics in sets. Rouge, powder, lipstick, eye-shadow, etc., are now available in nine different combinations. If red is to be worn, for instance, all the right color combinations are there in their separate little box. Again, there is a special lipstick called viola, with a bluish tint, which is the thing to apply when wearing blue. A certain face powder for applying when wearing hard, electric tones of blue (which tend to make the face look lifeless) has an extra ration of pink. These color harmony boxes save the busy woman who wants to be in the vanguard of fashion a great deal of time and trouble in matching up all the various cosmetics. The price of each one works out at 27/6.

### Make-up for Nails

New ideas in nail varnishes include a bright cyclamen mauve, intended to be worn with blues and purple, and a nasturtium and a coral ideal for browns or greens or tweeds. For wear with cotton evening gowns, the smart finger-nail make-up (as an added touch of sophistication) consists of bright candy pink nails with the rims and half-moons outlined in a new, opalescent, silver var-



HIGH HATS and circus hats are now the rage in London, necessitating special beauty preparations to set them off to advantage, advises our European representative, Nell Murray.

nish. This expert dismisses slip-on finger-nails as a panning, freakish fashion.

The tired business woman may now obtain a special brown beauty cream whose one object is to conceal tell-tale lines of fatigue. It is smoothed into the skin where lines have appeared, powder is applied above, and all traces of fatigue vanish like magic.

Another beauty tip, for double chin, consists of applying darker powder underneath the chin than on the rest of the face.

## Circus HATS and Fabric GLOVES . . .

By NELL MURRAY

SCHIAPARELLI'S fez and circus hats are to be seen all over Paris and London nowadays, so that the new models introduced at her mid-season show have attracted a good deal of attention. The "circassian" is round, shallow, and ornamented by a long, shaggy tassel. "The archer" is mediaeval, high of crown, and has a stuffed, rolled brim. "L'incroyable" is also a high hat, with trimming pinned on its "roof." Topping a straight rectangle, pulled rather to one side, is a fringe of feathery wool. "Marianne" is inspired, of course, by the coiffure of the bust which has represented La

## PUZZLING CENSUS QUESTIONS

How did you get on with your census paper? Were you able to fathom the meaning of all the questions easily? If so, go up one and wear a superior look for the rest of your life. Thousands have been stumped.

AT the top of each census paper, the following apologetic appeal appeared. It was almost as though the officials responsible for compiling the form recognised that they had exasperated themselves in making it as puzzling as possible:

"Owing to the national character of the Census and its importance to the Government and the people, it is confidently expected that all will endeavor to make it successful by giving full and accurate information."

No attempt was made, however, to assist matters by making the form simple. Some of the questions seem to have been deliberately framed to catch the unfortunate citizen. Take this, for example:

"Question 14. War Service: No entry is required for those persons who served in forces which were not raised in Australia."

True, the question appeared in a more simple form inside the schedule, but why could it not have read:

"Question 14. War Service: Australian forces only."

Then there was this:

"Question 14. Foreign Language: If able to read and write English, do not answer this question."

### BRAIN-TEASERS

There was no doubt about a good deal

## GLAMOR! TRAGEDY!

BILL, of the faithful heart, knocks out a nobleman in London and wins back Eve's Daughter!

This charming love story of a cultured Englishwoman, and a New Zealand squatter, will entrance you. Thrilling and unusual, and written with the sure touch of an understanding pen, this powerful story portrays incidents which have happened in every woman's life.

Louise Mack has written nothing more tensely and romantically vivid than this enchanting tale of life and love, which will commence in the next issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. Watch for Eve's Daughter.

of pen-biting over questions 11 and 12—Nationality and Race. If you stopped the average Australian in the street and asked her what her nationality was, she would reply "Australian." But the Census authorities meant you to put "British."

It was news to many professional men

## SAVE 10 LARGE OR 20 SMALL PRESERVENE SOAP WRAPPERS

Send your wrappers to PARBURY HENTY & CO. PTY. LTD., 39 York Street, Sydney, and in return they will send you a PRESERVENE CARTON.

State which CARTON you require when FORWARDING WRAPPERS, and don't forget to include your Name and Address.



No 1 CARTON



No 2 CARTON

No. 1 Carton contains Wire-handled Dish Mop, Soap Saver, Pot Cleaner and Potato Masher.

No. 2 Carton contains Combined Vegetable Grater, Egg Lifter, Tea Strainer and Egg Whisk.



No 3 CARTON

No. 3 Carton contains 1 Pure Linen Glass Towel, 19 x 29 inches. Finest Quality.

No. 4 Carton contains 1 Special Bath Towel, 19 x 38 inches. Finest Quality.



No 4 CARTON

No. 5 Carton contains 1 Pure Washable Wool Duster mounted on handle.



THESE THREE BABIES are the same age, and were born at Sister Gleeson's private hospital, Macksville. The tiny tot in the centre weighed 2lb. 2oz. at birth, and when four weeks old weighed 3lb., which speaks volumes for the good work done by these country nurses.

France herself for the last 40 years, and is a modified version of "le bonnet Phrygien," which she wears (see French postage stamps).

The vogue for fabric gloves has assumed such proportions that it is rather the exception than the rule to wear them made of ordinary leather or suede. For day wear there are gloves of cotton pique, gingham, organdie, tulle, velvet, and fine wool fabrics, to match the frock or coat. For the evening smart women wear them of lacquered satin, chiffon embroidered in spangles, lace studded with diamante, and in other costly materials. When any of the new printed chiffons or silks are worn gloves of the same material are added as a matter of course.

and women, solicitors, doctors, accountants, and so on, that their work should be graded as a "Craft."

How many people were able to fill in Question 2 of the section "Description of Dwelling" . . . "State the material of which the outer walls are built. If more than one material is used, state that which is most largely used?"

The fact that the Census form was a sort of community affair came as a nasty surprise to many people. Most of them found out about it too late to make application for the Personal Slip, and it was too risky to keep that bluff up of still being 21 . . . the fine for a false statement is £50.





# To SLEEP on the PREMISES

Illustrated by Boothroyd

**P**AUL BELLERBY was a man who, always well-dressed, looked perhaps best dressed in a dressing-gown. The wide and delicately tinted bottoms of pyjama legs swung beneath his gown de luxe of fluid gold as he walked. His hair was sleek, although, without an eye-glass, he looked somehow incomplete.

But as he walked into the room, he repaired this defect and gazed thoughtfully at George Moberley, who was standing before the mirror, looking at himself.

"This is a quaint time to call," he observed, not without displeasure. "And what are you looking at yourself like that for?"

"I am looking to see how I feel." Paul sat down and lifted the silver cover of the entree dish. Satisfied, he said:

"How do you feel?"

"Much as I expected. I was out very late last night and up very early this morning. And the same thing has been going on all the week. Do you know Theo Campbell?"

"Yes, I do."

"A very charming girl."

"Charming? Yes, in a sense. Decorative, anyway. There's one thing wrong with her, though. She has no taste in men; she only has one for them."

George adopted a pained look.

"That is not the kind of thing to say about a girl I admire."

"It's true, all the same. Her character and her temperament do not agree; that's at the bottom of what appears to be a weakness in a lot of women. She likes men, but she likes the wrong sort and, considering how pretty she is, I find that depressing. Look at Russell Toft."

"I should find that depressing."

"You would be right. D'you know, this is an extraordinarily good kidney, badly cooked."

"Never mind that. Theo must be saved from herself, and I'm the man who's going to do it. Do you know why Theo likes Russell Toft and people of his kidney . . . since you speak of kidneys?"

"I can imagine no good reason."

"It is because he looks so tired."

"Of what?"

"Just tired. At least, that's what it amounts to. She says he looks so interesting, but what makes him interesting is that he looks tired."

"I see. She thinks he's deep and mysterious, and so forth?"

"Just so. Of course, I think he's really got a weak muscle in the eyelids, but she'd never be convinced of

that, unfortunately. She most decidedly does not like beefy men, and I suppose I'm what might be called on the beefy side. Well,—and he gestured—"I may not be able to reduce my bulk, but I can certainly make myself look as interesting as Russell Toft; so I've been dancing every night with that one object; then I've walked home, deliberately wearing uncomfortable shoes, and I've risen early every morning and gone to see what's doing at Covent Garden, Billingsgate, and the Meat Market."

He brought his features close to Paul's. "Now, do I look tired and interesting?"

"You look anaesthetised, and tedious."

"Lovely!" said George.

"I'm meeting her for lunch, and we are going down by train to spend the rest of Sunday with the Pilchers. I must be off now, so as to keep on the go until I meet her."

Paul said nothing for a moment; he held aloft his paper and he searched it casually. As the door opened, his voice sounded.

"It is one thing to throw a sprat, but quite another," he said, "for it to come back buttered."

**G**EORGE was with Theo. They had lunched, and they were on the train. It was a Sunday, but, whatever the day, Theo always looked beautiful.

She looked, in fact, a shade too beautiful, because wherever she went people sat and looked at her, and it is very difficult for a girl always to be herself in such exacting circumstances.

All at once, Theo, who sat facing George, made a remark and looked up for an answer.

To her astonishment something had happened which had never happened before in the whole of her experience. A man—and what made it worse was that he pretended to be in love with her—instead of drinking in her beauty

like everybody else, had calmly and deliberately sat back in the corner of the carriage and had gone to sleep.

At least, it looked like that.

Now, sleep deals with us all in different ways. In the case of angelic children and darling women it is certainly alluring, but a mere beefy man, unconscious in a railway carriage, is at his very worst. Perhaps lunch was responsible. That and nature had proved too strong, at all events, for George; and although he had heard Theo talking he had ceased to take in what she was saying; he had seen her vaguely before him as a man under the influence of a narcotic might have seen her—floating, nebulous.

And in the end his head had fallen back.

**H**E woke with a start. The train had slowed and had stopped between stations. The bump and the alteration in rhythm had disturbed him, and he opened his eyes. And having opened them, he remained in a dazed state, looking in front of him.

Theo had disappeared.

Most men have experienced, at some time or another, the extreme remorse that overcomes us

all when we have had a long and heavy after-luncheon slumber in an unnatural position. All the symptoms were assailing George now. His tongue felt furry, his clothes had taken on an exasperating itch, he had fidgets in his legs, cramp in the neck, and a headache.

But his eyes stayed open.

Not only had Theo gone, but her place had been taken by an entirely different girl. He shifted his position and began to look to the set of his clothes. Then the train began to move, and he peered out of the window, fingered his tie, and spoke.

"Excuse me, but do you know where we are?"

"Just leaving Great Mottlesford."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Well!"

He inspected her. Another question tottered to his lips: "Did you happen to notice a lady get out of this carriage a little while ago?"

"As a matter of fact, I've only just got in. I was bundled in as the train was going, and there's been no chance to get out."

"Did you want to get out?"

"I should have preferred a carriage in which a man wasn't snoring."

"Snoring?"

"Terribly. I nearly shook you once." "I must apologise. The fact is, I was terribly tired. You can probably see how I am. And another thing: when I went to sleep I was with an entirely different girl."

"You went to sleep while you were talking to a lady? That's very rude."

"No; she was talking. I remember it was the musical drone of her voice that sent me off."

"No wonder she left you."

"Not only that, but I've been allowed to go past my station. She evidently let me sleep on as a punishment. I shall have to get out now and go back."

"You can't get out; the next stop's Basselborough."

He sat very stiffly, blinking. He looked at the window. It was misty, and he rubbed it.

"Well, I can hop out now, on to the line."

He rose and, as a man will, quickly patted his pockets, and reached for his hat and umbrella. Then he moved towards the door, but stopped with his hand resting against his breast. Slowly and deliberately he sat down again and gave himself up to contemplation of this girl.

He paused on his way to the door, and then deliberately sat down again, facing the girl. "You must excuse me," he said, "but I suppose you have not by any chance taken my pocket-book . . . as a joke?"

potently where he was. "You understand? My pocket-book has gone!"

"Are you accusing me?" "Of course not; but do you think the girl who was here before you took it?"

"How on earth should I know?" "She might have done, to sort of rub in the lesson, and to make the whole thing twice as awkward for me. I've only got a few pennies in small change. That I do know, without investigating."

"I should look on the floor."

He did so, without avail.

"I don't see how anybody else could have taken it, anyway," he said when he rose and dusted his knees. "Tell me, while I was asleep didn't I look interesting?"

"No. If you want my honest opinion, I thought you looked rather silly."

"I feel it now. First stop Basselborough, eh? And I still have the tickets?"

This much he confirmed by feeling in his ticket-pocket.

"I shall have to get out there and come back. By the time I catch up, she will have left the place we were going to, probably with someone else, and I shall look still more silly. Don't you agree?"

Now, when you consider how a man will dither at his tailor's between two shades of similar grey tweed; how he will vacillate between two horses, one of which he means to back; how he will worry about what sort of car to have, is it surprising that he should feel uncertain which of two girls is the more beautiful?

A short time ago George would have said that Theo had no peer—or peeress—but every day it is disclosed to us anew how little we really know about what is going on behind our backs. All the time he had been doting on

Theo this girl had been, as it were, drifting about alone, unguarded and perhaps unfamed. Something of George's feelings, at all events, he gauged by his surprising willingness to remain here now and make light conversation. One would have expected him to rise in a panic and get out of the train while it was going, facing the wrong way, and even alighting wrong foot first in his excitement. Instead, he sat there, feeling vaguely in his pockets and at the same time looking at his companion earnestly.

(Continued on Page 6)

BY HYLTON CLEAVER

**"Y**OU must excuse me, but—just for the sake of argument, and as a sort of old-fashioned custom at such times—may I put a question to you? I suppose you have not by any chance taken my pocket-book . . . as a joke?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Of course. I knew you hadn't. But it's gone, all the same."

The train was gathering speed. He looked out again, but stayed im-



"Another dance, Pat?"



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# HEENZO

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O WING to the way she sat, he could see one round chubby knee; he could see one pale wrist with little bangles round it; he could see a chin and nose that might have belonged to an angelic choir-boy who could fill a cathedral by singing a solo while kicking a friend under the pew. He could see soft, expressive lips which no boy in the world could own without shame, and eyes that strove through light and shade for independence, but got out of depth midway.

Her black felt hat was turned back from her brow; she wore a green neck-lace; her feet were trim and her legs no less elegant because they were firm and well-rounded rather than slim and long. Her voice had sudden unexpected changes of inflection that made everything she said sound interesting because she sounded interested in it.

"Do you," he said, "agree?" "That depends on the girl, of course. How well do you know her?"

"I am forced to the discovery that no man knows any girl as well as he thinks he does."

"You have stumbled on one profound truth, anyway."

"I think so, certainly. It seems to me that there is nothing you can safely say about a woman without feeling that you may be flatly contradicted by some actual occurrence on the morrow. Do you agree with that? And if so, what do you advise?"

"Do you want to go back?" "I certainly don't want to walk. I'm much too tired."

"Do you want me to lend you some money?" Her lips were offering him a smile.

He shrugged. "It looks as if I shall have to borrow some from somebody. The people I was going to visit live miles from the station, and even if I got there with these tickets I shall need a cab. If, on the other hand, I get out at Basselborough, how shall I get through the barrier? It is a nice point, you know."

"You'd better work your way."

"In the present depressing state of unemployment, that," he said, "will take a very long time."

The girl had leaned back her head. Her neck was soft and firm and round and white; not a crease in it, though there was a dimple in her cheek.

"When you were asleep I was thinking what a hefty chap you were, and as it happens, a good hefty chap is exactly what I need this day."

He sat looking at her with his head on one side like an intelligent dog.

"I'd been complaining bitterly all the way to the station," she went on, "because I hadn't a big brother. When I was hung in here, the first thing I did was to sit down and get my breath back; the second was to look at you and think you were exactly the right size."

"A little beefy, do you mean?"

"Just beefy enough."

"You don't mean to sit there and tell me you like beefy men?"

"I do indeed."

"Good heavens!" George sat back dumbfounded.

"I'll tell you what it is. I'm on my way to a cottage that belongs to me, and I'm going to throw a tenant out. And if," she said, "you aren't in a bearing hurry when you get to Basselborough, and would lend me your support, I—she smiled again—"could reward you with the price of your fare back to town."

After a while, as George did not reply, but only sat there looking at her, she said: "Well, what do you think?"

"I'm most awfully sorry," George responded, "but I really didn't quite hear what you said. As a matter of fact, I was wondering, just at that moment, what you looked like without a hat?"

"If you really want to know that, you'd better come along. I shall take off my hat and coat and roll my sleeves up when I get there."

"In that case, count me in," said George, and sat back pleasantly; then suddenly moved forward once again.

"I ought to know your name."

"Diana Kerr."

"I'm very glad indeed to hear it," George replied.

DIANA had said: "You'd better wait just out of sight, I think. I'll go in alone, and see what happens."

So George was posted round the corner under the trees, and Diana walked up the little pathway through the garden and knocked on the door. Presently this was opened and there appeared a man. George would have been interested could he have seen him at close quarters, for here was an individual who would have gratified indeed the weaknesses of Theo Campbell.

He smiled at Diana in a manner that can best be described as subtle.

"I was right, then. This was the only way to make you come."

He held out both hands, intending to take hers, but was unlucky. Diana spoke:

"Don't flatter yourself. I've come for the rent."

"I won't say you shan't have it, all in due course. But first, let me give you a cocktail."

# To SLEEP on the PREMISES

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'll come inside," she answered, "when I'm ready, and not before. First, I want you out. And if you don't get your things together and go, I'm going to chuck you out."

The young man opened his eyes. "Well, really! This is hardly a Christian spirit. You offered me this cottage—"

"When you had nowhere to go, and I thought you were hard-up and ill. You're neither. You're only a sponger. I've found that out. What's more, while you've been here, living at my expense, you've talked . . . about me, which is a thing I don't forgive. In fact, you've been an all-round wash-out, Derek, and you're going."

"But when I promise that you shall have the rent, surely that's enough!"

"It isn't the rent I'm worrying about; I want you out of here." Her chin was looking firm. "Unfortunately for me, I don't agree with women hitting people in the eye; they only get the worst of it in the end, and they look awful with their hair all over their face. But you're going to get hit just the same unless you get out now and take your belongings with you."

"I'll give you fifteen minutes to get your things together and clear out. Otherwise you'll be thrown out."

THERE was an interval in which they looked at each other eye to eye. Then Diana turned towards



He: What did you give the mile for a present? She: Well, I opened the pet's money-box and bought him a beautiful electric iron.

the road. She raised her voice. "George! And never had George realised till then what an attractive-sounding name had been bestowed upon him at baptism."

He bobbed into sight, and moved up the path to the cottage with alacrity. "Is this the person?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Derek Strickland. He is an Old Etonian. I don't know whether you went to a school like that, or whether it was unnecessary. I should think your father was already a gentleman."

George smiled in splendid humor. "I understand that, as umpire in this matter, you have given this gentleman 'out'?"

"I have."

"Has this discussion anything particular to do with you?" asked Derek.

"Everything. You have notice to leave, and there is no time to be lost. Home, James, and don't spare the horses."

"Don't argue with him, George," Diana said. "Just sling him out."

"I have heard," commented Derek, "that one man periodically takes another's place in your affections, Diana, but I always understood that we simply took our normal turn. This is the first time I have heard of a chap arriving too soon and wanting to chuck his predecessor out."

He received no immediate answer. He was only conscious of being looked at penetratingly. Emboldened, he continued:

"I suppose you are the next tenant of the cottage, sir? That is the usual arrangement."

"Since you mention it," said George, "I shouldn't be surprised if I do sleep on the premises, but that will be to make sure you don't come back."

"Ah, then, as I expect you will be asked to get up in the morning and make tea for two, I'd better show you where the cups are kept before I go."

He turned with an air, and at that moment two hands reached him viciously. One gripped his collar and nearly tore it out of his jacket; the other screwed together the seat of his trousers and held it firm. Then Derek felt himself lifted in a flying attitude and being moved through space like a "whitetime" fairy.

He travelled a short distance, increasing pace as he went, and then he had nose-dive into the garden. When, somewhat out of breath and dizzy he had struggled to his knees he saw that George and Diana had gone together into the cottage, and were beginning to throw his belongings after him. Hat, boots, gloves, thick walking-boots, books, papers, bags—each was handed from one to the other, examined with a critical contempt, and shot outside.

Derek rose painfully, and stood with his hands clenched, and an ominous glare in his eyes, wondering if he dare add anything to his remarks. Reluctantly he decided that he dare not.

A little later, strapping the second of his two bags and picking both up, he walked awkwardly out by the gate.

Diana, brushing back her hair from her forehead, looked coolly after him.

"The story will be round the village by this evening, and it'll be a good one."

"If it is, his life will not be worth," said George, "a moment's purchase. When I am roused I do not know my own strength. In fact, I am awful in my wrath. I am indeed."

"The last tale that went round linked me with him. I suppose he'll now link me with you. I'm sorry. I hope you won't mind very much."

"I only wish," said George, "that it was true."

She turned to give him a quick, curious glance; their eyes met, and George looked extremely serious, till, with a slight pucker of the forehead, she looked away again.

"Better open the windows and get rid of the whole idea of him,"

He went to do so. She watched him gratefully.

"Thanks awfully. I will say this: Of all the men who could perhaps have chucked him out, I can't imagine anybody making so neat a job of it."

George turned from a window to look over the furniture; then faced her again with a grin.

(Continued on Page 36)



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Madame Zella's "Science of the Stars" Syndicates, which are formed to aid the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, have held tickets in only a comparatively few Lotteries, yet in the short time in which Madame Zella has been operating she has won tremendous sums of money for her clients. Her wins include £5000, £100, £40, £30, £20, £10, and £5 prizes—scores and scores of them, and her winning run still continues. In last Monday's Lottery, as usual, numbers of her clients won welcome cash.

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#### SEND NOW

To get your three big money-winning chances and your Numerology Chart just cut out this article and send it with a postal note for 2/-, an envelope stamped please don't forget this! and bearing your name and address to Madame Zella, Dept. N.C., Box 4244Y, G.P.O., Sydney.



# LOUISE MACK'S DIARY

"Give me my moments: you may have your years!"

MRS. NOCK, OF "NEELUNGALOO"

A HA! So somebody else has discovered the peace and charm of "Neelungaloo" and its host and hostess. Across the home-paddock appear the two best known faces in N.S.W. Yes, it's our Premier and Mrs. Stevens strolling towards us revelling, for a brief breathing-space, in this quiet homestead far from the madling crowd.

Last week I promised myself Mrs. Nock. Just because it makes me happy to think of that beloved lady, remembering my winter at her dear old homestead. Huge log fires, ice on the water, great flat, endless, greenish plains and a white, rambling, friendly house, with rooms opening right into the plains, the wide, still, fascinating plains that crept up to our front gate, and made us one with eternity while we brushed our hair in the morning. And just fancy finding out there a treasure. A face all tenderness and intelligence combined, a mind that fed itself in the plains with Carlyle and Emerson; a merry heart that bubbled as we went out together over the paddocks at dusk to hand-feed those marvellous little prize lambs that Horace Nock is so proud of, and justly, seeing how many prizes "Neelungaloo" lambs and sheep bring to our prince of farmer-politicians, and there beside me walks Mrs. Nock, each of us carrying our pails of food through the twilight and fighting quite fiercely for us over Tennyson's "Dora." I abusing it, she loving it, and I intensely loving Mrs. Nock, to make up for my hatred of Tennyson's "Dora," as we go to hand-feed the baby lambs in the twilight.

EDYTH LYTTLETON (G. B. Lancaster)

The greatest thrill an author can have is to make a big success after years of trying; the next greatest thrill is to find another author making a big success after years of trying. Twice lately astounding success has come late to an author, whose books have been published for years and passed unnoticed—Axel Munthe, with "San Michele"; and Henry Handel Richardson, with "Ultima

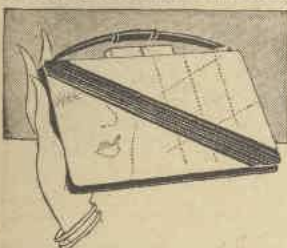
## THEY'RE in the "SEARCH for BEAUTY" CONTEST



Fame and fortune may be waiting at the end of the rainbow for one of these charming people. They are all entrants in The Australian Women's Weekly—Paramount "Search for Beauty" contest, which gives young Australians an unparalleled opportunity of enjoying the best that Hollywood

has to give. In (1) you see the grave sweetness of Miss Barnes, a Sydney girl (Falk); next to her (2) is a Melbourne girl, Miss M. White (Dickenson-Monteath); another Sydney girl entrant is (3) Miss Nordstrom (Paramount); (4) is Miss Marjory Sherwin (Broothorn); (5)

a Falk study of a strikingly beautiful Sydney entrant, Miss Burge; (6) a handsome Broothorn (Melbourne) entrant; and (7) is attractive Miss Jean McBeath (Esler), a Melbourne Varsity girl. The competition closes on July 8. Full particulars are given in the article on page 2.



THIS chromium-plated bag does away with the necessity of carrying a mirror. Here is our artist's idea of what the owner will find looking back at her after she has given those extra touches to her facial make-up.

(By courtesy of David Jones Ltd.)

Thule." And now, here's a third! Here's Edyth Lyttleton writing "Pageant," a kaleidoscopic, ineffably brilliant and poignantly true picture of Tasmania—Tasmania beginning, Tasmania emerging, and Edyth Lyttleton seeing what hung whistling in the wind, turning it into exquisite stinging prose, convicts, gentlefolk, governors, bushrangers, judges, "Hobart." Port Arthur, the whole gamut to the rhythm of ermines, the pop of champagne corks, the scent of the Huon pines, the hiss of the whip on the bare backs of the convicts, all captured, exquisitely and oh, so truly.

Edyth Lyttleton and I used to creep round London years ago, weaving dreams through the icy winter, both in love with London desperately, and both trying to win a foothold among London's writers.

Very pale, very thin, curiously gentle, was this young Colonial authoress, who wrote under the mannish pseudonym, G. B. Lancaster. Quiet as a mouse, always timid in manner, always softly spoken, this strange girl yet hid in her breast a burning passion for hard and doughty deeds, wild worlds, rough men and women, fierce animals, primeval hardships. If they didn't come to her she went to look for them. She scoured Canada and the Hudson Bay territory in search of them; then turned them into stories and made a living out of them, that was all. That went on for a life-time, and then suddenly out comes "Pageant" and takes the world by storm, written out of the impressions made deep in the wax of her childhood's brain when a little girl in Tasmania.

How fascinating is that alliance, and how rare of a fierce fighting spirit with a timid manner.

More diary pages next week.

## Revival of Old English Dances

EVEN with all the attractions of modern life, the minds of men, women, and children turn back into the past for gems of art in music, song, and dance. The old English dances never lose their lure in this connection, but are revived from time to time by those who see beauty, rhythm, significance, and educational possibilities in them.

One of the most successful revivals of recent days was the Girl Guide badge display dance pageant, held at Mark Poy's and repeated at the Y.W.C.A. rooms, with Miss Ann Davies, of the Old English Folk Dance Club, as instructor for the folk-dance numbers.

The beautiful music which is incidental to the Morris and Country dances has a special appeal of its own. But when the dance and song are coupled the result is an achievement that appeals alike to eyes and ears, stirs the imagination and emotions, and kindles admiration for the days of "Merrie England," when such songs and dances were part of the people's lives. The quaint costumes of those early times also play an important part in creating a picturesque effect.

The Morris and Country dances are folk-dances which arouse interest in the dance-lover as well as in the social history student, as the dances differ from each other in every way.

The Morris was more than a dance, as spectacular ceremonial often accompanied its performance, and it is thought by some people to be derived from primitive nature ceremonies of the early village communities.

Others claim that it is of Moorish origin, and was brought to England when John of Gaunt returned from Spain.

In its many variations it embodied curious customs and many characters, such as king, queen, fool, squire, cake, sword-maker, and witch.

The Country Dance, on the other hand, has always been performed for its own sake, and for the social intercourse it provided. Rollicking, informal numbers, full of rustic jollity, danced at fairs, on the village green, and in the forests, and during the reign of James I. it was elevated to the dignity of a Court dance.

Among the best known and loved of the country dances are the Barn Dance, Maypole, and Sir Roger de Coverley.





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Coat in Fancy Basket Velour fur Collar, shoulder lining, in all wanted shades. S.S.W., S.W., and W. Usually 35/- NOW 15/11 NO MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS FOR THIS LINE.

## MORE Cash PRIZES for READERS

Letters of congratulation continue to pour in to the office. They are deeply appreciated, and the many suggestions offered have been a great help in formulating the style and policy of what is intended to be Australian women's OWN paper.

THIS week's prize of £5 for the best letter goes to Mrs. Elsa M. Turner, 23 Hurst Street, Goulburn. She writes:— "As a very interested reader, might I make a suggestion? Instead of continuing the prize letter each week, could not this column take the form of a controversy on various subjects that women are interested in? I would like to state that I have never before read such first-class short stories in a 24 newspaper. The standard you have set is far superior to any woman's paper published in Australia."

### What To Do

From now on the first prize of £5 will be awarded for the best letter of 50 words, suggesting a new feature, not already covered by The Australian Women's Weekly, and criticising the paper constructively. Other prizes of 5/- will be awarded. Every letter must contain the preference voting coupon, which appears on this page.

Below you will find the features of The Australian Women's Weekly arranged in three groups, according to the space we give them. If you would like them rearranged and more prominence given to one and less to another, or if you would like a new feature substituted for one, here is your chance. It is your paper, we want you to help us edit it.

GROUP 1: Fashions and Patterns, Careers for Women, Short Stories, Serial, Lesser's Article, Body Beautiful, Recipes, Points of View, Stage and Screen, Children's Page, Woman and Her Work, Women in Sport, Intimate Settings, Mirror of Sydney.

GROUP 2: Interesting People, Clever Ideas, Things that Happen, Competitions, New Books at a Glance, Forms, Louise Mack's Diary, Weddings and Engagements, Questions My Patients Ask Me, Problems of Life, Shopping News, Humourist.

GROUP 3: So They Say, Bridge Article, Women in Business Series, Music, Quick Service Department, Little Theatres, The Old Gardener, Radio Gossip, Knitting, Half a Moment, Our Dogs.

If you think no change is necessary, tell us, but send in voting form unmarked. No prizes will be awarded without it.

Study these lists, and if there is any feature, for example in Group Three, which you think should receive more space, and therefore, be in Group One, write the name of it in the Group One section of your voting coupon.

Similarly, if there is a feature in Group One which you think is getting too much space, write the name in Group Two, or Group Three on the voting coupon.

### OTHER WINNERS

Other letters winning 5/- prizes cannot be quoted in full for lack of space. Here they are:



with the features they liked best. Fashions and Gossip: Mrs. R. McTierman, Wilson Avenue, Melbourne; Mrs. Campbell, 170 Bedford Street, Forest Lodge; Mrs. M. Cahill, Yass Street, Young; W. Pountney, 113 Johnston Street, Newcastle.

Mrs. L. Howarth, School Residence, Tempe, "used best the pictorial aspect, from the art drawings and artistic photographs to the advertisement. Louise Mack's Diary was praised by Miss Helen Arundel, 154 Seattle Street, Osella. Mrs. J. Baldwin, 47 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, was one of the many attracted by "Dancers for Women." Mrs. Evelyn Brown, Hume House, Tower Street, Tempe, went over to see the School was read heavily by Miss Pat Kohler, 3 Nelson Bay Road, Waverley. The lay-out pleased Mrs. Una Trayburn, 9

### Preference Voting Coupon

GROUP 1:  
I would like much more of—

GROUP 2:  
I would like a little more of—

GROUP 3:  
I think less space might be given to—

### WHAT YOU CAN WIN

£5 for the best letter giving constructive criticism of The Australian Women's Weekly and suggesting a new feature. Preference coupon must be enclosed. Other prizes of 5/-.

£5 for the best recipe, with other consolation prizes.

10/- for the most original "Clever Idea," and 2/- for the four next best.

10/- for the best contribution to the "So They Say" column, in which are published notable sayings about women, in prices for contributions from children to Connie's page.

£2 for the best joke sent to "Brain Waves."

10/- for the newest item sent to "Things That Happen" and five prizes of 5/-.

## WOMEN in WOOL INDUSTRY

By A CITY WOMAN

That wool was the staple industry of Australia, was a fact that I simply accepted—probably it was one of the things I learnt in my misspent school-days. Sheep, I thought, were all very similar and exceedingly foolish.

WOMEN are among the most successful breeders of sheep, as evidence of which Miss Joan Harrison, from Goulburn, and Miss Joyce Dawkins, from South Australia, were among the prize-winners with their teams of Southdowns.

Miss Thelma McMaster, from Dalkeith, accompanied her father and



MISS JOAN HARRISON, of Eunonyharenyha Station, Goulburn district, was one of the lady sheep breeders at the sheep show. These are some of her Southdowns.

## LAST of our Picture Words

NO person can receive more than one cash prize in the popular Picture Words Competition. This is to give each of the thousands of competitors who have been sending in their entries each week a chance of winning some of the £50 allotted each of the four competitions.

No. 4, the last of the series, appears on this page. The entry form appears on Page 43.

Entries for this last Picture Words puzzle close on July 8. Entries for No. 3 close on July 1.

Prize-winners in each of the four competitions will be announced on July 15.

### Prizes and Conditions

The £50 allotted in each competition has been distributed as follows:—

£35 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is correct or most nearly correct.

£10 to the second best entry.

£5 to the third best entry.

There is no entry fee, and the prizes must be won.

### ENTER NOW

Look at the series of eight words pictured in the next column.

One letter is missing from each word. In each case there is a clue to the whole word at the side, and to find the missing letter you simply take the initial letter only of the word illustrated by the picture.

Find the eight solution letters and fill them in IN THE (in block capital letters) on the form on Page 43.

In cases of ties, the prize-money may be divided, but the full amount of £50 will be distributed.

All attempts must be made on the proper terms.

No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, delayed, or omitted, nor proof of posting be taken as proof of delivery.

The decision of the Editor will be final and legally binding throughout. Employees of The Australian Women's Weekly must not compete.

HOW long does money take to double itself at compound interest? The number of years an amount takes to double itself at any rate of compound interest not exceeding 10 per cent. per annum is approximately 70, divided by the rate per cent. of the interest. Thus £100 lent at compound interest at 5 per cent. would become £200 in about 14 years. The same sum lent at simple interest at the same rate would double itself in 20 years.

Conrad Street, Hamilton, Newcastle. Mrs. L. Sheather, 15 Garden Vale, Baywater Avenue, King's Cross, was so pleased she sent two copies to England and one to America! Mrs. H. Rogers, Hamilton's Point Road, Hamilton's Point, says: "No need for words. The Australian Women's Weekly has got it." All those letters with 7 and 8 similar prize goes to Mrs. V. Martin, 21 Edinburgh Road, Narrabri, (or last time she writes: "The only thing I find about your paper—it stops us doing any work on Thursday morning! It is so full of interest.")

### £50 PICTURE WORDS

1	Inflated	LOWN
2	To beat	LOG
3	Kind of bottle	FLAON
4	Shell containing seeds	OD
5	To raise	EAVE
6	To crouch down	UCK
7	A plant	ANSY
8	A heap	ASS

(See Entry Form on Page 43)



Careers . .  
for Women

# NURSING as a CAREER

While women have invaded many avenues of employment hitherto regarded as belonging to men, they have also entrenched themselves even more firmly in occupations looked on as their own.

In nursing, for instance, the field of work has been widened considerably, and, in addition to ordinary hospital work, there are now opportunities in welfare work, school nursing, clinics, commercial houses, and many other avenues.

study, and may be purchased from the Government Printing Office for one shilling.

The general course may be taken at the Children's Hospital, but an additional 12 months' training in adult male and female wards must be undertaken in order to be eligible for registration outside N.S.W.

The training for a mental nurse does not take as long as the general course. Three years is generally sufficient, and to obtain registration under the Act the nurse must pass an examination.

For midwifery nursing, the training takes 12 months if there has been no previous training. If the applicant is registered as a general nurse the training period is six months only. Certificates are not awarded until the candidate is 21 years of age.

A two years' course in infant nursing is obtainable at the Benwick Hospital for Infants, Summer Hill, Sydney, approved by the board as a training school for infant nursing.

A premium is rarely required. In some hospitals uniforms are bought by the candidates, while others supply materials, and others again the whole uniforms. The nurse requires a specified outfit on entrance, the cost of which is between £10 and £15.

## Reason for Probation

The minimum age for commencing the training period is 18 years. Probationers are not usually accepted for general nursing after 30 years of age.

A probationary period of three months for general, mental, or infants' nurses, or of one month for midwifery nurses,



By our Special  
Commissioner

WOMEN seem to have been specially equipped by Nature for the important task of caring for the sick and injured, and dealing with all the welfare work that now comes within the scope of nursing.

Patience, sympathy, understanding, combined with a high degree of practical intelligence, commonsense and reliability—all these are the requirements of the successful nurse.

Apart from its humanitarian appeal, nursing as a career offers wide opportunities for advancement in either public appointments or private practice.

Private practice gives independence, and brings quicker rewards than the years of steady work and perseverance required to attain the position of matron of a hospital—the highest public position available.

Other positions affording opportunity for advancement include welfare work, school nurse, clinical nurse and inspector attached to the Education Department, clinical nurse and nurse at baby health centres.

## Plenty of Openings

Insurance offices also have nurses in attendance on the doctor or visiting cases, doctors and dentists employ nurses and there are openings in industrial establishments; including Government offices, banks, retail stores, and factories.

The several branches of the nursing profession may be classified as follows:—

General nursing, mental nursing, midwifery nursing, infant nursing, mothercraft.

Before engaging in any of the above, however, the candidate has to satisfy preliminary requirements as to health, character, education, and age.

The best foundation for a more specialised course of training is a general nursing course covering instruction for all general nursing purposes. This usually takes four or five years, according to the classification of the hospital.

During the period of training the student follows prescribed systematic courses of study, including anatomy and physiology, general nursing and practical work, medical and surgical nursing, hygiene, invalid cooking. The successful candidate is given a certificate which makes her eligible for registration upon passing the Nurses' Registration Board's examination.

## Syllabus of Study

THE Nurses' Registration Act and regulations, 1924, issued under the authority of the Nurses' Registration Board, gives details of the syllabus of



There is hard work a-plenty in nursing, but there is also happiness—the bringing of relief to the sick, particularly to the sick children, who are the more lovable because of their helplessness.

must be served by all pupil nurses. This is to guard against a girl taking up nursing on the impulse of a more or less momentary burst of enthusiasm, which may wane when she has a foretaste of the work.

BEFORE the end of this probationary period, the pupil nurse must furnish proof of educational qualifications in the form of either the matriculation examination of the University of Sydney, or the Intermediate, Domestic Science, or Leaving Certificate.

In the general hospitals, hours of work vary from 44 to 58 per week. Certain compensations offset the seemingly long hours. The day shift, for instance, includes three hours off in the daytime, besides meal times. The nurse, moreover, has 34 hours or 36 hours off every week, and provision is made for annual holidays and sick leave.

JARAH SHRUMP  
EMPLOYMENT  
AGENCY  
WOMEN

SITUATIONS  
VACANT  
GENERAL H.B.  
PRIVATE HOME  
NO WASHING  
2/6 A WEEK  
N.S.W.  
MUST  
INTERVIEW

# LOWER'S GIRL Wants a JOB

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's  
foremost humorist.



I SUGGESTED architecture to her, and she drew up a preliminary plan of the ideal home. Two automatic chutes ran from the kitchen, one into the incinerator and the other straight into the dust-box. Dirty dishes, pots, and steetars, just slid into the dust-box, and soiled linen swooped straight into the incinerator.

She was great on labor-saving. I think she must have saved up enough in her short life to finish the Nepean Dam.

"What about the law?" I asked her.

She replied that she had already been mixed up in the legal business and it had cost her £5 with 18/ costs. She was sure that she would never be able

TO the placing of girls in suitable jobs I have given long and careful thought. I have had some bother in choosing a career for my own girl. She is about 23, and if I have much more trouble with her I shall tear my engagement ring off her and go and hunt up someone of greater earning capacity.

to afford a thorough legal education.

Then I suggested the medical profession. Lots of women doctors are making a big hit in the city nowadays—you can actually hear the thuds.

She laughed me to scorn. She knew a girl who had studied medicine for seven years, got her degree, and then started practising.

"Practising, mark you! Why, it's worse than learning the piano!" I had to admit the reasonableness of this.

"Well," I said, after a moment's cogitation, "I read that women furriers have started business in London . . ."

"Stop!" she said. "I've heard it. She was only a furrier's daughter, but she'd go as furriers liked."

"Holy Ike!" I gasped. "What a rotten one!"

"I learnt it when I was a plate-layer in the railways," she replied meekly. "Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "On the permanent way?"

"No. In the refreshment-room, and only in a temporary way. And while you're at it, don't mention dressmaking or millinery to me or I'll knock you down with the hall-stand. Any more suggestions?"

"How would you like to be a model?" I saw the hall-stand coming and ducked.

"What's the matter with being a model?" I asked, dodging behind the door.

"Oh, a model! I'm sorry, dear. I thought you said immoral."

"Or a beauty specialist," I added. "Nice, clean work, and well paid."

"I wouldn't have the crime on my mind," she replied. "A friend of mine had her face lifted by a beauty specialist a little while ago, and now her chest and throat are all jagged to bits where she's missed her mouth with the fork. Think of something else."

Well, you must admit that she was a trying case.

I picked up the morning paper and perused the advertisements.

One struck my eye: "Wanted, a general for private home. No washing."

What the devil a general would be doing in a home for privates, I had no idea. Especially when the beggars never washed.

"Have you had any military experience?" I asked, looking up. It seemed that she hadn't.

"I wouldn't mind selling ticklers in the Museum," she said, wistfully. "The truth of the matter is that you don't want to work!" I said hotly.

"What a man!" she replied, admiringly. "What insight! What intuitive brilliance! Boy, you slobbered a bib-full, I don't."

So it looks as if I'll have to keep on working for myself until I can find a girl with more ambition. Life is hell for men.



flower  
fantasy

By  
Nellie A. Evans

Roses are the Flowers of Morning,  
Royal roses wet with dew,  
Radiant roses, swaying, swinging,  
Where the birds soar upwards, singing,  
And the sweep of misty mountains  
Mass their might on burning blue.

Poppies are the Flowers of Noonday,  
Valiant lovers of the sun  
Set like stars in desert spaces,  
Glorifying barren places,  
Making grey ways flame in scarlet,  
Where the waters never run.

Where the fierce noon beats and blazes,  
Out on ways that know no shade,  
There are flowers the valleys cherish,  
Fragile blossoms pass and perish,  
But the passionate poppies, bravely  
Raise red banners, unafraid.

And the Grey Hour, too, has blossoms  
These are mignonette and musk,  
Holding dreams of days departed,  
Keeping memory loyal-hearted,  
Sanctifying silent sorrow,  
Evermore the Flowers of Dusk.

Pale and passionless and perfect,  
Lilies are the Flowers of Night,  
Age-old wisdom in their keeping  
Garnered from the watch unsleeping,  
When the wind and water whispered  
Underneath the starry height.



## Come and Inspect What is Practically A BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

Home of the Metropolitan Business College  
Which has launched thousands on Successful Careers

Visitors—especially Business Men—are amazed at the extent of the activities of the famous Metropolitan Business College. They say—"You should tell the public more about this remarkable organisation!" Certainly this great community of separate schools—each dealing with a distinct type of business training—is one of the most interesting sights in all Sydney—especially for mothers whose daughters are considering a business career.

The M.B.C.—already established 37 years—goes on steadily growing, through recommendation based on personal experience and on the published proof of its notable triumphs in public examinations and in other directions.

## "INDIVIDUAL" TUITION—NO CLASSES— and NO BRANCHES.

Students may commence at any time, in person or by post—in day or evening sessions. The M.B.C. has No Branches—because greater efficiency is ensured by the concentrating of administrative and instructive departments under one roof.

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\*Accountancy (to Final Degree)  
\*Metropolitan Coaching College (taking Matriculation, all Public Service exams, etc.)  
—also Departments for \*Practical Salesmanship \*Public Speaking \*Advertising and \*Journalism. Ground floor; Administrative and Advisory Staff offices; Appointments Bureau.

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## An Editorial

JULY 1, 1933.

## WOMEN AND THE CENSUS

**THURSDAY** of this week is Census Day for all Australia. Men will be doing the counting, but Census Day is woman's work. A census, in bald terms of ink and ledger, is a subtraction of deaths from lives with some small reference to goings and comings, but it is concerned essentially with new lives, and with every new life a woman again defeats death.

So the census will be largely a numerical assessment of what Australian women have given their country. If this were Germany, with its national passion for large families, we would doubtless build a monument to the mothers of most courage—and most children.

Not monuments for themselves so much as livelihoods for their children would be the plea of Australian mothers if they were asked. There are very many earnest men doing their best to this end at the moment, and if women can help, then they must. One small opportunity comes to them in the census.

With the usual census information should have been collected the fullest possible details of the age, economic training and experience, past or present occupation, of every employed and unemployed woman, and also of the number of unemployed women, and the period of their unemployment. The same might also have been done for men.

These statistics, as well as being a practical help to those trying to solve unemployment among women, will be an immensely valuable contribution to world knowledge.

All these are the "measurables" about women. But the census stops its final mathematical impudence at this point. It cannot go on, counting and checking, for beyond this point lie the unmeasurables and unpredictables in women which defy both men and mathematics.

## LYRICS OF LIFE

## DISSATISFIED

I am dissatisfied with earth—  
Around me I behold such worth,  
Such patience in the times of stress,  
Such courage and such kindness,  
Such hope to strengthen, faith to guide—  
With me I am dissatisfied.

I am dissatisfied—to find  
Myself less patient and less kind,  
Not with the way I have to live,  
But with the little that I give—  
Yes, so much better I could be,  
I am dissatisfied with me.

## POINTS OF VIEW

## A Woman About Women

MISS A. C., of North Sydney, writes apropos of Dr. Burton Bradley's critical article upon feminists, in last week's *Women's Weekly*:

"Dr. Burton Bradley harps on the old theme—surely exploded at this date—of the superiority of brawn (camouflaged into 'biological principles'). He seems deliberately to misunderstand or read in very extreme terms the nature of Mrs. Littlejohn's demands for her sex. Why drag in sewer work and ploughing?"

"Domestic work and nursing (what he would no doubt call woman's own sphere) entail very hard physical labor and plenty of dirty work. During the War, England's handgirls gave the lie to any ruling that agricultural work was beyond their powers."

## Proof From Experience

"FURTHER on, he states that it is obvious in many occupations that the animal make-up of woman will not enable her to give the same output as a man. I have been watching women and men work together in one of Sydney's largest offices for the last fifteen years, and so far, must confess that I cannot see any adverse effect on the quality of the work produced by the said poor weak women, who appear in times



A COMPOSITE PICTURE which is supposed to combine the facial features of movie stars selected by Peggy Hopkins Joyce for her composite "man." They are: (1) Clark Gable's dimples, (2) Richard Arlen's smile, (3) Dick Powell's hair, (4) Brian Aherne's eyes, (5) John Barrymore's nose, and (6) John Boles' chin.

of abnormal rush, or crisis, imposing nerve strain and sustained effort, to bear more than their share of same, with a smaller percentage of error in decision and execution.

"Woman makes up for any strain imposed on her owing to her 'animal make-up' by greater powers of endurance and recuperation. I thought this was universally recognised, especially by the medical profession. However, why not test matters? This could be done by compulsory equalisation of wages."

## It's a Very Old Story

THIS story should effectively quash the belief that lipstick and powder are inventions of the devil of the twentieth century.

A set of verses by one, William Samuel, printed in 1548-50, is among the treasures just added to the British Museum.

"Repent, ye citizens of London!" is the refrain constantly occurring through Samuel's quaint and witty verses, illustrating London life of those days.

"Curved idols were never more painted than the women of London," said Samuel, in a scathing sentence. So there!

If that's not enough, they used lipstick in Babylon and Ur of the Chaldees, some time ago.

## Noses To the Fore

AS plain women, we were beginning to doubt if there was anything much in this "psychology business," but the doubt has vanished. We agree with Dr. A. H. Martin that it helps a girl to do better work, if she is satisfied that her nose is not shiny. And how can she be certain if she doesn't take a peep every now and again?

The whole lesson of industrial psychology has been that the productivity of an employee is seriously diminished by bad working conditions, and upsetting psychic conditions.

A girl looks at her nose, and powders it—perhaps twenty times a week. It's a mean man who would begrudge her that, and a foolish man, also. She works better. She feels better. She is better. A powdered nose is worth two in the morning, even in winter. Now, any more mixed metaphors?

## Honeymoons—or Not?

MAUREEN O'MOOR, a charming member of the Seyler-Hannen company, has given honeymoon-worshippers a surprise by dispensing with one, by going straight from being married to take a difficult part in "The Cat's Cradle."

More points of view cluster around marriage than any other matter in which men and women are mutually interested.

Mary Borden (Mrs. E. L. Spears) has brought much criticism on her head by her book, "The Technique of Marriage," just published in London. In this book the idea of the honeymoon is despised. Often, says this author, it costs the happiness of the young couple during the first year of their marriage.

She considers that such concentration of the two upon each other is unnatural, and that for many it is an ordeal, not a holiday. The two must pretend, whether they like it or not, that they want to be with each other every single minute. And do they?

## Women Disbelieve Her

THIS criticism of the honeymoon is the chief butt of a storm of disapproving criticism—mostly from women—but Mrs. Spears' other conclusions are also hotly challenged. Her main theme is that most marriages fail through ignorance of the problems of dual life, for it is romantic marriage of the Anglo-Saxon type that she is considering.

The real thing about marriage is its permanence, which is the only thing that separates it from the half-baked love affair or the casual encounter. Her final conclusion is, however, that even a romantic marriage can be a success, provided the "technique of marriage" has been acquired beforehand. She wants to make marriage difficult, and divorce doubly so, the right to marry being a social privilege hard to attain!

## Where the Piano Used To Be

ONE might have been looking into a thousand homes, each with a similar problem, to hear the somewhat sad little story told in the Moratorium Court, the other day of a father, barely able to live upon his meagre part-time earnings, struggling to keep a time-purchase piano for his children. Payments in arrears.

"Why?" asked the magistrate. "Because it's of educational value to the kiddies," the father said.

"Yes," said the magistrate, "but there are things people should cut out if they can't afford them. You have to think more about food and clothing and shelter than that sort of thing."

That is all very true, and it's no part of the business of the Moratorium Court, anyway, to look deeply into matters of cultural aesthetics, when money is at stake. And yet—the corner in the living room will be cold, gaunt, and ugly without the piano. There will be a ghost in the room. Culture fights a losing battle with economics. Many mothers have come to see that.

## TEST YOUR COURAGE!

## Can You Solve These Problems?

All men and women, at some time in their lives, come face to face with a problem in which a decision one way or another simply must be made.

EVERYONE meets some such situation—tragic or comic, perhaps with only momentary significance, perhaps with an entire life and happiness hanging upon it.

THIS article gives a few of the typical problems which might happen to anyone. Nearly every man or woman of normal, quiet experience, can point to someone who has had to face



Sometimes, faced with a problem, you feel held by invisible hands—

a situation of this character—face it, and had to solve it. But, how did they solve it?

Most people have sufficient faith in themselves to believe that, placed in a crisis, they would find the right way out. Often there are several ways out—easy, or more difficult.

Imagine yourself, for instance, in a situation of the type which are outlined in this article. What would you do? How would your friends solve it? Would you be any wiser? Would you find a different solution?

## Death—or Waiting?

Imagine yourself to be a doctor, a cancer specialist. Your best friend is suffering terribly from cancer. There is no hope.

The patient says he will commit suicide on a certain day. Would you tell his family, and enable them to prevent it, or

would you keep quiet and let him end his suffering?

## A Beach Tangle

You and your wife have an isolated beach house, where a boat calls once daily. There are two rooms only. By a mistake the two divorced wives of a friend arrive together—to spend the week-end.

The friend himself also unexpectedly appears. It rains and rains, and all must sleep indoors. Your wife refuses to share the room with the other women. How would you settle them for the night?

## A Matter of Conscience

You are a chemist's assistant. You have a wife and two children. One day, looking over old prescriptions, you find that you are responsible for the death of a man six months ago because you gave him the wrong prescription. No one suspects you. The widow of the dead man was suspected of poisoning her husband, but could not be charged. The suspicion remained, however. Are you going to acknowledge your mistake, or leave it to time to heal her injury?

## Does Money Count?

As an unmarried woman you adopt the child of a widower. He agrees that the child is to be treated as if it were your own. Years later, he becomes wealthy, and demands the child back. You are poor. Will you give the child to the father and so let it have all the opportunities money can give, or will you keep it?

## The Man's Viewpoint

You are a young secretary. Your employer asks you to spend the week-end with him. You say "yes," although you know he is married. Then you find out that his wife is an old friend of yours. You then say, "no," and tell him why. He is angry, and says you encouraged him. He says you are worse than he is himself. Who is right?

Every one of these problems would urge different people to different solutions. Some would seek only escape in the easiest way possible. Some would cheerfully take the harder course. How would you decide?





# Wise in Her Generation

By JOHN BLAXLAND  
COMPLETE SHORT STORY



**S**LANTING rays of afternoon sunlight cascaded through the bay windows of the living-room. They turned the two canaries, singing and hopping about in their ornate cage, to little spots of pale fire. Mrs. Lydiatt sat on the more comfortable end of the settee under the window, knitting and thinking. Whenever her thoughts reached a decisive point, she made a resolute thrust of her needle, accompanied by a firm setting of her mouth. And whenever her knitting reached the end of a row, her thoughts also attained a period.

It wouldn't do to think of it as mere impudence; as two brats scarcely out of their teens setting their opinion up against hers. That wasn't the important thing.

And she mustn't think of them as one; that was wrong. The essence of the thing was that they must be dealt with separately.

Walter was just a foolish, irresponsible boy, who had become infatuated with a pretty face—pretty in a way—and a bold display of what they called nowadays sex appeal. Sex appeal! She almost spoke the phrase aloud, with a squirm of distaste, and jabbed savagely with her needle, as though to impale it. Braveness, that was all it was, in plain language. That was all it was with Walter, a silly infatuation. He was headstrong, but if he was handled properly, he would get over it.

But the girl! That wasn't infatuation, although, no doubt, she was attracted to Walter. He was really very good-looking, the image of his father at that age. But the little mix hadn't lost her head. She was scheming to get him. She knew he was of good family, with expectations of a tidy inheritance, and she knew all about his position with Gilt's, and his splendid prospects. Why shouldn't she want to marry him? But what right had she? Who was she—what had she to offer in return? Nothing. Well enough educated, perhaps, but these days they gave education to anybody, filling their heads with ideas of their own importance. In herself, she was a nobody; just a little butterfly, probably fast, and in some ways, rather common.

In any case, Walter was far too young. Twenty-four! Ridiculous! He was just starting to make a way for himself in the world, and to be saddled with a wife and responsibilities would be a tragedy.

Later, in five or six years, perhaps, it would do him good to settle down—with the right girl. There'd be no Gretel Winston about it then. He'd have forgotten the girl ever existed, or if he did think of her he'd realise what a fool he'd made of himself. Why, a boy like that, with his prospects, could marry anyone! She paused to count the stitches on the needle.

There was no question about it, the thing was outrageous. She must make up her mind just what was the best way to put an end to it, and take a firm stand. It might be a little hard on Walter for the time being, but he'd thank her for it afterwards.

Of course, it was impossible to argue with him. He simply kept insisting that he was in love. Love! What did they know about it? Half-baked young fools. They knew too much about some things, and not enough about others. She glanced with disapproval at the modern books Walter had gradually insinuated into the solidarity of her bookshelves. Lawrence, Huxley, Aldington, Gerhardt—dozens of books of all shapes and sizes and garish colors, with grotesque modern lettering, thrusting in between the vertebrae of her library, the Galworthys, the Merediths, the Barries, the Five Towns, the Hardys. And the Conrads. Those had been Frank's favorites.

She crossed over and took out "Lord Jim," and opened it to read the name of Frank Lydiatt, written on the fly-leaf in his small, yet somehow massive hand. It was like himself, that writing. She put down the book and took up his picture in its plain gilt frame. His last picture, in his uniform with the

three stars on his shoulder, taken just after he was promoted—and just before he was killed. The London photographer's name seemed strange near that familiar face, the name of some studio she could only conjure up in fancy, in a city she had never seen.

She went to her room, and, from a locked drawer, took the big envelope that held all her old pictures. Sitting in the easy chair beside her bed, she took them up one by one, and gazed at them until the outlines blurred, and the figures seemed to take on roundness and life, to move and speak.

There was their wedding photograph, she in cream satin and old lace, he in morning dress. Taken in Melbourne in 1908. And there was the picnic group taken the day he proposed to her. She remembered the look in his eyes.

She remembered with shame and indignation that even now brought the blood to her faintly-wrinkled cheeks, that interview in the Lydiatt's ornate house on St. Kilda Road, when Mrs. Lydiatt had sent for her to speak with her.

**"M**Y dear young woman, this talk of marriage—you must realise that it is preposterous. For one thing, Frank is far too young. Twenty-five! A mere lad. And, besides—"

Frank's mother was a small woman, grey-haired, but with heavy black eyebrows that almost met above her fine aquiline nose. Her dark eyes stared ruthlessly at the girl, like two unwavering swords.

"...we—his poor father and I—always contemplated a most distinguished match for him. Not that I wish to be unkind, but, surely, you must see that your walk of life is hardly the same. Your parents no doubt are estimable enough, but I understand that your father is a country schoolmaster, whereas Frank's was a man of substance, a man of note in the commerce of this country. I expect Frank to take his place in due course. He must have a wife who can assist him in his career, not hamper him."

"But, Mrs. Lydiatt, why do you imagine I shall hamper him? I want to do everything I can to help him."

"Perhaps. But what can you do? You have no social position to assist him, no distinction, and no wealth."

Mary controlled her anger. "As you say, Mrs. Lydiatt, you do not know my parents. But you may accept my assurance that my father, even though he is a professional, and not a commercial man, is a gentleman. And my mother is a lady. I am educated, capable of entering any society—and, above all, Frank and I love each other."

Mrs. Lydiatt's sliken bosom rose and fell like an angry sea. The jibe at commerce had infuriated her.



With a flouncing gesture, she pressed the bell-button, and in a few seconds the soft-footed butler entered. But Mary was already at the door.

"I am sorry you have taken this attitude, Mrs. Lydiatt," she said, "but, as far as I am concerned, I must tell you that your remarks have no effect on me. I certainly shall not see Frank again unless he seeks me, but if he does, I will remain true to my promise to him."

"Beavish!" said Mrs. Lydiatt, "show this person out!"

Trembling, she reached for her smelling-bottle as Mary walked haughtily past the butler.

Outside, she felt that she had been too dignified. She should have abandoned any attempt to match the other woman's absurd pose. She should have fought, insisted on talking, and being heard. She should have pleaded, appealed to Mrs. Lydiatt's human feelings, if she had any. After all, it meant her happiness. If Frank left her—She could not bear to think of that.

In case anyone was watching from the big house, she hailed a passing cab, knowing that the fare would leave her almost penniless. And she couldn't write home again for money. She had been so determined on making her own living.

Fortune smiled. The very next day she secured a position as companion to a very old, very deaf, and slightly eccentric old lady. She determined to be independent of everybody. But that night Frank came to her.

"She's going to disinherite me," he told her, "and I'm glad. I don't need her help to get on in the world. We'll be married in the morning, sweet-heart, and we'll be the happiest pair in all the world."

He kissed her. Mary clung to him. Her life was perfect.

**S**HE put all the photographs back in the envelope, slipped it back in the drawer, and turned the key. It seemed unbelievable that she was looking away all her youth, her love, the best part of her life. But it was true. Frank had been dead fifteen years. Walter, their only son, her adoration and hope, had turned away from her to this child of a girl, Gretel Winston. And they thought they loved! If they could once have seen the look in Frank's eyes when he kissed her, they would have learned a

*"There's very little to say," his mother went on, "except that I don't want you to marry Miss Winston." "Mother, really! Do you realise I'm twenty-four?"*

little of what love meant. Well, she wouldn't let Walter go. Even if he hated her for it. For his own sake, she would save him.

She went out into the living-room. The sun had passed out of view, the canaries were silent. She turned on the radio, and sat for a few seconds listening to a nasal imitation of an English accent mouthing terse, colorless slabs of news. With a sharp movement, she switched over to the gramophone, and put on a record of Brahms. It soothed her. Annie knocked at the door, and wheeled in the afternoon tea.

As Mrs. Lydiatt was pouring her second cup, there was a ring at the front door. She heard Annie's voice, and then Walter's, and then, as she expected, the light, assured laugh of Gretel Winston. She put down her cup angrily. The girl never seemed to consider waiting for an invitation. If Walter asked her to come, that was enough.

They had been playing golf, and were flushed and radiant. The girl was certainly pretty, with her fair hair and big grey eyes. But her eyes were too unreserved. Mrs. Lydiatt thought, and she couldn't get used to these modern clothes that revealed the figure as though they weren't there at all. Gretel smiled, and came over and bent over her.

"How are you, Mrs. Lydiatt? You look sweet in that dress; you ought always to wear that color. Shouldn't she, Walter?"

"She always looks nice. Don't you, mother?"

"Nonsense. I'm an old woman. Don't flatter me; it's silly."

"Old woman!" Walter was looking for cups. "You are an idiot, Mum. Why, I was just saying you must come out with us and learn golf."

"No, thank you," "Oh, do!" exclaimed Gretel. "You'd love it. It's the greatest fun, even for people who don't know a thing about it, like me."

"Oh, you're not too bad," Walter conceded.

Annie brought some cups. They all drank, the young couple thirstily. Mrs. Lydiatt meditatively. Her tea was cold, but it gave her something to do while she thought what to say.

"I want to have a serious talk to you two," she began.

They looked at her attentively, seeming rather pleased.

"It's not very nice, what I have to say. This has got to stop, between you."

"But, why?" expostulated Walter.

"Let your mother finish," Gretel said, quietly. Mrs. Lydiatt sensed a more formidable opposition than she had anticipated. They had never really thrashed it out before—there had been merely a word now and then.

"Go ahead," said Walter, almost truculently.

"There's very little to say," his mother went on, "except that I don't want you to marry Miss Winston."

"Mother, really! Do you realise I'm twenty-four?"

"Much better than you do, I'm afraid. That's one reason why I don't want you to marry. You're far too young."

He exclaimed derisively.

"What are the other reasons, Mrs. Lydiatt?" Gretel asked. "That is, of course, if you don't mind discussing them."

"I don't—if you don't."

Gretel shook her head, with a slight satirical smile.

"Well, I don't think it's the best match for Walter, by any means. He's a boy with excellent prospects, and ought to marry well. And he needs someone who can lend him support—both personally and socially."

Walter laughed outright. His mother ignored him.

"And you think," Gretel asked, "that I can't do that?"

"I do think that. What have you, after all, in your favor?"

Gretel also laughed, neither rudely nor mirthfully.

"You apparently forget," she said, "that Walter is asking me to marry him. I am not asking him for that honor."

(Continued on Page 10)

Illustrated by SYD MILLER

## READ THIS STORY!

It is something entirely new and unique.

The author, who conceived and wrote it for *The Australian Women's Weekly*, deals with an eternal theme of mothers and sweethearts, but by a clever device he throws a novel light on the problem with entertaining effect.

HOW DOES THIS STORY APPEAL TO YOU?

The Editor would welcome a note expressing your opinion.



## Women in Business—No. 2

## A LIFE Amongst BOOKS

If you are seeking knowledge of some subject, no matter what it is or who you are or why you want the information, Miss N. B. Kibble, principal research officer of Sydney Public Library, is at your service.

HER main job, since the department came into being in 1919, has been to make fortunes for other people, and although she never expects to make a fortune this way herself, she loves the work.

Business men and women come to her with all sorts of inquiries, mostly about manufacturing processes. Many of them have gone away and have started profitable businesses through their research at the library under Miss Kibble's guidance.

Everybody is treated alike at this fountain of knowledge. For instance, an out-of-work man learnt from the research department how to re-blacken the names on brass plates. Now he is earning a fair living. Another studied boot polish art and set up as a manufacturer.

On the same page of Miss Kibble's notebook we see that a manufacturer studied the treatment of feathers for bedding, so that he could introduce a new line.

There are few things that Miss Kibble does not know something about. She has questions fired at her all day long, by letter, telephone, and by people who call to see her. It's all in the day's work.

Miss Kibble has not only helped many manufacturers to pioneer new processes in Australia, but she is something of a pioneer herself... and a very important one to her sex.



MISS N. B. KIBBLE, principal research officer of Sydney Public Library.

It was she who, 33 years ago, had the audacity to answer an advertisement for a librarian at the Sydney Public Library.

Not suspecting for one moment that N. B. Kibble was a girl, the authorities wrote asking her to present herself on a certain date to sit for an entrance examination. There was consternation among the examiners when a girl turned up. After long argument the head of the library decided that since the advertisement had not stipulated that men only need apply (this being taken for granted) she should be allowed to sit. And she got the job. She was the first woman to work at the library.

## Pat White Says

## THAT "JIGGY" MOVEMENT

often seen in a ballroom is caused by dancing with bent knees, and is both uncomfortable and unsightly. A tight frock is also both ugly and restraining, so that even if your lines are attractive, have an adequately full skirt.

## Mid-Season Fashion in Paris

From Nell Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

WITH the mid-season collections in full swing, Paris appears to have gone crazy over black and white. A Melbourne woman who has just returned from a visit to the French capital states that at the tea hour in the fashionable Flower Court of the Ritz all the women who stood out as being the smartest wore black with touches of white. Nine out of every ten wore light hats, mostly white.

Pale grey was also much in evidence, often combined with navy blue or black. Two particularly chic toilettes which she describes were worn by women prominent in Parisian society. One was Worth's black and white tartan coat, which has the new built-out shoulder with black velvet outlining the shoulder and upper arm silhouette, and fastens with a big, black, velvet bow at the throat.

This coat hangs perfectly straight, with a box-like line, and all interest is centred in the sleeves and collar treatment. The other consisted of a simple black gown and hat worn with a three-quarter swagger coat in grey flannel. Another woman nearby was in a pale grey frock and hat, and a long, black coat with sleeves puffed just above the elbow, and no collar.

The tendency towards exaggerated shoulder width, by means of "shelf" and "fin" treatment and puffed sleeves, appears to be growing.

Even trotteur suits feature sleeves

## ETIQUETTE



A LADY is attacking a sandwich on a plate with a cake-fork. Quite unnecessarily genteel! Sandwiches should be parted with the fingers, never with a cake fork.

puffed slightly at the shoulder to give a modified leg-of-mutton look. With these blouses are almost invariably worn with crisp bows of organdie or gingham or pique tied under the chin.

For wear at Biarritz and such places where fur sports coats are a real necessity many women are investing in white broadtail or pale beige lamb, cut on swager lines. Heim shows some interesting examples in his collection; and another fashion point which may have further developments in the future is his idea of introducing color contrasts in cloth coats. Dark cloth coats have been designed with insets of contrasting color. For instance, a cloth coat, the exact color of blue fox in a dark tone, was trimmed with blue fox fur with a striking red inset to mark the waist.

A notable contribution from Heim to the prevailing black-and-white fashion is his black tulle evening gown with its bodice trimmed with white pique. The Schiaparelli mid-season collection features something new—a fabric called elastic ribbon, that does away with the necessity for any kind of fastening for frocks and skirts. Elastic cap ribbon appears round throat and wrists, and in the form of belts, caps, and bags. The "diamond-shaped" neckline is also an innovation, one outstanding example being an evening gown in eel grey lacquered silk canvas, with curled and lacquered feathers set in a row from shoulder to shoulder meeting in a point at back and front.

## WOMEN in High OFFICE



MINISTER FOR LABOR—Miss Frances Perkins.

MISS FRANCES PERKINS, State Industrial Commissioner of New York, has been made Secretary of Labor (or, as we should say, Minister for Labor), the first woman to be in the Cabinet in the United States.

Already Miss Perkins has shown herself very efficient. She ably defended President Roosevelt's first work-relief bill before the Parliamentary committee inquiring into it; she put an end to foolish restrictions against foreign-born citizens in the United States, and got rid of a secret service system in that connection; she rapped on the knuckles statistical bureaux which were using figures to prove what wasn't so in regard to unemployment.

"Mr. Minister"—Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross.

"Mr. Minister"—Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen.

President Roosevelt is one of the few men in the world who have shown a keen appreciation for the ability of women. He has appointed three members of the sex to unprecedentedly high office.

Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, late Governor of Wyoming, is the new Treasurer of the United States, and her signature will be on all the new paper money issued while she holds that office.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, the daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan, and widow of a British Army officer, is the new American Minister to Denmark.

Wise, witty, travelled, and socially experienced, she should be a great success in that post. This is the second time a woman has been appointed ambassador to an important power, Russia having led the way by sending Madame Kollontay to Sweden.

It has long been known that Mr. Roosevelt believed that women should

play a larger part in Government, and now that he has had the opportunity to translate his convictions into action, he has done so.

Perhaps there is no more hopeful symptom for the world to-day than such a gesture from the American President. At least this man has an open mind, he is not obsessed by emotional prejudices, his attitude to new problems is a rational one. We remember that it was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald who first made a woman, Miss Margaret Bondfield, a full member of the British Cabinet.

There is a quality in these actions which is an index to the qualities required in a changing world—courage, reason, progress, and the power to do new things well, as opposed to the timidity of routine, to passion and prejudice, and to the fear of new developments.

ABOUT £50 was raised as a result of the C.W.A. Younger Set's dance at Narrandera on June 20. The State President, Mrs. Matt Sawyer, was present, and six debutantes were presented.

## BIBER FURS

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Those of you who listened in last Thursday night to 2UW, 2GB, or 2KY, know the reason why BIBER FURS, 2nd Floor, THE BLOCK, 428 George Street, are NOT announcing their ANNUAL RETIRING FROM BUSINESS SALE, or buying from THE LIQUIDATOR at a large discount stock, or a leaving for Europe stock, but are definitely establishing themselves as trustworthy FURRIERS whose aim it is to establish a set standard of sumptuous values in accordance with the WORLD'S PARTY in this great International trade. We CAN do so because we select our own Pelts in Europe, and manufacture in our own workrooms which are adjacent to our Showrooms, and can be inspected by anyone at any time.

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with Heads complete. Retail Value at ..... £2 3 0  
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Made of selected RUSSIAN SQUIRREL, of the finest quality, head and brush complete. Retail Value at ..... £2 15 0  
Biber's Warehouse Price ..... £0 19 6  
Or with split ends, head and two brushes. Retail Value ..... £4 4 0  
Biber's Warehouse Price ..... £1 8 6

## GENUINE KOLINSKY NECKLETS

Equally lined, made of two selected skins. Retail Value ..... £2 15 0  
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## TARBAGON MARMOT NECKLETS

Finished with 3 heads and 3 brushes, complete, far superior to Stonemartins, splendid wearing articles. Retail Value £5 5 0  
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Of Mink Marmot colour, exquisitely cut, beautifully lined. Retail Value ..... 25-gns.  
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Made of the finest selected skins, Silver or Natural, Split Skins or Plain, beautifully cut and exquisitely lined. We fear no competition in this line. Retail Value ..... 25-gns.  
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## THE STOCKING BOX

88 KING STREET  
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# ELSA on the ROCKS

*Nigel being so "devastatingly" eligible, the other maidens in the party looked a little glum, but became resigned and paired off with other swains.*



*Nigel looked hard, and despite their ripening attachment Elsa felt it would be fatal to tell him the truth.*

—Illustrated by Wep

By CLARE THORNTON

The men were pleasant-looking, but surely the "lamb" of Kitty's wife was not among them? She felt disappointed until her hostess whispered:

"Dear, he's not come yet. You'll adore him. . . Come up and see your room. . . I'll get Estelle to alter an evening-frock for you. . . Shall Ted worry the railway people on the phone?"

"Oh, no, please! I've worried them such a lot already! They promised to do all they could."

So Kitty took her up to a beautifully furnished room overlooking the park, and a French maid came and slipped on—over the new white petticoat—a pale mauve crepe frock that suited her so perfectly that she was amazed at her own beauty.

And to think that if she hadn't used her wits she'd have been moping in that dreary lodging-house, instead of being a guest at what was, she was sure, to prove a delightful house-party.

never in any doubt as to her success. At seven thirty-five, a dazzling blonde in a pale mauve crepe dress, with a lovely color in her cheeks, her eyes bright and her golden hair perfectly waved, strolled down the stairs to join the assembled people in the hall.

The only difference between Elsa and her fellow-guests was the fact that in the silver brocade evening-bag that Kitty had lent her there was only sixteen shillings and fivepence, all that stood between the dazzling blonde and starvation!

Kitty was saying:

"Nigel, this is my great friend, Elsa Page. Mr. Grant, Elsa."

As Elsa's blue eyes met the grey eyes of Nigel Grant, she thought: "He's terribly handsome!" Her next disconcerting thought was: "Oh, but he's hard!"

His face had a rather curious expression certainly. The lips were too tightly compressed; the grey eyes were a little unsmiling. . .

Altogether, there was something a bit formidable about this undeniably handsome young man. Elsa thought: "He's not my idea of a lamb!"

He was deputed to take her in to dinner.

He was very sympathetic when she told him the story of the stolen suitcase. He was afraid that she'd never recover it. He'd lost one in similar circumstances last year. . .

Evidently Kitty had told him something about her, for he said:

"You're on the stage, aren't you? So I understood."

Elsa embroidered the lie that she'd told Kitty, about the part that she was to have in a forthcoming "show."

She and Nigel Grant "got on" famously together, but she still had the impression that he was rather a hard young man.

Aware that they played for high points, Elsa dared not play bridge after dinner, so she declared, untruthfully, that she did not know contract. She and Nigel Grant, who also didn't play contract, sat by the fire and talked.

Unfortunately, someone suggested roulette. Elsa lost ten shillings, and under the cyclamen crepe her heart had a sick, going-down-quickly-in-the-lift feeling.

However, she slept very soundly in Kitty's peach washing-satin nightgown, and awoke to find a maid bringing early-morning tea in a charming pink and white tea-set.

During the Saturday she proceeded to lose her heart completely to Nigel Grant. Since this was what Kitty wanted, that astute young woman and her good-natured Ted aided and abetted.

Nigel being so "devastatingly" eligible, the other maidens in the party looked a little glum, but became resigned and paired off with other swains.

The weather was perfect; there were lots of things to do—golf on a nearby course, tennis on two hard courts in the grounds, walks, drives in one or other of the six cars owned by the Marshens.

Nigel and Elsa did a lot of walking—and talking. She wore a charming blue tweed suit of Kitty's and a little blue cap. The coat was too big, of course, but a cosy blue and white scarf hid all defects.

Ted and Kitty were, luckily, a very vague, absent-minded pair, and though they'd said a lot, that night, about ringing up the "railway people," they did not do it.

Elsa, being astute, had guessed that they'd forget. It was one of the important details that she'd banked on.

It was a wonderful week-end! Elsa could scarcely believe that she was the same girl who'd tramped the streets so wearily, calling on this agent and that, hearing the same words: "So sorry, old girl! Nothing doing!" Then a critical, not unkindly glance, "Try to fatten up a bit, my dear girl!"

And then the dreariness of the lodging-house in the Fulham street, skimpy meals, nights of lying awake in a lumpy bed, with the spectre of the future haunting one.

(Continued on Page 14)

**E**LSA sat on the side of the iron bedstead in her room in the lodging-house, staring down at Kitty Marshen's telegram. So like Kitty, from whom one hadn't heard for quite two years, to send a wire like this! She read it through again:—

"Do come to-day for long week-end. Will meet 3.45 from Paddington. Have got lamb of a man for you.—Kitty."

Elsa smiled at the idea of the "lamb of a man" who'd been "got" for her, but the smile faded very swiftly, and depression clouded the lovely, but toothy, young face.

There was no question of her accepting Kitty's invitation. Since she'd lost her "shop" in the chorus of "Wake Up, London!" she'd not been able to get another.

Agents looked rather dubiously at her now. She was too thin, of course. But it cost money to fatten. How could a chorus girl out of work for four months, with her tiny savings dwindling, and no one to help her, hope to put on flesh?

To-day, Kitty had exactly four pounds five and sixpence in the world, and she'd long ago sold every decent garment she'd possessed. Except, of course, her black tailored suit and the beige crepe-de-chine blouse.

But how could one go and spend the week-end with people who were immensely rich and lived in a glorious country house and had scores of servants, if one had nothing to one's back but the coat-and-skirt one stood up in?

Unless—  
The suddenness of the notion that had flashed upon her took Elsa's breath away and gave a fictitious color to her cheeks. If she dared! If only she dared!

She ran to the wardrobe and took

out the black suit. It had been made for her by a tailor a year ago, when she'd been earning a good salary, and though now that she was so thin, it did not fit as it had done, it was still quite wearable.

The blouse to go with it was good, too, also a relic of past sartorial splendor. She could wear her little black velvet cap. Shoes weren't up to much, but they'd pass.

She counted her money again, hoping to make it more than before, but it was exactly four pounds five shillings and sixpence.

Enough for her fare, and for the petticoat and stockings and new black leather bag that she simply must have.

Excitement, and that sense of adventure that is so enjoyable to one who has for many months led the dreariest of lives, thrilled Elsa as she ran out to the post office and wired to Kitty:

"Delighted to accept. Will go by 3.45."

In a large, cheap shop in the Hammer-smith Broadway she bought a white princess petticoat, gun-metal silk stockings, and a presentable black leather bag. More precious shillings went on a marcel-wave at the best hairdresser's in the neighborhood.

**A**T 3 o'clock on that December afternoon she left her lodging-house, carrying nothing but her new black leather hand-bag. A bus took her to Paddington.

An hour and a half later a chauffeur was touching his cap to her on the platform of a small station.

"For Shripton Hall, miss?"

She said that she was, and added, in a deeply worried tone:

"I've no luggage! It's too awful! My

suitcase was stolen when I went to the luncheon car for tea. They'll phone me if they hear anything of it."

So that was that! She'd embarked upon her lie.

It was pleasant to loiter back on the cushions of the Daimler and be smoothly driven through the lanes in the December evening.

Ten minutes later she was being hugged by vivacious, brown-haired, blue-eyed Kitty in the fire-lit hall, among a dozen other guests, and pouring out her tragic tale of the stolen suitcase.

"My dear, what was I to do? I nearly got the next train back! I made a dreadful fuss, but the guard said the thief must have got out at. . . I forget the name of the station—while I was having tea."

"Morden Hill, it would be," said Ted, who was the amiable, easy-going husband of Kitty.

"That was it."

"Risky work leaving a suitcase in a compartment, if the train's due to stop!" said he.

"I know," she wailed. "But I've never been down this way. I didn't know the train was going to stop. It's too awful! I —"

"Awful? What nonsense!" Kitty was reproachful. "I'll fix you up, darling! We're about the same height. But"—she surveyed her friend disapprovingly—"you've got most terribly thin, Kitty! Estelle will have to get busy taking in some things for you."

She waved aside Elsa's gratitude, and proceeded to introduce her all round. Elsa realised with relief that, although the girls of the party were extremely well-dressed and soignée, none of them was as pretty as she.

Kitty lent her friend everything that she could want, and was generously delighted to see how her clothes suited her.

"Nigel will fall for you at once, Elsa. He's motoring down in time for dinner. He really is a lamb! Ted and I both like him. . . Most devastatingly eligible, too! His uncle left him a place in Sussex and quite a lot of money, last year."

Elsa drank in all this.

"We dine at seven-thirty," her hostess went on, "so you needn't dress yet. Estelle will have the frock ready for you. . . Come down, now."

On the way downstairs she asked Elsa, for the first time, how "things" were. Elsa had prepared her reply.

"I'm 'resting' now, but I've got a part in a new show that's coming to

town quite soon. . . I've had some bad luck lately, but things might be worse. These are difficult times."

"Difficult!" groaned Kitty. "I should think they are! Ted converted his War Loan, you know, and we dropped two thousand a year!"

Elsa was no mathematician, but she knew that you had to be really very rich before you could find things as "difficult" as that.

She decided, sitting in the hall among Kitty's guests, that she'd be able to hold her own with the women. They seemed prepared to be nice to her, and she didn't think, judging by their conversation, that any of them were very intelligent.

With the men, of course, she was



HOW different was this Elsa—well-fed, beautifully dressed, admired, made much of, loved.

Yes, loved! For, as the hours went by, she realised that this man was finding her as attractive as she found him. She knew it from a hundred small signs. . . . It made her indescribably, gloriously happy. . . . It deadened any qualms of conscience she might have had. . . .

If Nigel loved her, what would he care that she'd told a pardonable lie in order to come here? If she hadn't told that lie, she never would have met him!

She'd thought him hard at first. She didn't think so now. Anyway, to her he did not show that side of his nature. He was sympathetic, gentle, tolerant, in all his views.

On Sunday afternoon he took her out for a drive in the Marsdens sports Delage. It was a glorious still afternoon, more like October than December. A bloom the color of blackberries lay over the woods, and the air was delicious. He said as, on the way back, he turned the car in at the gates:

"Let's have a drive to-night. I . . . there's something I want to ask you, Elsa."

"I'd love to!" Her heart was pounding in her breast. It was the first time that he had called her Elsa, and it enchanted her to hear the name on his lips.

She was in a dream of bliss.

When they joined the rest of the party in the hall for tea, Elsa saw that there was a stranger present. He was a smallish, nondescript-looking man of middle age, and Kitty introduced him to her as Mr. Langley.

He looked rather intently at her, but Elsa did not at the time think anything of that. Nigel addressed him

## ELSA ON THE ROCKS

(Continued from Page 13)

as "Dick," and seemed to know him well. Ted, sitting beside Elsa at tea, said:

"Langley married Nigel's sister last year. He's at Scotland Yard, you know. A sort of super-tee. He does all the really big jobs. He often blows in on us when he's finished one and wants a rest. A good chap!"

Elsa was too gloriously happy thinking of Nigel and anticipating their evening drive together, and the "something" that he wanted to ask her, to feel very interested in this "super-tee."

Just before she went up to dress she missed her gilt powder-box, and remembered that she'd had it in the summer-house that afternoon. So she went out to look for it.

As she approached the summer-house, running over the lawn in her light slippers, she was surprised to hear voices. She stopped. A strange voice said:

"I brought you here to ask you something. Nigel Ted was telling me about Miss Page losing her suitcase in the 3.45 last Friday. Well, this is a curious fact. I was in the 3.45, and I saw Miss Page get into the compartment next to mine. I never forget a face. She had no suitcase."

Nigel's voice came promptly, a little coldly:

"The porter had probably put it

into the compartment for her. Really, I—"

"No porter was with her. . . . And I know she had no suitcase, because the man I was tracking was in her compartment, and I went in there while he was out, at tea."

"There was no luggage at all in that compartment." He paused: "Is Miss Page an old friend of the Marsdens?" "Yes," said Nigel. "Kitty's known her for many years. Really, there's nothing for you to get . . . or . . . professional about, Dick!"

His voice sounded "sdey." The other man was quick to notice it.

"Then that's all right! But I'd never met her here before, and it struck me as curious that she should lie about her suitcase. In these days—"

"Oh, I know! One does get nasty jars about people, but in this case—"

Elsa slipped away, back to the house, up to her room, and sat down on the bed.

She kept telling herself that it didn't matter. He loved her, and to-night she'd confess everything to him, after he'd asked her to marry him. It wasn't such a very big thing to confess, really! Why should she be worried about it?

He'd never know that she'd heard that horrid detective-man telling him about the suitcase—or the absence of one. Now she knew why the man had

## Our Dogs



The dachshund—a sausage on legs!

Although he is the most joked-of dog in Christendom, it is not the laughter loaded upon him

which has bent his back so low. His extraordinary assessor tells him that the fun is quite innocuous. Truly has it been said, "he is half a dog high, a dog and a half long, but a man in intelligence."

Bred in Germany, his original work in life was to go down holes after badgers, for which occupation his absurdly short legs become a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

A philosophical hound, he doesn't mind that the slowness of his movements, coupled with the length of his body, cause him to take weeks to pass a given point.

Let us give you the "low-down" on the dachshund—"He's a grand little dog!"

looked at her so intently when Kitty had introduced them.

Nigel would be sweet to her, she was sure.

All the same, she was worried. A voice whispered: "You've got exactly one shilling and sixpence in the world. The first thing you'll have to do, after he's asked you to marry him, is to borrow money from him in order to tip the servants. . . . And when you get back to Fulham you'll want money to live on. You're absolutely broke!"

"Does a man care to get engaged to a girl who is so . . . well . . . so painfully 'on the rocks'?"

In her dream of happiness she'd blinded herself to ugly facts!

However, she forced away these depressing thoughts. She told herself that Nigel loved her, that he'd be glad that she'd pretended as she'd done about the suitcase, since otherwise they'd not have met.

She put on the cyclamen crepe frock that she'd worn on Friday night. Her cheeks had gone pale since she'd heard that horrid man Langley talking to Nigel in the summer-house, and she rouged them carefully and touched up her eyebrows and lashes.

The result raised her spirits magically. She'd never looked better! Nigel would be beside her at dinner, and afterwards they'd slip away and drive out into the quiet country in the Delage.

And then he'd stop the car and tell her that he loved her, and ask her to marry him. She'd feel his arms round her, his kisses on her lips!

No wonder she'd never looked so well. The knowledge that she is loved gives a kind of beauty even to a plain woman. Elsa blew a kiss to her reflection in the mirror, took up the brocade bag that had so few coins in it, and went downstairs.

Kitty came to meet her, looking serious.

"Oh, Elsa, Nigel asked me to give you this note. . . . He's been called away. A relation is very ill in town. He went twenty minutes ago. . . ."

Elsa went over to the fire. She felt suddenly very cold. Ted was there. He said:

"Chilly, isn't it? That's the worst of December—the nights are so cold."

She agreed. She opened the note. Ted drifted away. She read:

"So sorry we can't have our drive. Kitty will tell you why. Shall see you in town shortly.—N."

The others were laughing at the far end of the hall. She threw the note in the fire and watched it burn.

She knew that she would not see Nigel shortly in town. She'd never see him again. Her instinct told her this.

What that man had said had made him take fright. Her first impression of him was of a man, hard, calculating, a man whose head ruled his heart.

Perhaps he'd guessed why she'd lied about the suitcase. Perhaps he'd thought that he could do better for himself than to marry a down-and-out chorus girl who'd lied about herself, imposed on her old friend. . . .

Looking at what she'd done through his eyes, Elsa suddenly saw that it was cheap, and mean, and . . . sort of scheming.

Her attractiveness had caught him, but—she'd escaped, in time.

It might seem a strangely trivial thing, but what was giving her a sick feeling of panic was the thought: How am I going to get out of this house to-morrow without tipping the servants?

She was very gay at dinner, aware that Ted and Kitty were feeling depressed on her behalf. Also, she wanted that odious Mr. Langley to see that she was at her ease and on excellent terms with her host and hostess.

So desperate was she that, after dinner, she played roulette.

She won. She got up from the table with three pounds eight shillings in her purse. So flushed and gay was she with excitement that the others were amused, and Kitty and Ted looked relieved.

She understood their thoughts. They didn't believe in Nigel's "ill relation" any more than she did. But if she could be so radiant at winning a few pounds, she couldn't be suffering a headache.

It is not surprising that she lay awake most of the night.

At half-past nine the next morning she left the house in her well-fitting black suit and beige blouse and little black hat. When she said good-bye to Kitty, and thanked her warmly for a wonderful week-end, Kitty kissed her affectionately, and said, "Dear, we'll be seeing each other often when Ted and I come up to town after Christmas!"

Elsa said: "Rather!" thinking: "Not if I know it! This is where Elsa Page drops out of the Upper Ten for good!"

She tipped Estelle handsomely, and left five shillings on the dressing-table for the housemaid. She had half-a-crown for the chauffeur.

KITTY and Ted and a few of the guests stood on the steps and waved as the car drove away. Elsa waved back.

Then she remembered what Nigel Grant had said yesterday afternoon, as they'd turned in at the drive. The little group on the steps was suddenly blurred to her eyes.

It was two o'clock on the afternoon of the following day. In a very shabby old black cloth coat and an imitation astrachan collar, and the same small black hat she'd worn at Shrimpton Hall, Elsa was walking along Regent Street.

That morning she'd gone the round of the agents. None of them held out any hopes.

If she were to go to one of the domestic servants' registry offices, would they get her work at once? Any sort of work? She could do housework. . . .

It was at that moment that she saw Nigel Grant coming towards her.

She tried to slip into a tea-shop, but he'd seen her. He was beside her. He was holding open the door for her.

"Elsa! How wonderful that I should meet you! Come in here. We'll have some coffee, and a talk. . . . His hand was on her arm, and he was piloting her to a table.

The waitress came, and he ordered coffee. When she had gone he leaned over the table to Elsa.

Quite obviously, he didn't see that she was shabby, and tired, and hopeless. He looked at her as he'd looked at the radiant, self-confident girl who'd looked so lovely in Kitty's Paris model.

"Now," he said, with a sigh of relief, "I can say what I was going to say to you last night, if we'd had our drive together. My brother-in-law was very ill, but thank heaven's he's better and will pull through, they think."

"Oh!" gasped Elsa; "then . . . then . . . someone really was ill?"

"Really?" He looked surprised. "But, of course! I don't quite understand."

"You didn't go away like that because of what that man said to you in the summer-house?"

He was taken aback.

"You heard?"

"I went to look for my powder-puff. Yes, I heard."

(Continued on Page 34)

## END THEM FOREVER

RHEUMATISM  
CONSTIPATION  
BLOTCHY COMPLEXION  
SLUGGISH LIVER  
NEURITIS

by taking

# SCHUMANN'S

MINERAL SPRING  
SALTS



### Rheumatic Gout

Dear Sirs,

A short time ago I had rather a severe bout of rheumatic gout. I got a bottle of Schumann's Salts and in a few days I got relief.

(Name and address on request.)

All Chemists and Stores sell Schumann's

### A Great Relief from Rheumatism

Dear Sirs,

I must thank you for your free sample of Schumann's Salts. I have used two full bottles now and can thoroughly recommend them to any other person suffering with rheumatism as they gave me great relief. I am certainly going to keep up the treatment.

Yours respectfully,  
(Sgd.) E. Trigg,  
Fairfield.

### Permanently Free from Headaches

I am taking the liberty of writing you and sending you my appreciation for the most wonderful headache cure in which I find in your Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. I might state that I have always suffered with headaches and very sickly turns. I have been to doctors, taken all kinds of medicine but I would have the attack for days. I don't intend to be without your wonderful salts in future. I might also state that you may use this letter or any part of it any time or anywhere you wish and I wish you every success with your most wonderful salts.

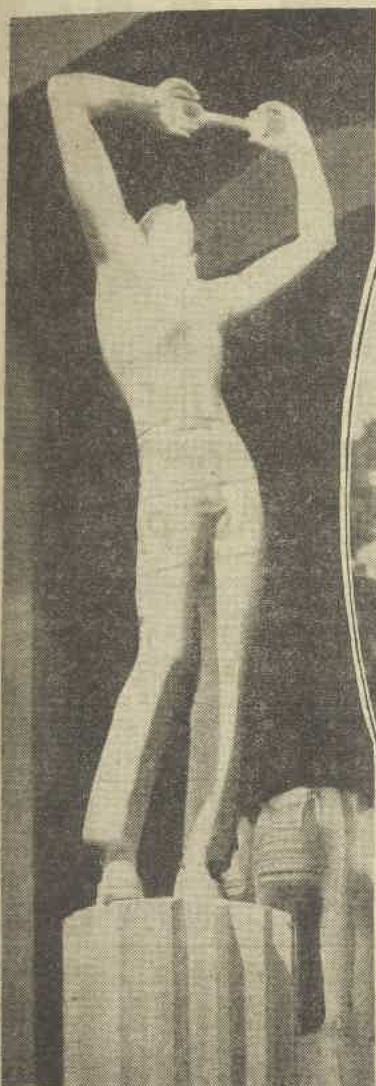
Thanking you,  
I remain,  
Yours very gratefully,  
(Sgd.) M. J. Earnshaw  
Alexandria.

### Take Schumann's Every Morning. . .

The most important active ingredients found in European SPA WATERS flush out kidneys, liver and bowels and keep the system clean of poisons.



# WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA . . . . .



WOMEN HAVE not seen much of Swedish art, but here is an illustration—a striking statue depicting "precision workmanship," for exhibition at the "Century of Progress" Exposition in Chicago. The sculptor is the famous Swede, Carl Milles. Its powerful simplicity of line makes this statue quite thrilling.



THIS LOVELY cup-laden girl is Miss Ruth Madgen. A champion of all beauty champions, she has won eight whistling contests, three bathing-beauty contests, two beautiful-back contests, four beautiful legs contests, one beautiful face contest, one long-haired title, three modeling contests, and a horsemanship contest. But this is not all. She was Queen of one Orange show and four flower shows. Isn't she lovely?



A NEW PAVLOVA comes to enchant the world. Mile. Aimee Abraamova, a beautiful South American, is now the rage of Paris. This intimate picture was taken in her dressing-room. She is becoming famed for her striking emulation of the immortal Pavlova's "Dying Swan." In Buenos Aires she is one of the foremost dancers of her country.



TREMBLING with nervousness and on the verge of tears, Joan Crawford told the Los Angeles Superior Court that Douglas Fairbanks, junr., had "changed from the ideal lover to a sulky, jealous, suspicious husband," and this was why she wanted a divorce from him. Now the 27-years-old Texas girl, who really had to fight her way to stardom, is free.



SHE CAUSED a stir at Longchamps. Race-going Paris was fascinated by this charming cheek model in black and white at Longchamps races. Note the new high hat, the gauntlet gloves, and the exotic shoes.



LEFT: There are 507 pounds of Miss Tiny Griffin, but she started in the Southern California "Bicycle Day" gala. Miss Griffin says she prefers a tiny bike because there is not so far to fall. She is an entrant in the Bicycle Bathing Beauty Parade. Let's hope she won.

ABOVE: Through these bright little eyes a striking intelligence is shining. Little Allen Paul Cooper, 2 years and 11 months old, of Chicago, can tell the time, recite the alphabet backwards and forwards, count up to 100, and spell a lot of polysyllabic words. The child is fascinated by numbers, and spends much time poring over books and papers, spelling out words.



# GRACE BROS 12 DAYS SALE

WILL BE CLOSED TO-DAY  
Preparing for their

WHICH COMMENCES TO-MORROW FRIDAY JUNE 30<sup>TH</sup>

## BEAUTIFUL DRESS & SILK FABRICS ALL AT SPECIAL SALE PRICES

### 38" PRINTED CHIFFON VOILE

New and exclusive printed designs; colourings of Brown, V. Rose, Apricot, Lemon, Apple Green, New Blue, Nattier, Saxe and Pink. Usual Price, 1/9½

Special Purchase Sale Price . . . . .

1 1/2 YD

### 36" PRINTED LINGERIE LAWN

Extra special washing quality and fast colours. Grounds of Pink, Sky, Lemon, Helio, Nil Green and White, with neat floral designs.

Sale Price . . . . .

1 1/2 YD

### 31" BROADWAY HARMONY CAMBRICS

These Cambrics are extra special values, and guaranteed fast colours. Available in over 100 neat Harmony Designs, all colourings.

Sale Price . . . . .

10 D

### 36" BLOCK CHECK GINGHAMS

Fine grade qualities, guaranteed fast colours. Helio and White, Brown, Navy, Pink, Saxe, Red, Green, Fawn and White.

Sale Price . . . . .

1 3/2

### 36" PRINTED CREPE DE CHINE

A Heavyweight All Silk Crepe de Chine in Tweed Effects. The colours are Navy, Green, Saxe, Beige, Brown, Red. Usual Price, 6/11

Special Sale Price . . . . .

3 11/2

### 36" ALL SILK FLORAL CHIFFONS

A beautiful range of Printed All Silk Chiffons in a variety of designs and tonings. Usual Price, 5/11

Special Sale Price . . . . .

3 11

### 27" PRINTED CAMBRICS

Special qualities and best dyes, in a wide range of neat designs, in Lemon, V. Rose, Pink, Nattier, Saxe, Apple Green, Red, Fawn, Brown, Apricot, and Navy.

Special Sale Price . . . . .

6 1/2 D



### 36" PRINTED ART-SILK RAYONELLA

A special quality Art Silk. Printed and Floral Designs on grounds of New Blue, Brown, Fawn, Apple Green, Champagne, Saxe, Reseda Navy and Black.

Usual Price . . . . . 1/9½

Special Purchase Sale Price

1 1/2 YD

### 29 in FANCY SPUN SILKS



A special offering in this popular All Silk Material which is noted for its wearing qualities. A large range of designs.

Usual Price . . . . . 2/11½

Sale Price . . . . .

1 1/2 YD

### 36" FANCY GEORGETTES

This range comprises large and small designs in a variety of pleasing colour combinations. Usual Price, 4/11

Special Sale Price . . . . .

2 11/2

### 36" HEAVYWEIGHT GEORGETTE

A Plain Georgette in a large range of beautiful shades for day and evening wear. Usual Price, 4/11

Special Sale Price . . . . .

3 6

### 29" IVORY SPUN CREPE DE CHINE

Heavy quality. All Pure Silk. The ideal fabric for sports wear and lingerie. Usually 2/11½

Sale Price . . . . .

1 1/2

### 36" GEORGETTE MARQUISETTE

A heavyweight fabric in the following shades: Salmon, Peach, Beige, Fawn, Millorea Blue, Saxe, Poppy Glow, Signal Red, also Ivory. Usual Price, 2/11½

Sale Price . . . . .

1 1/2

### 29" FANCY SPUN SILKS

All Pure Silk in a large range of designs, suitable for frocks, children's wear and lingerie. Usual Price, 3/11½

Sale Price . . . . .

1 1/2

### 33" PRINTED SHANTUNGS

In large and small designs, also spots on natural grounds. Exceptional value. Usual Price, 2/11½ and 3/9

Sale Price . . . . .

1 1/2

### 33" ALL SILK PRINTED SHANTUNGS

A beautiful range of designs in this favourite silk.

Usual Price . . . . . 3/11 and 5/11

Sale Price . . . . .

1 1/2 D

GRACE BROS LTD  
BROADWAY SYDNEY  
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# DESTINY Mixes A COCKTAIL

Perhaps Julia was in love not so much with the fisherman as with the man.



A little place on the outskirts of Marseilles, where I had gone to fish, I saw a young woman sitting on the rocks, hair flying in the wind, brown as a berry, a rough dress around her beautiful body, a red scarf tied carelessly about her neck, wearing no old, dirty espadrilles on her feet. Julia Stone.

Heard her sat a young French fisherman, barefooted, dark, in a blue, sleeveless Lacoste shirt and old white trousers, a beret basque on his head. But he was good-looking.

A tangle of black, Provencal hair, blowing also in the wind, crowned a face that I should have liked to paint were I a painter. His skin was tanned to that mulatto color common in that part of the world among men who live their lives in the blistering Provencal sun and the whipping savagery of the mistral.

A fine-looking fellow: strong, brown arms clasped about his knees, and looking out to sea with Julia.

By  
W. A. SWEENEY

married Dick if he had been more like my man. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see. If he had gone to live in a boat and had worn no socks and had asked you to live on mussels and wear no socks either. Yes, I see."

"Come and see where I live," she said.

Julia had no money of her own, and I knew she was in earnest about being prepared to lead the simple life with her fisherman, for, when she announced the glad news to her family, she might expect as much financial aid as an escaped convict trying to touch the governor of his prison for a small loan to help him on his way.

She was serious. There was a brightness and a calmness and confidence in her eye which dug deep into my understanding. I thought of those gently-nurtured women who suckled their babes at their cold breasts in Canadian snows and smiled at their pioneer husbands who were fighting off the wolves.

About six months afterwards I happened to be in the same vicinity, and before going to look up Julia in her swamp I dropped into the first, dirty-looking little bar I chanced upon. It was full of workmen, and I selected a seat far away from the counter, near the door that led to the kitchen, and called for a drink.

When it was served to me I nearly gasped, for it was brought by Julia's fisherman. He was dressed in a horribly fitting new black suit.

His bronze neck was encased in a soft collar, the appearance enhanced by an execrably tied tie, of a color that made me tremble as with the ague. He wore new brown boots, his hair was brushed, and he was serious and self-conscious and awkward.

"Voila, monsieur," he said, triumphantly, having succeeded in serving me without falling over his new boots, and then he departed to continue his conversation with his friends at the counter.

He was speaking loudly enough (as they all do there), and I had no difficulty in hearing him.

"And so I said: 'Bigr! Now that

the cash desk before the customers."

"And what did she say to that?" inquired a friend, suspiciously.

"Diable! She saw I was not trifling, me! Had not my parents given us a fortune to buy the bar? Naturally, she saw reason, and that I was no longer a fisherman."

Just then Julia came out of the kitchen, without noticing me, and I marched to the cash-desk. Her hair was brushed neatly back. She wore a black frock to the throat, of village cut, and had black, well-polished shoes.

But her face—heavens! Her face was radiant as she looked at her husband. She kissed him and then solemnly started to count up the cash.

I made my presence known to her.

It all puzzled me during the following weeks when I went fishing in a small boat off Cannes. I was pondering over the wonder of it, one day, when, passing a small sailing boat, I heard my name called. I looked up and saw Dick Clutter hanging over the rail.

"Climb aboard," he said, and I did so.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "Thought you were in London controlling affairs of State."

"I gave up politics long ago," he replied. "Make yourself as comfortable as possible on those ropes. Afraid the cabin's not of the luxury order. I live all alone."

"What's the idea? I thought politics were your career?"

HE LAUGHED. "So did I—once. But—well, to tell you the truth, Bill, after Julia turned me down I lost



STARTS FOR THE 8:06 WITH PLINY OF TIME IF HIS WATCH IS RIGHT BUT HAS UNEASY FEELING IT'S SLOW



IS RATHER REASSURED BY SEEING NO SIGN OF FRED PERLEY YET



REALIZES SUDDENLY THAT FRED MAY HAVE STARTED ALREADY. QUICKENS HIS PACE



SLOWS DOWN AGAIN AS HE REMEMBERS HE HASN'T HEARD TOWN HALL CLOCK STRIKE EIGHT YET



THOUGHT COMES TO HIM IT MAY HAVE STRUCK WHILE THAT COAL TRUCK WAS PASSING AND HE DIDN'T HEAR IT. TROTS



CHURCH CLOCK COMES INTO VIEW IN DISTANCE SHOWING FIVE MINUTES OF EIGHT



SLOWS DOWN TO SAUNT, CHIDING HIMSELF FOR HAVING WORRIED ABOUT NOT HAVING TIME



ON NEARING CLOCK SEES IT SAYS 20 MINUTES OF 11 AND MUST HAVE STOPPED. BREAKS INTO MAD GALLOP REACHING STATION 15 MINUTES TOO EARLY

5-5

## Things That Happen

### NONE THE WISER

SEEN during the week, A heavy-looking woman standing on a weighing machine about to insert her penny. Suddenly she remembered that she had on her heavy topcoat, so she stepped off the machine, removed the coat, put it over her arm and stepped on to the platform again—10/ to Mrs. E. M. Walker, 75 Lyons Road, Drummoyne.

### CURE FOR INDIGESTION

THIS is a "true incident." Twelve duck eggs had been placed under a broody hen. The hen had been doing her work well, when, one day, hearing a terrible noise in the yard, the writer went out and found a large goanna at the nest, eating the eggs. It gobbled them all up and climbed a tree. A male member of the family was brought out to shoot the thief. This he did, and the eggs were recovered, unharmed, and placed back under the hen. Later they hatched out successfully—5/ to Warren Devir, Macksville, North Coast.

### FOUR OF A KIND

SOME time ago two girl friends of mine, twins, married twin brothers. About a year later both couples were blessed with twins, a girl and a boy, to each. The four babies appear to me to be exactly alike—5/ to Mrs. R. Shayles, 56 Kellett St., King's Cross.

### THEY THREW HIM OUT

THE storekeeper of a busy little shop here was startled by a small boy, who rushed into the place and, pushing his way through half a dozen waiting customers, commanded attention by rapping on the counter. Thinking this must be something very urgent, the storekeeper broke his rule of first come first served, and asked the boy what he wanted.

For several seconds the lad stammered but was unable to get out what he wanted to say. To help him the storekeeper suggested several articles, but it was no use. Before long everyone in the shop was trying to help the poor boy. Then, at last, he got it out. "Please," he said, "I want three pennies for the gas."—5/ to E. J. Buckland, Carter Rd., Brookvale.

### WROG GUEST

THE other night a friend, whom I had not seen for years, arranged to pick me up at the station in her car. I was going to pay an evening call. I knew she had married well, but was not expecting a limousine and chauffeur. However, I got in and sank into the luxurious scented cushions with a sigh of surprise and pleasure. After a twenty minutes' drive, we arrived at a lavish home, and rang the front door bell. I felt about an inch high when it turned out that I had come to the wrong house. The chauffeur had picked up the wrong guest—5/ to M.B.C., Burwood.

Strange incidents of life that come under your notice, or in which you may be personally involved, may be of interest to others.

The Australian Women's Weekly will pay 10/ for the best contribution to this column, and consolation prizes will be awarded for other published items.

### COMFORT!

A WOMAN who drives herself in a baby car to the pictures twice a week, takes with her an empty hot water bag. After parking her car, she fills the bag from the radiator and uses it to warm her feet in the cinema. When she comes out she pours the water back into the radiator and drives home—5/ to "Bunyp," Woolahra.

### DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

ANXIOUS to be of help when a young lady in the city dropped her handbag, including some small change which scattered over the roadway, a newsboy helped to recover the lady's possessions, and, in doing so, managed to wriggle a sixpence under his bare toes.

When the damsel in distress had passed on her way the newsboy disappeared into a nearby confectioner's shop to spend his ill-gotten sixpence on hot pies. As he emerged a stray, hungry-looking mongrel dogged his footsteps and refused to be shaken off. The newsboy returned to the shop, bought a cold pie, and he and his new dog-friend went up an adjacent lane to share a somewhat belated meal. Truly charity can pardon a multitude of misdeeds—R.K., Bronte.

### HIS REWARD

ON an Illawarra suburban train last week, as often occurs, a youth entered the car and burst into song. At the conclusion of his speech, telling of the family which he had to support, he said, defiantly, "A man here says that I torture the people. Well, I would like to see the fellow that can sing better than me."

It may have been alarm at this unusual form of begging or because of a feeling of awe in that they may have been listening to a future Caruso, but pennies seemed to flow more freely than usual into the outstretched hat—F.C., Rockdale.

## Let's Gather Riches

Let's gather riches day by day—  
And, oh, the riches that we may!  
Not only gold, but kindness brings  
A man so many other things!

Let's gather riches—make our cot  
Rich with affection, rich or not.  
Whatever mortals may possess,  
Love is the only happiness.

Let's gather riches—build a name  
That knows no blemish and no blame.  
But good opinion of mankind—  
The surest riches one can find.

Let's gather riches while we can—  
The riches that some other man  
Will gladly give us. Till life's end,  
What greater riches than a friend?



"THAT'S a nasty thing to say—that last bit. Of course, you don't know him. The first time we met—I hired him to take me out fishing—we stood and looked at each other for nearly a minute. Never in all my life, Bill, did I ever feel that way about a man before."

"What way?"

"How I felt just then. I can't describe it. Out at sea he began to sing Provencal songs, and I stopped fishing and joined in with him. I believe it started from that moment—really started."

"What in heaven's name started, Julia?"

"I can't quite explain. Our mutual understanding of our love, I suppose. He knew that, too. . . . You see, Bill, he's such a man. Every woman is primitive, deep down."

"I see, now, that the reason why I turned down, for years, all the men who wished to marry me at home was because I was waiting for him. You can laugh, but I've always felt that he was waiting for me . . . somewhere. But you won't understand."

I drew a deep breath. "You realise, Julia, you're not living in a magazine short story?"

"Oh, don't be tiresome," she replied, rising.

"And you're going to marry this man and live with him as a fisherman's sort of thing?"

"I am," she said defiantly. "All my life I've longed to be a fisherman's wife. I guess it's because I'm crazy about the sea, and running about in my bare feet."

"A contrast, eh?" I said, musing. "I mean it's all just because this fellow's a fisherman who doesn't wear boots. A contrast to Dick Clutter. I know your objections to Dick."

She was thoughtful. "It's not because he's a contrast to Dick that I'm marrying him. But I might have

my parents have made me a man of commerce, cherie, thou knowest thou wilt be the wife of an important man, and thou canst not go about stockinged and in espadrilles, my little one!

"What will the neighbors think? Regard the wives and the fiancées of the other business men in the quarter. Do they go half-naked like things of the woods? Have we not the sous to buy dresses fit for the wife of a man in a prosperous bar?"

"Thou must be reasonable, for thou wilt have to take thy place at

interest. So I've done what I've been wanting to do all my life—go a-roving. I've a little money, so can afford to do it. It's not a life of luxury, but I love it."

I looked at Dick Clutter. He was dressed in an old blue, sleeveless Lacoste shirt, his legs were clothed in dirty white trousers and he was barefooted and as brown as a berry.

"This little craft's my home," said Dick, pouring me out a drink into a tin mug.

"Well, well, well!" was all I could say.



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## The RIGHT EXERCISES for HEALTH and BEAUTY

With beauty culture at its present high standard, the woman of today is inclined to give precedence to facial cosmetics—those items that appeal most to her sex. There is charm in colors and tints, but too many women impart a radiance to cheeks and lips, then powder, and admire the mirrored reflection, with no real thought of profile or figure.

Remember that physical perfection and facial beauty go hand in hand; there must be harmony in either case, whether natural or acquired.

WITHOUT physical culture or exercise of some kind, no woman can expect to retain a pleasing symmetry of form. That "body beautiful" then becomes an unattainable ideal.

With the average woman it is not so much a matter of avoiding as proportion or contour, and this gives almost every woman an opportunity to acquire a desirable outline.

Then again, a good feature of the present modes is that they tend to induce correct bodily pose. An elongated appearance of the figure cannot be retained where there is a tendency to sag, settle, or stoop.

### Incidentals

In adopting a routine it must be stressed that the best exercises are often the simplest. There must be no



THE VERY simplicity of the exercises, which are so productive of real bodily beauty, is shown in these pictures of lovely girls at their eurythmic play outdoors. Not from violent exercise so much as from graceful rhythm does the full beauty of the healthy body come.

luring strain if the movements are to benefit the body as a whole. Exercise in the open air is, of course, the ideal, but where this is impossible, a well-ventilated room or balcony where sunlight gleams will suffice.

In either case, heavy furnishings are best avoided, carpets especially being taboo, owing to dust particles which might be inhaled. Limb movements should be done slowly, and deep breathing may be associated with the routine as advised.

On the subject of breathing, I would suggest an "early morning trot" or brisk walk in the open air. If you live in the country, or have a park or bush-land

nearby, there can be no excuse for this omission.

The system is re-vitalised, circulation is stimulated to assist elimination, and a healthy flush radiates throughout the skin tissues.

To those who have the leisure and opportunity for the outdoor life, this is the tallman that eliminates fixed rules for physical culture—and health.

### Exercises

IN the matter of exercise, the aim of the physical culturist is to encourage a healthy and vigorous circulation, to stimulate enfeebled tissues to renewed activity, and to eliminate superfluous fat. The latter is a subject of interest to most women; therefore, I append the following movements as a generalised routine:—

Exercises for reduction are divided into three classes—stretching, bending, and floor exercises. There is a set of movements in each class, and these should be practised in the order given.

### Stretching Exercises

(1) Slowly throw up the arms straight above the head, with palms turned forward; then, rising on the toes, stretch the entire body upward, as if striving to reach something just above the hands. After stretching as far as is easily possible, relax and settle slowly into first position. Keep your mind on the hips, and you will be conscious of a "pulling" or tautness in that part of the body.

(2) Take correct standing position. Hands high above the head, with palms facing; arms relaxed and slightly curving. Sway to the right, and then to the left, bending at the waist. Do not bend forward or backward, and keep the head between the arms as in first position. Hold the lower limbs straight and firm. This exercise is the waist-line reducer.

(3) Standing position. Clasp hands behind head, then sway slowly backward, bending at the waist. Lift the chin and look up to the ceiling. Be sure to keep the feet flat on the floor, and the knees rigid during this movement. Return gradually to first position. This not only reduces waist and abdomen, but it also improves carriage and strengthens the back.

### Bending Movements

(1) Arms above head, palms turned forward. With the knees rigid, bend forward as far as possible towards the floor. Touch the floor if you can, but do not carry the effort to extremes. Then, tensing the muscles of the back, rise slowly to the first position and repeat.

(2) Stand in an open gangway or between two chairs, with the hands supporting you on both sides. Swing each leg in turn directly forward as high as possible, then backward in the same manner. Next swing forward and backward, holding the upper part of the body straight. Do not bend the knees, but let the motion be in the hips only.

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

### DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT

Question: We read that many school children suffer from defective eyesight. How can this be avoided?

While, of course, an eye that is defective from the start will inevitably need early correction, it is true that defective vision is very common in school children, and that this is often due to incorrect use of the eyes. Some startling figures bear out this contention. In Europe and America special "sight-saving" classes are in vogue in some schools. In these classes are placed children whose vision is not 100 per

cent. efficient. All work is done with a knowledge of their particularly disability, and their eyes are constantly tested to see that all remains well. We could do with this sort of thing in Australia. Meanwhile, some simple rules are—

- (1) Keep the reading page 12 to 14 inches from the eye.
- (2) Let the child sit so that a good light comes over the left shoulder.
- (3) See that no reading is done in bright sunlight, or in a bad light.
- (4) Only allow reading and writing with the child in the upright position, being particularly careful not to let the head sprawl on the desk.

Teachers, especially, should be on the watch for symptoms of eye strain, and give pupils suffering from it every facility to do their work under suitable conditions.

### AIHING BABY

Question: Is it not too cold to put very young babies out in the garden during the winter months?

No; if babies are accustomed to sleep with plenty of fresh air from the very beginning, they will be quite all right in any garden, as long as they are wrapped up suitably. It is wise to find that spot in the garden that is most sheltered from the wind, at the same time getting a liberal supply of sun. Pure air and sunshine have a very beneficial effect on the health and strength of a baby. Children are kept out in the open air in England, and the climate is a good deal more chilly and a good deal less sunny than the splendid one which most of Australia enjoys.

### MATTER OF NAMES

Question: What is the difference between scarlet fever and scarlatina?

There is no difference at all, these being just two different names for the same disease. We see the same thing in the two names, "enteric" and "typhoid." These two fevers are identical.

### CAUSE OF HAY FEVER

Question: What is hay fever?

Hay fever is a disease very like asthma, that is to say, it is due to the patient being susceptible to some particular thing. These things take the form of pollen (of flowers and grass), or even the fur and hair of various animals. It is said that the patient has an "idiosyncrasy" to the particular object, and whenever he, or she, comes in contact with it, a strong reaction is caused to the mucous membrane of the nose and the eyes, resulting in both organs "running." The search for the



EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY—See Column 3.

cause affecting a particular patient may be long and arduous, but when it is once found, all the patient has to do is to keep away from such a cause. Modern medicine, by systematic search, has done much to solve the problem of these "idiosyncrasy" diseases, and sometimes a hay fever patient can be injected so successfully with a specially prepared vaccine that he becomes immune to the disease.

### CONTROLLING CHILDREN

Question: Does sparing the rod really spoil the child?

In recent years there has been a great swing away from the sternness of Victorian parents. The modern tendency has been to let the child bring up itself. That this has gone too far is the opinion of a well-known London doctor, speaking at the Child Guidance Council. He emphasised the point that, while love and understanding were essential in bringing up a child, discipline was also required. A happy medium should be struck between the two extremes.

## Try this REMARKABLE FACE TREATMENT for 6d.

WE are going to send out to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly exactly 500 famous MERCOLIZED WAX treatments at practically no cost! Try this remarkable cream in your own home; give it any test you like; and if it doesn't improve your skin, remove freckles and surface imperfections, windchaps and chafed skin—it costs you nothing, because the cute nestorite handbag compact that it is packed in is more than worth the money, and makes an ideal bag container for face powder. But if it does these things, and we guarantee that it will, then all we ask you to do is to continue to use MERCOLIZED WAX.

### HOW IT ACTS

While it is absolutely harmless, and may be used as often as, and whenever, desired, it will remove by absorption half-dead, sluggish, or unhealthy matter in the pores. In this respect it differs from toilet creams, because it takes away from instead of adding them to the skin. In this way it gives the fresh, vigorous, and beautiful young skin underneath a perpetual chance to "breathe" and to show itself. Therefore, the result is a perfectly natural and healthy skin.

### NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE, OR WHERE YOU LIVE—

Send now and try this trial treatment. It places you under no obligation—and we are sure that you will like it. You are risking nothing and getting a chance to try this world-famous face cream at practically no cost. It's an offer that may never be repeated.

### 500 TRIAL TREATMENTS!

Will be sent to those happy readers who reply to this advertisement. As soon as the last treatment goes—it will be too late!

MERCOLIZED WAX is famous throughout the world. If you want a skin of clear, transparent texture—if you would remove the dead skin that is now on the surface and have people admire you—send the coupon below now, and prove these things to your own satisfaction.

Beautiful nestorite handbag compact of MERCOLIZED WAX for 6d.

CUT THIS OUT—POST NOW!

DEAR MR. MANAGER, Please send me one trial treatment of MERCOLIZED WAX. This places me under no obligation. I enclose 6d. in stamps for packing and postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



# THE

# FASHION PARADE

By Jessie Tait

## How to Make ONE DRESS LOOK Like Many

### The Use of Accessories

IT is natural for all of us to want to be well dressed, and most obvious to say so, but to be well dressed is usually synonymous with liberal spending.

There is, however, another way of achieving this most desirable result. The keynote of this plan is "accessories."

To-day it is possible, and fashionable as well, to have one or two good day-time and evening dresses, and by judicious and clever use of accessories to entirely alter their appearance. One frock can be cunningly made to appear as four—as itself, and on three other occasions as itself in impenetrable disguise.



As a foundation buy a dress of good black material. Have it made very plainly, with a high neck, long sleeves, and a straight skirt. With it wear a bolero-jacket of the same material, with cartridge-pleated sleeves. A black hat trimmed with white, two white organdie flowers at the neckline, and white gloves give the dress a smart finish.

You will see a sketch of the dress together with the different accessories I am going to tell you about.

#### The New Plaid

Now take off the white flowers and, with or without the bolero, wear a hat and scarf of the very new plaid taffeta—this one is in black, grey, and red. These taffetas are the smartest spring materials, and come in the most fascinating color combinations.

#### Spotted Pique

Another set of accessories is made in black pique with white spots. The hat,



### PARIS SNAPSHOTS

NEW evening ensembles designed for country resort wear include colored wool wraps worn over printed frocks or with a dress of sheer woollen material.

MAINBOCHER puts a vivid print alp under an evening dress of sheer black chiffon.

PRACTICALLY all hats, whether they are oval or round, still seek to obliterate the right eye. Nearly all show more hair on the left side than on the right. This does not apply to the classic felt, with a brim which may be worn straight if you wish. The oval hats are often tipped directly forward, showing the back of the hair.

CROWNS of hats in some instances are still low and in others they rise to dizzy heights. Some designers make adjustable crowns that can be crushed down. The high boxy-looking head is hard to carry. With your hat high at the back (or high at the front, but not both) it is more becoming. Reboux puts masses of flowers or ribbon loops at the top of her fitted caps. The toque appears in another collection made of fabric with points around the crown. Agnes loves Tyrolean peasant hats made of straw with cut-off pointed crowns. She makes cinema hats, close-fitting toques of flowers, scarlet poppy petals, white violets.

Miss  
\* Jessie  
\* Tait

well known for her  
dressing and designing  
of so many J. C. Williamson  
Ltd. shows, stands  
to-day as Sydney's most  
practical authority on  
the question of women's  
clothes.

gloves, and belt, and, if you wish, a small boutonniere, are of this material, and will make your dress look entirely different.

#### Swagger Jacket

For warmer weather, instead of your black bolero have a swagger-jacket of white pique or crash. A plain black or a white hat can be worn with this, but always black shoes.

#### For Evening Wear

You will still wear this frock for the pictures at night. To make it look dressy, a black tulle ruffle with black spots worn round the neck and a small

black velvet hat trimmed with two flowers of the same tulle.

These are just four of the endless ways to vary your one dress. You can have all kinds of bags, scarves, gloves, hats, belts, in many colors and designs.

Black is, of course, not the only color for your foundation dress. Brown, navy blue, or grey will be equally practical.

#### Evening Dress

Unless you have plenty of money to spend on your wardrobe, it is far more satisfactory to have one or two good evening frocks; to wear them over and over again, with, of course, different accessories. At the end of the season one can then discard them—or it—without misgivings.

#### A Striking Evening Gown

For example, you see sketched a simple evening frock that can be made in dull crepe, satin, or chiffon. Any pastel shade would be nice, and, particularly, white. To be rather unusual and very "up-to-the minute," I suggest a pale grey rough crepe. The long sash-scarf from the shoulder is in vivid blue flax crepe, the gloves match. Just inside the hem of the skirt are Schiaparelli's new dust-catcher ruffles. These are just two frills of taffeta, which hold your skirt out at the bottom, and make a rich swishing sound when you walk. Madame Schiaparelli puts these ruffles under

many of her new summer frocks. They are especially attractive when used with chiffon or organdie.

#### Bolero and Hat

An alternative to the blue scarf and gloves is the wide belt of Irish green crepe, studded with tourmaline pink crystal cabochons. The bolero matches it.

#### Flowers and Gloves

Pale grey organdie gloves with red spots and two big flowers of the same will make you feel very "chic."

#### Draw-String Jacket

Madame Schiaparelli again gives us something unusual. This time it is a jacket of plaid crinkled ribbon with one of her famous draw-string necks. For wearing with your grey dress, I would suggest it made of grey, lime-green, and blue.

#### Unusual Evening Coat

The evening coat shown is most unusual and very attractive. To wear with your grey frock I should have it in purple velvet lined with mauve velvet. For another frock, velvet in two colors would be nice. The coat is worn flowing with the long sleeves turned up to show the lining. Note the high-buttoned collar.



# GRACE BROS 12 DAYS SALE

WILL BE CLOSED TO-DAY  
*Preparing for*

WHICH COMMENCES TO-MORROW FRIDAY JUNE 30<sup>TH</sup>

The Store will be closed to-day, Thursday, June 29th; but for the convenience of Customers, our Cash and Carry Department, Provision and Small Goods Department, Home Style Tea Room, Broadway Restaurant, Bay House Building, Tobacco Department, Hairdressing Salons and Photographic Studios will remain open.

FREE PARKING STATION — at the corner of Bay Street. You are cordially invited to make full use of it. NO CHARGE WHATEVER!

Get a Sale Book — It will pay you!

*Typical Sale Bargains!*  
**HUNDREDS TO SELECT FROM  
IN OUR COSTUME SHOWROOM**

1. Ladies' Winter Frock in a smart style made from  
**ALL WOOL DE  
CHENE**

featuring the Dolman Sleeves trimmed with large gilt buttons and high waisted line, finished with belt and buckle. Sizes: SSW., SW., W. Colors: Fawn, Mauve, Red, Wine, Nigger Brown. Usual Price 59/11.

**SALE PRICE ... 39/11**



~~59/11~~  
**39/11**

2. Serviceable Winter Frock produced in a good quality

**ALL WOOL  
JERSEY**

featuring a clever scarf trimming also on cuffs. Colors: Black, Lime, Red, and Lido.

**SALE PRICE .... 14/11**



~~59/11~~  
**14/11**

3. LADIES' TAILORED 2-PIECE COSTUME produced in a good quality Face Cloth. Two button fastening. Coat fully lined Jap Silk. Mostly Brown colorings, few Navy and Black only. Usual Price 59/11 to 65/.

**SALE PRICE ..... 39/11**



~~59/11 to 65/-~~  
**39/11**

4. LADIES' TAILORED SPORTS COSTUME produced in a good quality TWEED SUITING. 2 button fastening. Coat lined Jap Silk. Colors: Grey, Fawn, Navy, and Black. Sizes: SSW., W., XOS., and O.S. Usually 52/6.

**SALE PRICE ... 39/11**



~~52/6~~  
**39/11**

5. Serviceable Winter Costume produced in a good quality Light Grey PENCIL STRIPED FLANNEL. Skirt has inverted pleats back and front. Sizes: SSW., SW., W. Usual Price 24/6.

**SALE PRICE ... 20/-**



~~24/6~~  
**20/-**

**GRACE BROS. LTD.**  
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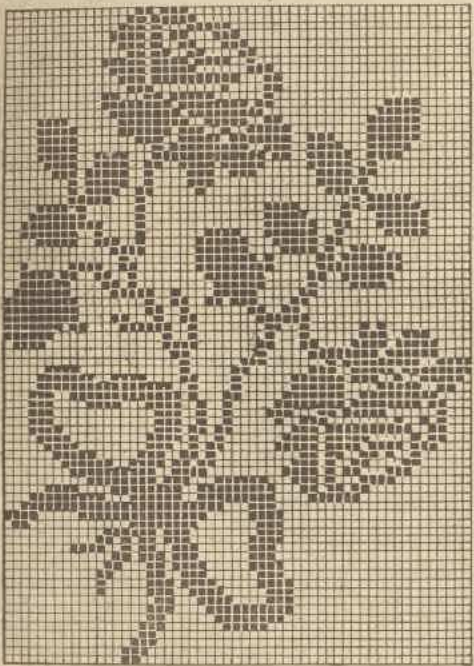
# SUNBEAM KNITTING WINNER

To have won a £30 prize in a knitting competition in which the entries totalled well into four figures, a jumper must be something very outstanding, both as regards the knitting and the design.

In both these respects the jumper submitted by Mrs. Marlin, of 11 Dalmeny Avenue, Rosbery, scores. The illustration of the three jumpers winning the first three prizes was published last week, and the following directions have been secured by The Australian Women's Weekly. It offers readers a jumper that is quite unique, for the design is original.

together; st. st. stocking stitch; st. stitch; b. blue; g. grey.

With b wool and Flexnit needle, cast on 388 sts. Rib k 1, p 1, for 5 inches. Change to st. st. and in the first row decrease 1 st, making 385 sts on needle. K 14 rounds b, 4 rounds g. Now follow chart until it is complete. Knit 2 rounds g, 4 rounds b, 4 rounds g. Break off g wool, 4 rounds b. Break for the neck opening thus: K 95, k 2 tog. twice. K right round until you come to the first two stitches knitted tog. Turn p back. Continue in rows now instead of rounds.



THIS chart shows the completed pattern. Knit white squares in grey wool, and black squares in blue. This design is repeated seven times. Thirty-five stitches are used in each design. The thirty-sixth stitch starts the second design, and so on.

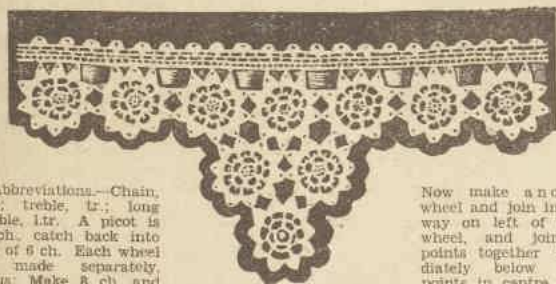
Materials: 9ozs. Sunbeam super fingering 3-ply blue; 2ozs. Sunbeam super fingering 3-ply grey; 1 Flexnit needle, No. 14; 1 pair long needles, size 14; 1 set steel sock needles, size 14; 1 stitch holder.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 21 inches; bust, 33 inches; sleeve, 19 inches.

Tension: Twelve stitches to the inch in width and 14 rows to the inch in depth.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; m, make.

## DAINTY Crochet TRIMMING For Your UNDIES



Abbreviations.—Chain, ch.; treble, tr.; long treble, ltr. A picot is 6 ch. catch back into 1st of 6 ch. Each wheel is made separately, thus: Make 8 ch. and join into a ring.

1st round.—3 ch (for 1 tr), 2 ch, 1 tr 9 times into ring, 2 ch, join to top of 3 ch at beginning of round.

2nd round.—3 tr in 1st space, 3 picots, miss 1 space, 3 tr in next space. Continue all round.

3rd round.—1 tr on middle of 3 tr, 3 picots, 1 tr in 2nd of 3 picots of last round, 3 picots, 1 tr on middle of next 3 tr. Continue all round.

4th round.—1 tr on tr of last round, 2 ch; then in 2nd of 3 picots of last round work (2 tr, 2 ltr, 5 ch, 2 ltr, 2 tr), 2 ch, 1 tr on next tr of last round. Continue all round.

Make as many of these wheels as required for bust measurement and join to one another with 2 points, leaving 3 points loose at either edge. Now make one more wheel and join to wheel in centre of front, thus: 4 point to middle point of centre of wheel at lower edge, next point to point on right, and 2 points to 2 points on next wheel on right.

Now make another wheel and join in same way on left of centre wheel, and join two points together immediately below joined points in centre. Now make one more wheel and join 2 points to 2 points of each of the last two wheels made to form centre of front.

### For the Heading

In the 1st of 3 points at top edge, make 2 ltr, then 8 ch. In the 2nd of 3 points, make 2 tr, then 8 ch. In the 3rd of 3 points, make 2 ltr, then 8 ch; then in each of the 2 points where joined between wheels, make 1 long stitch thus: (Cotton 5 times round back and crochet off all strands, 2 at a time), then 8 ch, 2 ltr in 1st point of next wheel. Continue all along.

1st row.—1 tr, 2 ch, miss 2 ch, 1 tr in next chain. All along.

2nd row.—1 tr in space, 3 ch, picot, 3 ch, miss 1 space, 1 tr in next space. All along.

3rd row.—In 1st picot make the following group: (2 tr, 2 ltr, 5 ch, 2 ltr, 2 tr), 5 ch, miss next picot, then group as given in next picot, 5 ch. All along.

Adrian's Crochet Cotton No. 35 and a No. 5 hook are used for this lace.

By a Girl of 16

### "LOST"

A shaft of Light from Daylight's flock  
Had strayed and lost its way,  
And wandered in the old stone church,  
Although 'twas left to stay.  
It shimmered on the tranquil air  
Like dust from beaten gold,  
And mingling with the drifting mist  
Shaped fantasies untold.  
It glimmered on the stately cross,  
Paid homage from the sky;  
Threw lacy shadows on the pews  
Like Angel wings went by.  
It rested on the organ pipes,  
Effused the keys with light;  
And down the aisle was lost upon  
The dark plum-colored night.  
—YVONNE WEBB.

## CHARMING Jersey From PARIS

THIS week's jersey, in our exclusive Continental series, has a dainty lace stitch and a touch of hand embroidery conferring a charmingly distinctive note.

The lace stitch forms small squares in which tiny spots of color are worked by hand on the completed garment. The jumper has been knitted in white, and is displayed in the wool department at David Jones, who courteously supplied the materials for the making.

Materials: 5 skeins Paton's 2-ply wool, white; small quantity of black, red, and blue 2-ply wool; set of No. 14 steel needles; pair of No. 10 bone needles.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 21 inches; bust, 34 inches; sleeve seam, 11 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; m, make.

The Back: With two No. 14 needles, cast on 144 sts, and k into the back. Rib k 2, p 2, for 3½ inches.

Change to No. 10 needles.

Row 1: K 11, m 1, k 2 tog, k 10, repeat from \* to end of row; knitting the last 2 sts tog, only on this row, 143 sts. Row 2: Purl.

Repeat these two rows eight times. Row 17: K 1, m 1, k 2 tog, repeat from \* to end of row.

Row 18: Purl. This completes the pattern. Repeat pattern five times more.

Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 at each end of needle every other row 8 times. Work pattern 3 times more, and on the 13th row of next pattern, shape shoulders by casting off 1 square at a time for 3 squares, and 3 extra sts. Cast off remaining sts for back of neck.

The Front: Make the same as for the back, as far as the 13th row of 6th line of squares, where sts are divided for neck. Knit to centre, but do not m 1 here, join on another ball of wool and k to end of row. Working both sides tog, decrease 1 at each side of neck edge every p row (by purling 2 sts tog) 6 times, then every 4th row until 2 squares all but 3 sts have been decreased, at the same time shaping armholes as before. Shape shoulders as for back.

Sleeve: Both alike. With No. 14 needles, cast on 84 sts, k into back, rib k 2, p 2, for 1 inch. Change to No. 10 needles, and k twice into every st, except the last one, 167 sts. Work pattern 5 times, then k 3 sts tog at beginning and end of every row for 2 more pattern. Cast off remaining sts tightly.

To Make Up: Pin out work to ironing board, and press very carefully with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Embroider spots of black, red and blue, as shown in the illustration. Join shoulder seams.

With No. 14 needles, pick up and k 30 sts across back of neck, and 72 sts each side of front. K one round plain. Next round k twice into every st. Now rib k 1, p 1 for 1 inch, decreasing 1 st each side of centre front for first 6 rows. Cast off on wrong side very loosely and very evenly. Join underarm and sleeve seams; gather sleeves into armholes.

THE British General Electric Co.'s annual ball will take place in Herdern Brothers' ballroom on July 14. The proceeds will go to the New South Wales Home for Incurables at Ryde. To help defray expenses of the ball, there will be a huge tennis tournament (mixed doubles) on Sunday. The committee has hired seven of the indoor courts at the Royal Agricultural Show Ground for the event.

## GAY SLUMBER SUIT



AN ABBREVIATED lace bolero adds distinction to this silken slumber suit. Material required to fit a 36in. bust, three and a quarter yards, 40in. and one and a half yards, 40in. for the jacket. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1. TRANSFERS, 6d per set, from The Australian Women's Weekly.

## THE HUB'S FREE OFFER to "Women's Weekly" KNITTERS!

This charming Sports Jumper can be made of the famous "Sunbeam" 4-ply Knitting Wool, for the low cost of 3.9 if you purchase your "Sunbeam" Wool at The Hub. "Sunbeam" Wool is sold at a standard price of 4½d per skein, but The Hub's FREE offer definitely saves you money on the total cost.



## FREE KNITTING BOOKS!



Every "Women's Weekly" reader who purchases 10 skeins of "Sunbeam" 4-ply fingering wool (sufficient for making the Jumper shown) will be given a "Fair Isle Knitting Book" that is usually sold at 10d each—absolutely FREE. This famous Journal contains full directions (with clever charts) for making the above style, and other easy designs. The Hub's display of "Sunbeam" Wools shows every conceivable color, from subdued tones to rich, vivid shades. Price, per Skein ... 4½d. (Or 5-6 per lb.)

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\* "Sumch" is the name of this very smart waistcoat blouse of white silk. The double collar and crystal buttons are details to be remembered.

A tailored suit has many uses, especially when its effect can be varied with different blouses and jerseys.

\* "Compiègne" is a most attractive jersey. Full directions may be found on page 21. This is one of the most delightful garments.

Top centre:—

\* "Athos" is a charming two-piece ensemble of small beige and white checked woollen material.

### TO SECURE THESE PATTERNS

Copy of the original patterns can be obtained in 36in. bust for 3/- each.

A chart is enclosed with each pattern, showing how to alter it to suit bigger or smaller sizes.

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terial. The short sleeved jacket has large revers and shaped cuffs. When the coat is removed it shows a smart tailored frock.

Top right:—

\* "Gaby" is a super-smart belted tweed suit for country or sporting wear. Its exquisitely tailored lapels and pockets are its chief distinction.

Lower right

\* Men's grey suiting with an almost invisible grey stripe is used in "Cizele," a well tailored and slimming coat and skirt. The skirt has one kick pleat in front. The whole ensemble relies for its smartness on its simplicity.

## WASHING UP NEED NOT HURT THE HANDS

By a Business Woman

IN between looking for a job, I do a good deal of the washing up at home, and as I always use very hot water, I soon noticed that hands and nails were getting into bad condition.

On thinking the matter over I decided if I could get some sort of a rack in which to stack the plates and saucers, and place the whole in a sink or dish, I could pour boiling soapy water over the lot, and with the help of a mop the dishes would be done without my hands getting so hot. The plates would be held by the rim in the left hand, and the mop used vigorously with the right.

I walked the town, but couldn't get the type of rack I wanted—the

draining rack was too long to stand in my dish, and I don't like using the sink.

What I do is to get a pot of boiling water and stand it in my washing-up dish. Cups and saucers and sweet dishes are dipped into the hot water; the mop does the rest. The silver stands in the pot, with handles well out—and the plates, as I have said before, are held by the rim and thoroughly cleaned.

The big advantage of this way of washing up is that at the end the water is quite hot. It takes only a second to

empty it into the dish and to wash down the table.

Another advantage is the hot soapy water doesn't leave grease on the sink. But, best of all, my hands haven't been in half-cold greasy water for 20 or 30 minutes.

Some day I hope we will get a brand-new flat with a one-piece sink, and to find the rack I am looking for—then my method will be the next best to a washing-up machine.

Stubborn pie-dishes and such like I wash as well as I can, then turn them upside down in the dish, leaving them to soak in some of the warm, soapy water (or in fresh water). Next washing-up time they are easily finished without undue hardship on the hands and without any scraping with knives.





# Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

THOSE modern artists, the Ramsay twins (Jean and Gwen), at their Wahroonga home, have a painted room—all the four walls covered with modern art.

Major Conder was not only a splendid footballer and champion boxer in his youth, to say nothing of a record sprinter, but is also one of the finest horsemen and horse trainers in Australia.

Enid Gerber is a descendant of that famous woman, Caroline Chisholm, who did outstanding work among early women settlers. Caroline Chisholm and Amy Johnson are the only two women, except Royalty, who have been made the subject of a cartoon in "Punch."

## First Book at 60

Mrs. J. B. Monckton, who was one of the guests of honor at a recent lunch party of the Women Writers, is remembered by book lovers for her wonderful achievement in writing her first book, "The Shuttle of Life," after she had turned 60. Her London publishers are waiting for another book from her pen, but as her garden at her home, Manly, is a great lure, the public is kept waiting for another "best seller."

## Tricky Twins

Canberra's Younger Set is well posted with London news since the J. G. McLaren's joined its select official and social circles. Mr. McLaren is the newly-appointed official secretary at Australia House, and he is now living in London with his wife and three vivacious daughters, Mildred, May, and June. Mildred is an amateur actress of considerable ability. Her sisters, May and June, are twins, so alike that it is difficult to tell them apart. In the early days of Canberra many people found it impossible to address either by name until a glance at their wrists established their identity. The twins wore gold initials on their wrists, but 'tis said that more than once they enjoyed a joke for two by changing wristbands and tricking their acquaintances. The three girls have been presented at Court.

## Did She Hear?

When Mrs. Linda P. Littlejohn addressed the inaugural meeting of the Queensland Citizenship League in Brisbane recently she dealt quite forcibly with the matter of feminine feltness. "Do we hear men pulling each other to pieces?" demanded Mrs. Littlejohn. "No; no matter how much they may have cause to do it. They keep such thoughts to themselves and discuss more important matters."

## "Don't's" For Darwin

DON'T wear georgette or taffeta frocks in the Northern Territory. If you do you may suffer the fate of the woman who was a visitor at an important social event, and who found, on rising to greet an acquaintance, that she was almost minus her georgette frock. She had to spend the rest of the evening draped in a large shawl. Silk materials perish in Darwin. The incident was recounted by Mrs. Price Conigrave when addressing a meeting at Manly.

## Or Didn't She?

Mrs. Littlejohn pointed out that there was no room in women's organisations for petty malice, and in that regard urged the women to take a leaf out of the masculine book of manners. One would have thought she had overheard the remarks of two women (supposed feminists) who were seated in the front row of seats.

But, no. We really believe that Mrs. Littlejohn didn't hear them. Not until she reads this will she know how very near home her barbed arrows reached their mark.

## Not So Easy

"How I dissect a lettuce" is the description that John Brownlee gives of his wife's idea of cooking. When they were first engaged Mrs. Brownlee took lessons from a famous teacher, who promptly began to initiate her into the most elaborate cookery. In vain did the novice insist she wanted to learn simple things, but as that did not seem possible, Mrs. Brownlee (who before her marriage was Contessa Carladi Feleto) tried another teacher, with the same result. Now she leaves cooking to those who understand it, and plays tennis, of which she is very fond.



## Where's the Shamrock?

A country woman who proposed replenishing her store of table-linen during a visit to the city, was struck with amazement when the particular patterns she had set her heart on were not obtainable at any of the shops she had called upon. She had, in her mind's eye, a vision of Irish linen glistening with shamrocks, as in the days when she bought her first supplies—the rose, thistle and shamrock intertwined, or the rose and thistle in happy juxtaposition. To her astonishment there was not a single shamrock-patterned tablecloth or napkin to be had. Yet the linen was all genuinely Irish and its place of manufacture alluringly set forth. What has happened to designers that they have omitted such a popular motif from linen embellishment?

## Girl A.B.

Fair-haired Sonya Lynd, who dashed through Sydney and Melbourne some time ago in a desperate hurry to join the four-masted barque "Parma" for the run to England, created sea history by her romantic voyage. She is the only woman A.B. to go round Cape Horn in a windjammer—or a steamer for that matter. Alan Villiers, well-known Australian author, was responsible for Sonya's trip. Part-owner of the barque, he signed her on as able "seaman," and, that formality completed, received her signature to a motion picture contract binding her to "star" in a movie he contemplated making on the voyage. As a sop to convention, Miss D. Ducloux, the skipper's daughter, travelled in the "Parma," but as she was not on the ship's articles, Sonya's record holds good.

## They Stay at Home

Among the new arrivals at Canberra who have a genuine enthusiasm for the beauties of the "Garden City" is Mrs. H. B. Collett, of West Australia. Her husband, Colonel H. B. Collett, is a newly-elected Senator, having been returned by the West Australian Legislature to fill the vacancy caused by Sir Hal Colebatch's appointment as W.A. Agent-General. The old, old story about Parliamentarians being most anxious to use their gold passes for free trips on the railways certainly does not apply to this Senator, for, with his charming wife, he has spent nearly every weekend in Canberra since his election.

## Be Accurate!

In almost all the articles concerning the going of Her Majesty's Theatre the writers affirm that among the great stars who appeared in Sydney's most important theatre was Sarah Bernhardt. Probably it was intended that she should play at Her Majesty's, but the fact remains it was the Theatre Royal which housed the great actress. And speaking of the well known stars who appeared at Her Majesty's no mention has been made of Madame Emily Soldene, who later on in life became a brilliant journalist.

## Would You Like To Be—

Clarice Faithfull Anderson, who has masses of flowers at her Camden home, and a sun room, glassed in with yellow windows, in which to arrange them.

Dr. P. A. Micklem, who has taken a separate flat at the T. and G., in which to contain his masses of books.

The Marchesa di Ferrante, who has a wurlitzer, which entertains the neighbors with excerpts from "Onward, Christian Soldiers" to jazz.

Bee White, with her big Buick limousine.

## Good English

In the vestibule of the State Theatre the other day a woman was heard to say, "It does me good to hear good English spoke, so I never miss George Harliss." Reminds one of "Ome to 'ear one's language well spoke."

## For Cambridge

Whether it is because her essays always weighed more than those of her fellow undergrads or not, Germaine Joplin is at present one of the most excited girls in Sydney, when she is not too busy, for she leaves in August for Cambridge, where she will do further research work in geology, having been awarded the Junior Fellowship of the World Federation of University Women.

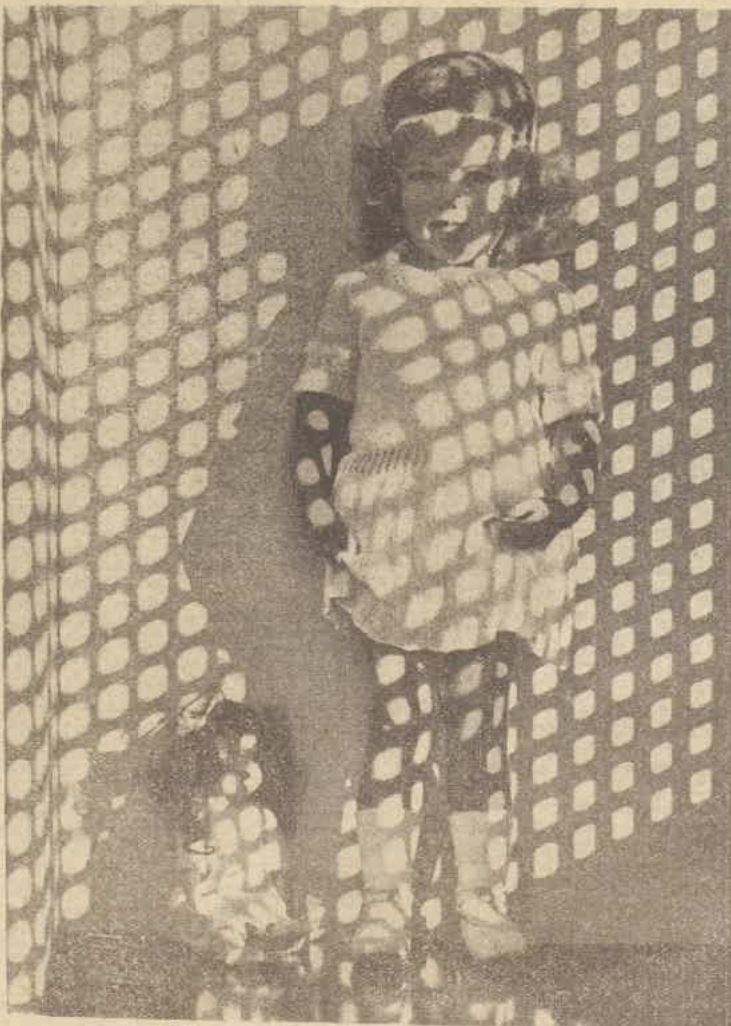
Germaine certainly deserves her success, for geology has been her passion ever since her schooldays at P.L.C., not even sport interfering with her zeal for pottering about limestone formations, and making the neatest drawings of same.

## Finishing Touches

"Hopewood House," the mansion at Darling Point built by Lebbius Hordern, has now been acquired by Miss Jobson for a girls' finishing school. The house is built in the grand manner, its bathrooms are still the last word in luxury. The builder of the house chose to have his bathroom in onyx, and there is another of malachite green, with a sunken bath. Around the walls of the green bathroom sport little goldfish, which add their note of color to the decorations.

## Bubbling Legacy

Shortly before his death, Sir Owen Cox asked Mr. W. A. Holman what was his favorite wine. Mr. Holman told him, and nothing more was said. Mr. Holman's delight at his old friend's thoughtfulness was all the greater, when he received a case of Chianti, and was told that, according to instructions in Sir Owen's will, the gift was to be repeated every year.



SUN SPOTS.—A delightful child study special to The Australian Women's Weekly by Carneaux.



## Helps OUR Budding MUSICIANS

THE Queen Victoria Club, which was started in pre-war days, endeavors to help those artists who gave so freely of their gifts during the times of stress, and to introduce to the public young musical artists who might not otherwise have an opportunity to appear before the public.

Some of the artists who were successful in the last Grand Opera season were heard for the first time at the Club's Musicales, which are always such popular entertainments.

The many friends of Mrs. Arthur Scrivener, the popular president of the club, are rejoicing in the fact that after a long illness she has again taken up her duties.



Mrs. A. Scrivener

While the club is neither a charitable institution nor a commercial enterprise, it has done philanthropic work by sending cheques to impoverished artists and to hospitals.

Membership of the club is by introduction, and invitations for the next musicale, to be held at the Arts Club on July 17, may be obtained by ringing the hon. secretary, Miss Thelma Houston, or the hon. treasurer, Mrs. Harry Twigden, each of whom, with Mrs. Percy White as acting president, carried on the club work during the absence of the president.

At every musical "At Home" held by the club, a large picture of Queen Victoria is placed on the stage. The picture was presented by Mrs. George Earp, a former president of the club.

## Bush Book Club Friend of Dwellers Outback

A BOOK is a friend, a treasured possession to be read, enjoyed and passed on to others, that they, also, should share in the pleasure that literature provides.

Thousands of people in the outback country, out of reach of libraries, are grateful to the Bush Book Club of N.S. Wales, for the parcels of books that are sent to them.

The country dwellers pay 2/6 as an annual subscription, and 1/- freight on each parcel of books.

The books, which are sent to the club as gifts from people interested in the work, are sorted by committees of voluntary workers, covered with wrappers provided by the Sydney Book Club, and despatched in parcels weighing up to 8lbs.

The country folk write to the club, saying what kind of reading matter they like, and the utmost care is taken in the selection of the books and magazines sent to them, so that their tastes shall be satisfied in this respect.

Should a man from the country write to the club asking for books on travel or philosophy, no trouble is spared in going through the volumes on hand to see that he shall receive the magazines and particular books that would appeal to him, and women readers receive the same careful attention.

Although the shelves are stocked with magazines and books, there is a great demand for children's stories, and the little people outback need catering for in this respect just as much as their elders. The club, therefore, would be glad to receive gifts of children's books.

Miss Beniah Bolton, secretary of the club, receives many letters of apprecia-



MRS. H. J. FEAKES, who has returned with her husband, Captain Feakes, from a holiday trip to the East, did notable work as president of the Friendly Union of Sailors' Wives.

tion and thanks for the parcels of books, from all over the country.

The following is an extract from a letter typical of many others:—

"Many thanks for books which arrived safely, the family all settled down for a good evening's read, even dad, and for a while we forgot that we had had a terrible week of rain, with all the crocks and cuncts either flooded or washed away."

Lady Game is president of the club, and Miss Barbara Knox is hon. treasurer.

To assist with the funds, the Doone Dramatic Club will present a play, "Nine To Six," at the Savoy Theatre, on August 15 and 16.

## Two Y.W.C.A. Leaders Visit AUSTRALIA

The visit of the world president of the World's Young Women's Christian Association, Miss van Asch van Wyck, and Miss Charlotte Niven, general secretary, is unique in that it is the first time in the history of the movement that a world president and world secretary have been in Australia together. The visit has inspired much enthusiasm and interest in the work.

MISS VAN ASCH VAN WYCK, who recently arrived in Sydney from Java, returned last Saturday to Sydney from Canberra, and met Miss Niven, who had also returned from Canberra earlier in the day. They will attend the National Conference in Brisbane from July 1 to July 12.

Both visitors are accomplished linguists. They have had distinguished careers, and bring personality, executive ability and experience to bear on the work of the Association.

Visiting the Associations throughout



MISS BONNIE FIELD is a member of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Younger Set, who are arranging a Powder and Patches Dance, to be held at Romano's on June 30.

the East, Australia and New Zealand, in preparation for a Council Meeting of the World's Y.W.C.A., to be held in China, they have been together in China, Japan and Malaya.

Later, they separated, when Miss van Asch van Wyck went to Java, and Miss Niven proceeded to India, to attend an important conference.

Ten years had passed since her pre-

## How Outback Women Arrange Social Functions

THE old saying, "The little more, and how much it is, the little less, and what worlds away," is a very appropriate comparison when one thinks of the vast difference in opportunity between planning functions in the city and the country.

In the city there are facilities for calling committee meetings so that tickets will be sold, ringing up caterers to ensure that guests will be properly provided for, getting in touch with florists so that floral decorations will be adequately covered, and all the thousand and one things that need attention to make functions go with the swing that ensures success.

But away in the far back women who plan entertainments are thrown absolutely upon their own resources. They have often to travel many miles to inform friends of the forthcoming function, do all the cooking necessary, obtain the flowers from their gardens and bush, and last, but by no means least, they have often to titivate a frock for the important occasion.

Ask them if the prospect disheartens them, and they will give an emphatic "No!" They are up and at it, and the doing and planning is great fun.

One of the most successful dances of its kind was held at Bellata, where Sister Cornwell is bush nurse.

The money raised will assist the Bush Nursing Association to carry out the work it is doing in the centre, and to maintain the home which was built last year by voluntary labor.



MISS CHARLOTTE NIVEN, General Secretary of the World's Y.W.C.A.

vious visit to India, and Miss Niven was impressed with the change that had taken place during that time among the women. To-day they were taking an immense interest in national and international questions, and there was a wonderful change in the number of women who had come into public life and were leading the movement called the "All India Conference."

Miss Niven attended a meeting of the Calcutta section of that body, and was impressed with the intelligence and leading powers of the Indian women, which she described as "second to none." They were hoping to obtain the vote and equal status in all respects, including education.

Behind Miss Niven's linking up with the Y.W.C.A. there is a story of thoroughness and interest in work that has remained all through the years of her association with it, and which has done so much to make her work successful and helpful.

## Avoiding War

Being interested in social welfare work among the Italian immigrants in New York, she decided to visit Italy in 1910 to study the background and home conditions of the immigrants, so that she would have first-hand information, and be able to bring light and knowledge to bear on the problems of the Italians in America.

Through the coincidence of meeting the National President of the Y.W.C.A., who was a Frenchwoman, she was asked to open a new work—The International Students' Hostel in Florence. She consented to go for a period of six weeks, and during that time her interest in the work of the Y.W.C.A. was aroused and has continued unabated.

Miss Niven was in France in 1912, and worked for a time with the American Y.W.C.A. She joined the staff of the world's Y.W.C.A. in 1920 and was made general secretary.

The way to avoid war is by building up good relationships between persons, and educating them to realise that war is obsolete and does not settle international problems, says Miss Niven.



# Tek

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Try Tek to-morrow. Sold surgically clean in a sealed-windowed container. Six colours. Bristles hard and medium (also extra hard—unbleached).

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5-"GRACE" MODEL 86. Slenderising WRAP-ON CORSET, in Art. Silk Broche, with elastic hip sections and at waistline. Six suspenders. A Corset that gives complete control without restraint. Waists 24 in. to 34 in. **Grace Bros.' Sale Price - - 9/6**



6-"GRACE" MODEL 3698. CORSELETTE with strong inner Belt, suitable for medium and heavy figures. Made with heavyweight Swami Silk Brasieres top-back firmly boned—six suspenders, and strong, adjustable shoulder straps. Busts 34 in. to 46 in. **Grace Bros.' Sale Price 22/9**

7-"SELECTFORM" MODEL 605. The popular Back-lacing CORSET. Made of Art. Silk Broche; elastic at waist and slightly raised at back; also elastic insets in skirt. Six suspenders. Waists 26 to 36 inches. **Grace Bros.' Sale Price 15/6**



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**FLANNEL  
DRESSING GOWN**  
is obtainable in smart shades of Saxe, Red, and Vieux Rose; silk embroidered in rich colours to tone.  
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## MISSIONERS Who DON'T Go AFIELD

WORKING quietly, but very thoroughly, the Ladies' Home Mission Union has a splendid record of work to show for the 22 years that the union has been in existence. During that time it has given approximately £13,500 to the Home Mission Society.

There are 65 branches of the Ladies' Home Mission Union in the suburban and country parishes of the diocese who have for their motto, "Workers Together." Their main work is to help the Home Mission Society with funds which are spent on the poorer parishes in the diocese, in salaries for chaplains in hospitals, retiring allowances for aged clergy, for work in the mission zone areas, and in helping to provide salaries for rectors and deaconesses in certain areas.

In addition, the Ladies' Home Mission Union helps with clothing for the mission zone, which is sent to the rectors and deaconesses and distributed by them, although the rector of any parish

in the diocese may apply for clothing for individual cases.

Membership in the union includes the small subscription of 2/6 and two new garments for the poor per annum, and the request that members will assist the funds with either a local or united special effort each year.

The movement was inaugurated in 1911 by Mrs. J. C. Wright, who retained her active interest as president all through the years, and since her departure for England Mrs. A. G. Friend has been acting-president of the union.

The union conducts organised relief work in the camps for unemployed at Happy Valley and Yarra Bay. Deaconess Evelyn Best conducts meetings every alternate week at the camps, and Miss L. Blands takes along afternoon tea for those who attend, and is responsible for attending to relief work. Miss M. Knaggs holds classes at the camps to teach the girls sewing and knitting.

Parcels of clothing, blankets, jams and preserves are gratefully accepted by the union to help in its work, and these should be addressed to the Ladies' Home Mission Office, Diocesan Church House, St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney.



MRS. W. STONES, vice-president of the committee organising a gala matinee at the Theatre Royal on July 11 for the funds of the Limbless Soldiers' Association.

To assist with the funds, an exhibition of flowers, handwork, and cooking will be held in the Chapter House on August 25.

## Racial HYGIENE Is IMPERATIVE

The Racial Hygiene Association, in the conduct of its campaign on sex education, the prevention and eradication of venereal disease, and the education of the community on eugenic lines, touches certain phases of our social life that are unexplored by any other organisation.

In this article Mrs. L. E. Goodisson, the hon. organising secretary, tells of the work the society is engaged on.

By L. E. GOODISSON

**D**IVORCE, that much-discussed problem, is one with which the association often comes in contact, and, of course, there are many causes which are responsible for these unhappy proceedings.

In spite of the serious side of these cases, some of the young wives who have come to see me have laughed with me over the difficulties which they had encountered—many quite unnecessary, and the fault of each or both partners in the marriage.

The Domestic Relations Courts, which exist in America and Germany, would, if the proper personnel were arranged, do away with much trouble. But I am sure the two parties would never meet before any ordinary tribunal to discuss their problems.

The first year of married life is responsible for much trouble. Each party to the contract wants his or her own way, and girls who have been used not only to their own way, but to their own income, won't give way. Then children come, and, unfortunately, this often causes more trouble because the wife has to devote so much time to them that the husband becomes jealous, thinks himself neglected, and often goes out for consolation. Then troubles come fast.

### Sex Education

Our primary object is the teaching of sex education to mothers, so that they may be able to tell their children the



MRS. L. E. GOODISSON

facts of reproduction cleanly and fearlessly. This saves the minds of children from being furnished by the vulgar and indecent stories and jokes told them by their schoolfellows.

The father or mother who neglects his or her duty in this respect not only leaves the child ignorant (not innocent), and unable to repel and avoid many dangers, but loses the confidence of that child when it finds it has been deceived.

It is very satisfactory to find that many mothers are awake to the fact that the child wants to know the truth, and they come to us to know how best to tell it.

The opening of the new V.D. clinic at the Board of Health has been a great boon, as it will be continuous, and not like those connected with the general hospitals, which are only open on certain nights in the week. This clinic was the cause of many deputations from our society to various Ministers of Health, and we are very thankful to know at last that our wishes have been accomplished.

For the last three years we have been continuously preaching the necessity for having health examinations before marriage, which would necessarily include a blood test for V.D. This has become quite usual with many couples, and we have induced numbers to go to the Board of Health for such examinations, or to their own medical advisers. Absolute secrecy is observed, and the prospective bride and bridegroom know whether they are in a fit state of health for marriage, and run no risks of handing on the disease to the children.

So many cases of mentally deficient children are the aftermath of disease, and if we can only get that long-deferred Mental Hygiene Bill through, with the addition of segregation, we would not have lived and worked in vain. Hospitals for the insane, and many cases of inherited disease, would be things of the past.

## DON'T BE DISHEARTENED BY SKIN-BLEMISHES



## REXONA SOAP is medicated to clear the skin

This charming Rexona Girl is Miss Mary Cass of Leichhardt, N.S.W., who says: "I am more than delighted with Rexona Soap. I intend to go on using it, as it is the best soap I have come across for improving the complexion."



The loveliest complexion—the clear, clean skin you ever wished for, will be yours when you change to Rexona Medicated Soap.

Blemishes and pimples can't be washed off your skin—that is why the soap you use for your face must do much more than cleanse—that is why you need Rexona, the Medicated Soap.

**MEDICATED for this special purpose... to heal, soothe and tone-up your skin**

Rexona Soap contains medications that are carried by the soft, creamy lather into the tiniest pores, where they remove the germs and waste tissue that cause pimples, black-heads and enlarged pores.

The medicinal properties of Rexona Soap enable it to tone up the skin-tissues, making your complexion radiantly healthy, and giving your skin clear fine texture.

### HEAL all serious skin complaints with REXONA OINTMENT

Here is an extract from one of the many letters we receive from users of Rexona Ointment—  
"I have great faith in your splendid healing, soothing and reliable Ointment." And the writer, Mr. A. E. Lowe of St. Peters, N.S.W., is echoing the thoughts of thousands of men and women.

Rexona Ointment soothes and heals Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Rashes and all skin troubles, in the shortest possible time.



Mrs. N. Shemwell of Harlestone Park always uses Rexona Soap to wash her happy little daughter, Betty. She writes: "Betty is a Rexona baby. Rexona is great for both skin and hair."

### Thousands of mothers praise Rexona Soap for Babies' skin....

Using Rexona Medicated Soap for baby's bath is the surest, and the simplest way of protecting him against infections, and of clearing up rashes or chafing.

Not once in a while—but nearly every day letters come pouring in from mothers who are grateful for the protection that Rexona Soap gives their babies' skin.

Cleanses... Purifies and Heals

## Rexona MEDICATED SOAP

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES • • • REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Valuable Gifts for you!

Keep every REXONA SOAP COUPON...

You need only a few Rexona Soap coupons for one of these smart and useful gifts.



A good, serviceable pen for any member of the family. Strongly made, fitted with a 14 ct. gold nib. OTHER FREE GIFTS—Men's Nickel Watch with luminous dial, Pocket Knife with 2 blades, smart

sister Vanity Case, pretty Bedroom Clock, and many other attractive gifts. See full particulars and complete list of gifts on the Coupon wrapped round every packet of Rexona Soap.

B.130/2

### TIME YOURSELF ON THIS JIG-SAW



Hold a competition to see which member of the family can most quickly assemble this week's jig-saw puzzle, by A. W. Nugent, the world's champion puzzle maker. First cut out the pieces and paste on stiff card. When you have completed the puzzle, see if you can find any intentional mistakes in the drawing.



# the mirror of SYDNEY

by Jane Ann SEYMOUR

**L**MA OSBORNE, daughter of Mrs. Oliver Osborne, has now decided upon her bridesmaids for her marriage in August to Bill Gordon. The Osborne clan will be well represented. First, there is Olma's sister, Daisie, who is still studying at "Doonee"; her cousin, Pam Osborne, who is a blonde like so many of the Osbornes; and still another cousin, Joan Osborne Wilkinson. Pauline McDonald, who will be a bride herself in the near future, when she will marry Dick Allen; Nancy McCay, who is the guest of Lady Fairfax, and Ann Gordon, the popular daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon, will complete the group.

**T**HE Victoria League's reception was a farewell party to Lady Street. What a good thing she carried her presentation bouquet as her sister, who was also dressed in black is very like her. Instead of the usual little tables, a buffet tea was provided. Sir Munro MacCallum looked about for a place to park his tea cup. Oh, the hats! We will wear them with pleasure quite soon, but they will take some getting used to. Miss Muriel Lee wore one of the latest black velvet battlement hats with oyster satin lining.

**BY** STERN decree, members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade could not take even their wives, were they not a member of the brigade, to the annual reunion dance held at Sargent's, in Market Street. With the severe white of the ladies in uniform and the menfolk in navy, the effect achieved was strikingly different to that of usual dances. However, in spite of the committee's stipulation that only uniform should be worn, a note of color did creep in. While Mrs. John Maund, the newly-elected lady district superintendent of N.S.W., and Mrs. J. E. Henson, lady district officer of N.S.W., wore the grey uniforms of their ranks, a striking contrast was made by the gowns of two young ladies, one wearing crimson and the other in a gown of pink satin. Dr. H. R. G. Postle, who is district commissioner of N.S.W. and who had just rushed away from the Australian Army Medical Corps dinner, congratulated the brigade on having obtained free transport by tram and rail for members in uniform.

## NORTH EAST WEST SOUTH

**TO CELEBRATE** her coming of age, Mrs. Jack Pratten, who was Miss Joyce Richards before her marriage, gave a party at the Yacht Tennis Club on Tuesday, June 20. The clubhouse was decorated in pink of two tones. Mrs. Pratten wore a gown of white tulle crepe.

**SOCIAL ORGANISATIONS** of Gloucester combined in giving Mrs. J. G. Donnelly, who is a popular resident and charity worker of that district, a farewell and presentation. On behalf of the organisations, Mrs. M. Newton, president of the Red Cross Branch, presented the guest of honor with a burnished brass fire-screen and iron and a cut-glass vase. Lovely emblematic floral tributes were also presented. Mrs. Donnelly's future home will be at Millthorpe, where her husband has been transferred to manage the Bank of N.S.W.

**A SUBSTANTIAL** lead for the Cavanagh Cup at Gloucester, which is being played for by golf associates over three rounds of 18 holes each, was obtained by Miss D. Higgins, a young player who has only taken up the game since the beginning of the present season. She brought in a surprise card of 102, 37-65, the next best being Mrs. Newton with 106, 36-70.

**WITH MRS. A. J. WHITE** as patron, a ladies' hockey club has been formed in Gloucester. Brown and gold are the colors of the club, which is fortunate in having Miss M. Gillham, who played interstate matches two years ago, as its president and coach.

**MRS. T. F. HALL**, of Melbourne, who visits Sydney each winter, is now staying at 9 Springfield Avenue. Escape from Melbourne weather is not the only reason that underlies these periodical visits, for Mrs. Hall has two sons residing in Sydney. Commander Geoffrey Hall, R.A.N., whose wife was formerly Miss Greta McCulloch, of Melbourne, recently flew from England in the plane "Five Winds." He resides at Parsley Bay. The second son, Lieut. Derek Hall, married Miss Ina Dodds, daughter of General Dodds, of Melbourne. He is attached to the 2nd Division Signallers, and has a home at North Sydney.

**MRS. JAMES ASHTON** gave a very delightful tea party at her Double Bay home on Sunday afternoon. It seemed to ring down the curtain of Polo Week. Among those invited were the Misses Irene Anderson, Grete Bullmore, Mary Doberer, Elizabeth Friend, Nancy Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Rolley Litchfield, Mr. and Mrs. John Arnott, Gordon MacLeod and Stewart Jamieson.

**MRS. ALECK JOSKE'S** decision to give a party for Mrs. R. Seymour, whose husband is the acting Governor of Fiji, and Mrs. G. G. Howell, was a hurried one. In fact, she had scarcely breathing space to invite all her friends by phone. Mrs. Seymour is taking her three children to England, where they will remain at school in Warwick. Mrs. G. G. Howell is accompanying her husband to Kuala Lumpur. Mr. Howell was formerly Attorney-General of Fiji, and is now legal adviser to the Federated Malay States. Mrs. Joske is a charming hostess, and everyone enjoyed tea and talk and hearing about the seven farewell parties in Fiji that had been arranged for the guests of honor in one afternoon.

**BEDLAM** might be described as a nice, quiet rest home, compared with the sounds that greeted arrivals at the Old Masonians' Union dance at Hordern Bros. The ex-students had got hold of the noisy novelties, and were using them with a vengeance. These accessories which go to make the success of a dance nowadays are in abundance, and of quite a novel character. The president of the dance committee was hurrying around with a peanut which must have had something extra in the way of fertilisers to bring it to that size, and out of which a keppie popped, while Mrs. R. S. Cropley, who was accompanied by her husband, patron of the union, toyed with a red herring with most realistic moving fins and tail. The club, which in 1925 had only nine members, now has 368 scattered over the State. Its object is to help those who attend the William Thompson Masonic School, Baulkham Hills, and the Masonic Hostel at Lewisham.

**IT IS** not often that the men are catered for in the matter of prizes at a dance, but certainly they were given a little attention at the 8th Australian Field Ambulance ball at Blaxland Galleries, when Mr. Alf Poulton, of Coogee, gave two bottles of whisky for prizes. History does not say whether the bottles were taken home or not. Mrs. A. L. Nix, whose husband was hon. organising secretary, showed me many delightful articles which every one at the dance had a chance of winning without being worried to buy tickets and such things. Mrs. J. Moore, president of the ladies' committee, had a huge floral eight on her table which was decked with flowers, and throughout the supper tables dainty sachets of powder marked the place of each lady.

**MRS. W. H. CORBOULD** motored down from Moss Vale with Mrs. Bell Johnson and Mrs. Maxwell Gumbleton. Mrs. Corbould is staying at the Queen's Club until she leaves for Western Queensland, where her two sons, Eric and Ted, have their homestead. Mrs. Corbould was busy before leaving Moss Vale seeing to the packing and despatch of some of her precious antique furniture. To her great relief, it has already arrived, and only a slight damage to a table has resulted from transport.

**AMONG** the antiques sent by Mr. F. Darby, of Grafton, to the Loan Exhibition was a Spanish mantilla which was handed to his mother at a bullfight in Spain as being the most beautiful woman in the building, and a wedding dress 100 years old, which was worn by his grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Eyre.

**MR. AND MRS. RUSKIN ROWE** have an interesting home in Ocean Avenue, for Mr. Rowe, who is a well-known architect, utilised his garage to build a ballroom, and a tennis court above. Mrs. Ruskin Rowe gave a dinner party in honor of Mrs. Raymond Laurie, who left last week for London. It was a small party for her intimate friends, and guests included Sir George and Lady Fuller, Mrs. Gwen Wharton, Mrs. Laurie's mother (Mrs. Morgan Jones), and Joyce Rowe, who is "finishing" with Miss Janet Stephen. Joyce has just returned from a country visit to her aunt, Mrs. Leslie Snell.



**HER EXCELLENCY, LADY ISAACS**, specially photographed by The Australian Women's Weekly, in the garden at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. David Cohen, Darling Point, finds time in the midst of her busy life to pursue many womanly occupations. Knitting is among them. Her Excellency has made two sets of woollen garments for baby Michael Threlfall, who is shown in the circle with his mother, Mrs. Martyn Threlfall, of Canberra.

**CONGRATULATIONS** to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Henty on the birth of a daughter, who was born on June 20. Their two small sons, Jock and Robert, are very excited about their new sister. Mrs. Henty was the lovely Joan Bullmore, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Bullmore.

**ALL** the friends of Lieut. Arnold Green, of H.M.A.S. Australia, will be sorry to hear of his accident while "roo" shooting at "Collymole," Pokaturoo, the home of the Jack Sinclairs. While going full speed ahead, his horse's foot entered a rabbit hole, and as a result, he is now in Lister Hospital. Latest report: "Progressing favorably."

**CLEVER** planning and many bright ideas were embodied in the table decorations at the Jungle ball held at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries by the Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set. Competition was keen, as there was a prize given for the best decorated table. The honor of winning the prize went to Miss Violet Potts. Her table represented a miniature jungle, complete with ferns, palms, bananas, and small model animals. The ballroom, too, was gaily decorated to give an impression of a jungle scene, greenery was festooned from the balcony, and small monkeys were pendant from the ceiling. There were a giraffe and a gorilla, and in one corner of the room the figure of a life-size tiger, with green electric bulbs for eyes, kept watch over the 600 dancers.

## Celebrating the Fourth of July

**AMERICAN** people in Sydney are looking forward to Independence Day, and the fitting celebrations they will hold in honor of it. They are going to make a day and a night of it, and on July 4, they will gather at the Manly Golf Club.

The festivities will commence with a golf tournament in the afternoon, and for the ladies who do not care to play golf there will be a bridge party.

This will be followed by dinner at the club, with the "Stars and Stripes" in evidence as decorations, and an informal dance as a conclusion to the evening.

Arrangements for the celebrations are being made by Mr. S. F. Martin, secretary of the American Society of N.S. Wales, and among those who will participate are the Consul-General for America and Mrs. Caldwell (who is president of the American Women's Circle), Mrs. Evans Jones (secretary of the American Women's Circle), Mr. John Kennebeck (president of the American Society) and Mrs. Kennebeck.



**MRS. CALDWELL**  
—Dorothy Weiding.



# WEDDINGS

## Blatchley—O'Moor

NOT for Miss Maureen O'Moor the highlights when she took the name of Blatchley on June 22, but a quiet little room in the building of the Registrar-General's Department. Romantic circumstances surrounded the wedding, for the couple only met since the Hannon-Seyler theatrical company, of which Miss O'Moor is a member, arrived in Sydney. Her marriage, at half past eleven in the morning, a full dress rehearsal in the afternoon, and appearance in a first-night performance in the evening, is a day exciting enough for the most blasé. Dr. Blatchley will accompany his wife on her return to England with the company.

## Flannery—Cunich

TWO well-known families of the Burrows-Young district were united, when Elsie, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Cunich, of Young, was married to Richard A. Flannery, youngest son of the late D. Flannery and Mrs. Flannery, of Golden Valley, Burrows. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Church, Young, the Right Rev. Monaghan Hennessy officiating. A gown of magnolia velvet, cut on classic lines, was worn, with a veil of Honiton lace secured by orange blossoms. The bridal sheaf was of cream roses. Miss Amy Cunich was bridesmaid, wearing a frock of gold velvet, with a toque in the same shade, and carrying a sheaf in autumn tints. Mr. J. McGrath was best man. The honeymoon is being spent in Sydney.

## Tanner—Allen

UNUSUAL frocking of the bridesmaids was a feature of the wedding of Miss Joan Allen, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Allen, Belmont Road, Mosman, to Mr. Harry Dayrell C. Tanner, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Tanner, of Mosman, on June 24. They were Misses Gay Rowe, Florence McKell, Rosalind Green, the bride's little niece, Patricia Allen, and they wore cream velvet gowns with hats, capes, muffs, and shoes of black. A huge bouquet of red rosebuds made a splash of color against the bride's cream velvet gown and tulle veil, while unusual decorations of poinsettias and cream harnbos gave a Harvest Festival air to the church. The reception, which was of a very happy and informal character, with a buffet and cocktails, was held at "Old Balmoral House," where over a hundred guests were entertained.

## Burleigh—Burrows

FRIDAY night shoppers were treated to a glimpse of loveliness when Miss Dorise Burrows, eldest daughter of Mr. Burrows and the late Mrs. Burrows, of Corinna Road, Stanmore, and her bridesmaid dashed to and from her waiting car in Pitt Street to the photographers, ten minutes before her marriage to Mr. Herbert Burleigh, youngest



MRS. R. M. FARLOW, formerly Miss Lorna Lowe, whose marriage took place at St. Stephen's Church, Phillip Street, on Tuesday, June 29. (Right): Miss Esther Clark, only daughter of Mrs. Nina Clark, whose engagement to Captain William Rennick, Victoria Barracks, was announced recently.

son of Mrs. J. Burleigh and the late J. Burleigh, at St. James' Church, King Street, on June 23. As often occurs on such occasions, the bride was more self-possessed than the bridesmaid, who was Miss Elsie Taubman, charmingly attired in ivory nixon. The bride carried a bouquet, which, on first sight—though only for a brief instant—had caused her a pang of disappointment because it was not exactly what she had ordered. It was of white Japanese irises and ivory hyacinths, falling in a trail of waxy loveliness almost to her feet.

## Crow—Reeves

THE marriage of Miss Marion Reeves and Mr. Anthony Crow was celebrated on June 24, at the Fullerton Memorial Church, the Rev. G. Cowie officiating. The bride, who is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reeves, of Marrickville, wore a gown of ivory lace, with a veil of cut tulle, arranged in Russian fashion. Her bouquet was of white



lilies of the valley and hyacinths. As bridesmaid, Miss Jean Inglis wore a frock of cream satin, with a smart hat to match. Her posy was of violets. A reception was subsequently held at the home of the bride's parents.

## Kerr—Blake

THE distinction of wearing an old Limerick lace veil, which had been worn by her grandmother,

daughter of the first governor of Darlinghurst Gaol, was afforded Miss Adelaide Therese Blake, on the occasion of her marriage, at St. Stephen's Church, Bellevue Hill, to Mr. W. C. Kerr, on June 21. It was a pretty wedding, the Misses Maude and Mary Blake wearing pale blue satin frocks as bridesmaids, and the bride's two nieces, Misses Josephine Christie and Carol Robinson, being flower girls. The bridal pair motored to Inverell, where their future home will be.

# Don't Forget



THE Sydney University Women Graduates' Association will hold its annual reunion dinner on July 7 at Beaumont House, Elizabeth Street. This year members are looking forward to hearing addresses from the guests of honor, Miss Edith Thompson, of the London University, and Miss Aileen Fitzpatrick, who has recently returned after studying social work in America, Great Britain and Europe.

A GALA matinee will be held on July 11, at the Theatre Royal, in aid of the general activities of the Limless Soldiers' Association. Leading artists of Australia will appear.

WELL-KNOWN members of Sydney's Younger Set will appear in the next production of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art at the Experimental Theatre, on July 19. The production will be Arnold Bennett's amusing comedy, "Mr. Prohack," and players include Miss Marie Hemingway, Miss Florentine Danciger, Miss Betty Brown, and Miss Muriel Tivey.

WITH Mrs. E. Freehill as patroness, and Mrs. F. G. Barber, president, a musical carol and card party will be held at David Jones', on July 5, to raise funds for St. Gabriel's School for Deaf Boys, Castle Hill.

ON July 5, at Farmer's Blackland Galleries, the Junior Committee working for the Blind Institution and Braille Library, William Street, will hold their spectacular function, The Dance of the Love-liest, Miss Myrene Collins is one of the hon. publicity officers of the Junior Committee.



Miss Myrene Collins

TO raise money for the Far West Children's Health Scheme Building fund, a card party and dance will be held on board the New Zealand on the afternoon of July 23. Lady Game is president of the committee, and the hon. secretary, Mrs. C. H. Silk.

THE Theresian Club's Sewing Guild, which is making a valiant effort to raise a substantial fund to provide those in extreme poverty with warm clothing,

will hold a bridge party at the Hotel Carlton on July 6. Mrs. P. D. Egan, of Woolahra, and a committee are in charge of the arrangements.

MISS MICK FITZGATE, president, Misses Gay Van Lubeck and Dorothy Spencer, joint hon. secretaries, with Miss Gladys Collins, hon. treasurer, and a committee of the North Shore Younger Centre, St. Luke's Hospital, are busy with plans for their first annual ball. It will be held at Warringah Hall, Neutral Bay, on August 12.

MEMBERS of the staff of the National Bank of Australasia will hold their annual dance at Hordern Bros. on July 11.

# ENGAGEMENTS

MISS HEATHER STARK, fourth daughter of Mr. W. Stark and the late Mrs. W. Stark, of Rose Bay, has announced her engagement to Dr. Donald B. Sillar, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sillar, of Dubbo, N.S.W. Dr. Sillar, who has recently returned from England, is in practice at Rose Bay.

AMONG engagements just announced is that of Miss Phoebe Williams, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Williams, of Sefton, Concord West, to Mr. William John Alexander, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Alexander, also of Concord West. The announcement was made at the Concord Masonic Hall, at the coming-of-age birthday party of the bride-elect.

AFTER THEIR visit to the East, from which they returned recently, the twin daughters of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Campbell, of Cranbrook Road, Rose Bay, have announced their engagements. Veda, the elder, has become engaged to James Wesley Hope, of the South Wales Borderers, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. H. W. Hope. Helen, the younger, has announced her engagement to Henry Robert Redmond Prior, of the Royal Artillery, son of Mrs. C. I. Prior, Pirn House, Innerleithen, Scotland.

## SHE THREW AWAY HER WASHING BOARD—by Matt Moore

—AND TO THINK I GAVE UP A GOOD JOB WHEN I MARRIED— JUST TO SCRUB AND SCRUB

DO YOU KNOW NELLIE, I'VE ABOUT DECIDED TO GET MY OLD JOB BACK UNTIL JACK CAN AFFORD A LAUNDRESS FOR ME—I ENJOY THE HOUSEWORK AND COOKING BUT—WASHING DAY JUST ABOUT KILLS ME

OH, DON'T BE SILLY, MABEL—JUST USE RINSO—IT SOAKS CLOTHES SNOWY WHITE

THAT'S GOOD NEWS TO ME, I'LL TRY IT NEXT WASHING DAY

NEXT WASHING DAY

THIS SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE—I'VE NEVER SEEN THE WASH SO CLEAN—AND ALL I DID WAS TO SOAK IT

THAT EVENING

WHY, MABEL DEAR, YOU LOOK AS FRESH AS A DAISY. DIDN'T YOU DO THE WASHING TO-DAY

YES, JACK—BUT I USED RINSO. NO SCRUBBING AND NO BOILING. I'M NOT A BIT TIRED

Such easy whiteness... with these extra creamy Rinso suds

PERHAPS you feel that clothes won't come really white without scrubbing and boiling. If so, make a little test for your own sake. Get a packet of Rinso for next washing day. You'll expect unusual results when you see the thick creamy lather that piles up from just a little Rinso. With hardly more than a soaking in the extra-creamy Rinso suds, whites come out spotless, and colours look as fresh as new. Try Rinso once, and you'll prove to yourself that it is just as quick and safe as could be!

A LEVER PRODUCT

Creamier lather... more washing power



# GRACE BROS. 12 DAYS SALE

WILL BE CLOSED TO-DAY  
Preparing for their

WHICH COMMENCES TO-MORROW FRIDAY JUNE 30<sup>TH</sup>

The GREATEST MILESTONE in SHEETING HISTORY REACHED TO-DAY

**READY-MADE SHEETS 3/1**  
SINGLE BED READY-MADE SHEETS. in nice, soft finish: neatly hemmed. Size 54in. x 90in. Grace Bros.' Sale Price - Each **3/1**  
FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Size 80in. x 90in. Sale Price - Each **4/7**

**6/3 HORROCKSES' SHEETS FOR 4/9**  
Plain Linen Finish Sheets for Single Beds. Size 54in. x 90in. Neatly hemmed. Regular Value 6/3 each. Grace Bros.' Sale, Each **4/9**  
FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Size 80in. x 90in. Regular Value 8/11. Sale Price, - Each **7/3**

**8/11 FINLAYS' FAMOUS SHEETS for 7/3**  
DOUBLE BED SIZE. 80in. x 90in. In a plain, linen finish, good wearing cloth. Regular Value 8/11 each. Grace Bros.' Sale, Each **7/3**  
ALSO IN SINGLE BED SIZE. 54in. x 90in. Regular Value 6/3. Sale Price, Ea. **4/9**

**9/3 Real Osman Double Bed Sheets for 7/6** Each  
Beautiful Ready-made Sheets—the real "Osman" quality. See the red tab. Plain finish. Double Bed Size. 80in. x 90in. Regular Value 9/3 each.  
Grace Bros.' Sale Price - Each **7/6**  
Also in SINGLE BED SIZE. 54in. x 90in. Regular Value 6/11. Sale Price - Each **4/11**

Our London buyers have purchased 20 MILES OF SUPERIOR SHEETS AT A BIG DISCOUNT. These have arrived in time for the opening of our 12 Days' Sale—and never before have such Bargains been offered

**20 MILES OF SHEETS**  
from **2/6** to **60/6**  
EACH

10 MILES 20 MILES

**9/3 HORROCKSES' TWILL SHEETS for 7/3 Ea.**  
Horrockses' Broad Twill Sheets, for DOUBLE BEDS. Size 80in. x 90in. A splendid wearing cloth. Regular Value 9/3 each.  
Grace Bros.' Sale Price - Each **7/3**  
SINGLE BED SHEETS. in same quality. 54 x 90 Regular Value 6/6 each. Sale Price - Each **4/11**

**10/6 SLEEPEASY SHEETS FOR 9/3 EA**  
DOUBLE BED SIZE 80 inches x 90 inches. A beautiful quality Sheet in Plain and Twill finish. Will stand the Wash Tub Test. Regular Value 10/6. Grace Bros.' Sale Price, Ea. **9/3**  
FOR SINGLE BEDS. Size 54in. x 90in. Regular Value 7/11 each. Grace Bros.' Sale Price - Each **6/11**  
FOR THREE-QUARTER BEDS. Size 72in. x 90in. Regular Value 9/9 each. Grace Bros.' Sale Price, Each **8/11**

**REXWEAR SHEETS 6/3 EACH**  
REXWEAR (5 YEARS GUARANTEED) SHEETS are confined to Grace Bros. and cannot be purchased elsewhere. Every Sheet is guaranteed for 5 years, and will be exchanged with pleasure if, through fair wear and tear, they do not last 5 years. In Plain and Twill finish.  
FOR SINGLE BEDS. Size 54in. x 90in. - Each **6/3**  
FOR THREE-QUARTER BEDS. Size 72 x 90 - Each **8/6**  
FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Size 80in. x 90in. - Each **9/6**  
FOR LARGE DOUBLE BEDS. Size 90in. x 99in. - Each **12/3**

**11/3 FINLAYS' HEMSTITCHED SHEETS FOR 9/3 EACH**  
Beautiful Sheets at a remarkable price. DOUBLE BED SIZE. 80in. x 104in. Finished with clear, bright row of hemstitching. Regular Value 11/3 each. Grace Bros.' Sale Price, Each **9/3**

**WHITE ALL WOOL COT BLANKETS**  
Woven from all pure wool. Nicely whipped all round edge. Size 30in. x 36in.  
Grace Bros.' Sale Price - Each **3/3**

**COLOURED ALL WOOL COT BLANKETS**  
Dainty shades of Pink or Blue. Nicely whipped all round edge. Size 30in. x 36in.  
Grace Bros.' Sale Price - Each **3/11**

**White "SWEET SLUMBER" BLANKETS**  
Strongly woven qualities. neat distinctive borders: woven for wear, singly whipped.  
Grace Bros.' Sale Prices:  
FOR SINGLE BEDS. Size 54in. x 78in. - Pair **21/9**  
FOR THREE-QUARTER BEDS. Size 63 x 81 - Pair **27/11**  
FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Size 72in. x 90in. - Pair **34/11**  
FOR LARGE DOUBLE BEDS. Size 81 x 99 - Pair **38/6**



**500 PAIRS WHITE AUSTRALIAN BLANKETS**  
Soft, warm, fleecy qualities; singly whipped: neat borders FOR SINGLE BEDS. Size 54in. x 72in. Regular Value 16/6. Grace Bros.' Sale Price - Pair **11/9**  
FOR THREE-QUARTER BEDS. Size 63in. x 81in. Regular Value 21/6. Sale Price - Pair **17/6**  
FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Size 72in. x 90in. Regular Value 26/11. Sale Price - Pair **22/6**

**White All Wool "SWEET SLUMBER" BLANKETS**  
Soft, warm, fleecy qualities; neat, exclusive borders, woven from all pure wool; singly whipped.  
FOR SINGLE BEDS. Size 54in. x 72in. Regular Value 19/11 pair. Grace Bros.' Sale Price - Pair **16/11**  
FOR SINGLE BEDS. Size 54in. x 78in. Sale Price - Pair **19/6**  
FOR THREE-QUARTER BEDS. Size 63in. x 81in. Sale, Pr. **24/6**  
FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Size 72in. x 90in. Sale Price - Pair **31/6**  
FOR LARGE DOUBLE BEDS. Size 81in. x 99in. Sale - Pair **38/6**

**Cuddlesome DOWN QUILTS**  
Neat Floral Cambrics; one plain Satin panel. Filled with sterilized down. Colours of Rose or Sage.  
FOR SINGLE BEDS. Regular Value 18/6 each. Sale Price, Ea. **16/3**  
FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Regular Value 21/7 each. Sale Price, Ea. **17/6**

**WOOL DOWN QUILTS**  
Attractive Floral Cambrics with goffered Satin panel, and plain inlay in Rose and Sage effects. Filled with pure merino wool.  
SINGLE BED SIZE - Each **26/11**  
FOR DOUBLE BEDS - Each **31/6**

**Cuddlesome DOWN QUILTS**  
Smart fancy Floral design, with plain goffered Art. Satin panel and plain diamond centre, filled with sterilized down and ventilated. Colourings of Rose or Sage.  
FOR SINGLE BEDS - Each **27/11**  
FOR DOUBLE BEDS - Each **30/11**

**Special Purchase! MARCELLA QUILTS ALL AT HALF PRICE**  
DOUBLE & SINGLE BED Marcella Quilts. HONEYCOMB & ALHAMBRA. In beautiful designs and colourings. All marked **HALF PRICE**.

**Special Offer! CUDDLESOME DOWN QUILTS**  
Fancy all over neat floral Satens. Two plain Saten panels. In Rose colourings. Filled sterilized down and ventilated. FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Regular Value 42/11.  
Grace Bros.' Sale Price, Each **28/6**



**White Silver Thread MARCELLA QUILTS**  
Pretty Floral designs, pure White bleach. FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Size 83in. x 100in.  
Grace Bros.' Sale Price - Each **27/6**

**White Silver Thread MARCELLA QUILTS**  
Full Satin finish, in distinctive floral and scroll designs. FOR DOUBLE BEDS. Size 86in. x 100in.  
Grace Bros.' Sale Price, Each **29/11**

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IN QUALITY—  
flattering in effect... adorable in perfume!

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**Golden Youth**  
FACE POWDER  
by kathleen court

## COLLECTING Beauty for the HOME

By Our Home Decorator



IN THIS oak room, arranged by Mr. Rodney Dangar at the loan collection, the hangings have been chosen to give the atmosphere. Little Prince's cross-stick picture and a silhouette hang in their correct position with their old world charm.

WHEN someone knowing my love for beautiful things suggested three or four years ago that I should start "collecting," my reply was the same as that of a friend who said to me the other day:

"I should love to collect, but I know nothing about it, and should hate to show my ignorance to the dealers; for another thing, I haven't the money, as you know really beautiful things cost a lot of money."

Now, many a dealer in antiques knew very little about them when he started. What he knows now he has learnt from his customers. Start buying a piece at a time.

You will soon find that you have a room full of treasures, and that these have cost you less than if you had bought new things of the conventional type.

So, as we learn to sew by sewing, and to dance by dancing—we learn to collect by collecting.

Two business girls I know have a flat that is a constant pleasure to them and a source of envy to many of their friends.

They watch the sale notices, and often at lunch time they will be seen going through the auction rooms, making a note of what they would like. Against these they mark the prices they can afford to give. Then the auctioneer is asked to get someone to bid for them.

Most of these professional buyers charge a fee of 10 per cent. But funny enough, instead of wanting to see the prices go to the limit, they are delighted when they can get the article for less. Soon, too, these buyers seem to develop a sense of the class of curio you are interested in. And when in their wanderings they see something they think you'll like, they let you know.

The girls I mentioned got an old-fashioned washstand and dressing table of Italian walnut this way.

The washstand gives an air of distinction to the hall, and the dressing table shows up well against a background of black linen hangings on which bunches of huge cream, red, pink, and yellow roses glow. These pieces have legs that make you think of the sleeves of the old Beefeaters.

### New Zest

If you want to roam into the "collector's" field, but have only a few shillings at a time to spend, collect things that are artistic and pretty and dainty, as opposed to the bizarre and ornate. You will soon learn to know the marks on china and how to distinguish prints. Beauty and style mean pleasure as well as value.

It's best not to concentrate on one line, and if in the looking for a piece of Spode, you find a Baxter print—don't hesitate, but have the print wrapped up, and take it home under your arm.

But remember, use discrimination in your collecting. Do not make your room an old curiosity shop.

Once you start collecting you will find it almost impossible to pass a second-hand shop, and the smaller and dirtier it looks, the more sure you will be that hidden on its crowded shelves, there is something you want. And probably you will be right, as many a "find," of brass candlesticks of old design, and dainty pieces of china, has been discovered in just such places.

Collecting gives a new zest to life, for it trains the eye to recognise beauty and artistry. And it adds a new interest to the history of countries, for when you come across a piece of "Ming," or "Dresden," you want to know something about

the period in which it was made, something about the manner of man who made it, and something about the people for whom it was made.

### Modern China and Pottery

Mostly, old glazes, crystal and silver are bought to be put in a china cabinet and are only used on very special occasions, if at all. But we all know that the enjoyment of one's afternoon tea depends a great deal on the cup you drink it from. To-day the shops are full of dainty, brightly colored china and pottery; the salesrooms and the pawnshops have new as well as old china, so it just rests on yourself how attractive you make your breakfast, lunch and dinner table.

It is a hurry and scurry to get everything out in the morning, and the breakfast is often eaten in silence. If the table has a gay, sunny look, it radiates brightness. Can you imagine any one looking grumpy when they see a table set with a daffodil yellow cloth, and blue china?

A yard and a half of linen, 54 inches wide, will make the cloth, and it is very little trouble to add the charm of hem-stitch. Or you could have a blue or a pink cloth, with contrasting china, or a cloth made of some of that gay-looking check material.

Don't worry because you can't get everything at once. Cups and saucers will break, and table cloths wear out. When they do, replace them with things of beauty. These cost, as a rule, very little more than the plain (and often ugly) utility article, and the little extra you spend repays you in satisfaction and enjoyment.

## CLEVER IDEAS...

For the best "Clever Idea," 10/- will be paid. A minimum of 2/6 will be paid for other ideas published.

YOU CAN make a very attractive string holder from an old funnel. Add a handle of wire to the funnel, and lacquer it in any shade desired. Place a ball of string in the funnel, and bring the end down through the bottom, which should be sharpened so that the string can be cut off. Hung in a handy place, this arrangement will save all sorts of trouble.—10/- to Mrs. E. Beck, 26 Norfolk St., Paddington.

AN OLD book or magazine is most useful in the kitchen. When the pots or pans are taken from the stove, stand them on the book or magazine, and as the leaf becomes soiled and dirty, tear it off and save your kitchen table.—2/6 to Mrs. J. Falony, 58 Rainbow St., South Kensington.

WHEN THREADING ribbons, elastic, or cords through slots or holes in materials try using a safety pin instead of a bodkin. The rounded end of a safety pin cannot pierce delicate fabrics.—2/6 to Miss Helen Beithers, 44 Ardroyne St., Black Rock, S9, Victoria.

TO PREVENT the salt in the shaker from becoming moist in damp weather, drop in a few grains of rice. An inverted tumbler placed over the shaker will ensure its remaining dry.—2/6 to Miss E. Esme Williams, 6 Lihon St., Lane Cove.

CAKES THAT have been slightly burnt can be satisfactorily scraped with a nutmeg grater.—2/6 to Miss Anne Howe, 10 Parsley Rd., Vaucluse.

THE LEGS of stockings, cut off at the ankle when the feet are worn out, make capital warm sleeve linings tacked in at the top of the sleeve seam inside.—"Economist"

PASTRY SELDOM tastes so good as when it has been rolled on a slate slab, probably because in this way it is kept to a perfect coolness prior to baking.—"Bee," Burwood.

GET INTO the habit of using two dusters, one in each hand. Then if you are rubbing up a polished table you will have no hand-marks to go over from where the left hand has rested.—"Mell," Cronulla.

THERE IS no trouble in ironing pleats, if a row of machine stitching is run down the edge of each pleat (wrong side as well).—"Lawn."

KEEP A PIECE of absorbent wool saturated with olive-oil in a covered jar on your dressing table. Before getting into bed, dip the fingers up and down in the cotton. The oil prevents the brittleness which causes broken, unsightly nails.—"Trevor."

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SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

"To buy one is to have one a lifetime"

Folds up when  
not in use.

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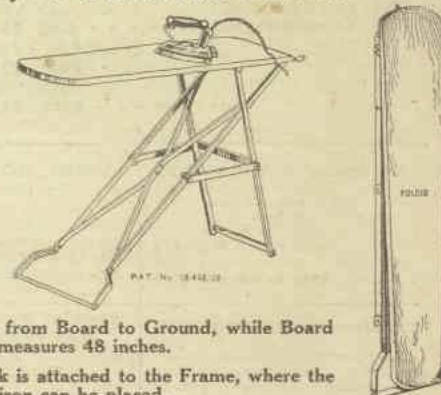
Height 30½ inches from Board to Ground, while Board measures 48 inches.

A convenient Hook is attached to the Frame, where the iron can be placed.

The complete Board and Frame folds up in one motion, and can be conveniently placed out of the way when not in use.

The Strongest and Most Rigid Ironing Board Made

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# CHARMING VARIETY of Styles in Our Fashion Service

**WX22**—Frock of velvet, with contrasting vest, revers and sleeve pieces. Material required: Four and seven-eighths yards 36-inch and three-quarters yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 36 and 40-inch bust. Width at hem, two and three-quarters yards. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX23**—High-necked frock, with shoulder opening. This frock is fashioned from wool-de-chine. The yoke and sleeves are trimmed with contrasting bands. Material required: Four yards 36-inch material, and one and three-eighths yards 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 36 and 40-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX24**—Frock of tweed, with cape suitable for maids. Material required: Three and a half yards 36-inch. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes: 10-12 and 14-16 years. Size, 10-12 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 91d. Sizes, 12-14 and 14-16 years. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX26**—Evening gown, of white satin, with diagonal seaming. Material required: Five and a half yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, three yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 36 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 2/1.**



## EVENING JACKET Pattern FREE



**WX25**—These gloves may be made either from leather or fabric. Material required: Three-eighths yard, cut in size 6 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



**S**LEEVES are by far the most important part of the little evening jacket that we see now. The style for which we are giving a pattern has very short magyar sleeves, into which are gathered full puffs, which end just above the elbow. You will require one and five-eighths yard 36-inch material. The pattern is cut to fit size 36-inch bust. When cutting all seams and hems must be allowed for.

### FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon and stamp for postage you will receive a Free Pattern of the evening jacket illustrated above and full instructions for cutting suit. Address requests to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney.

Name .....

Address .....

Pattern Coupon, 1/7/1933.

Inquiries and letters regarding the pattern service should be addressed to the Pattern Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney; or Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

## BATTLEMENT D'OYLEY

Abbreviations: ch., chain; tr., treble.  
Materials: Worked with Arden's No. 40 and a No. 61 hook, the lace on the d'oyley will measure 2 1/2 in. wide; the linen centre is 8 in. in diameter.

Commence with 384 chain and join into a ring by slip-stitching to first chain.

1st round—3 ch. to form a treble, \* 1 ch., miss one, 1 tr.; repeat from \* and join with a slip-stitch into third chain.

2nd round—Same as first, placing the treble over the treble.

3rd round—3 ch. to form first treble, \* 1 ch., 1 tr. on next treble; repeat from \* five times, \*\* 2 ch. and 1 tr. on next treble six times, making six holes, 1 ch. and 1 tr. six times; repeat from \*\* all round, and join with a slip-stitch.

Each round in this d'oyley is joined at the end by slip-stitching to the first stitch, and 3 ch. is always made at the beginning of the next round to form the first treble, so where a number of treble is given at the beginning of a round it must be understood that the first treble will be composed of 3 ch., as this makes a neater beginning than a treble. Where the round begins with holes the first one will be 5 ch. and 1 tr.

4th round—\* 13 tr., 6 holes of 2 ch., and repeat from \* all round.

5th round—\* 6 holes of 2 ch., missing one treble between the holes, 4

same stitch as last treble; repeat from \* all round.

9th and 10th rounds—Exactly the same as eighth round.

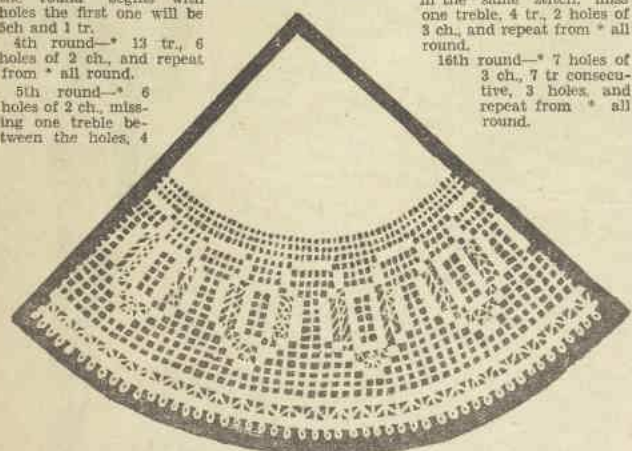
11th and 12th rounds—Same as eighth except that the two holes between the patterns have three chain instead of two.

13th round—\* 4 holes of 3 ch., 4 tr., miss one treble, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. all in next treble, miss two treble, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in next treble, 6 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in same stitch as last treble, miss two treble, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. all in next treble, miss one treble, 4 tr. in next four stitches, and repeat from \* all round.

14th round—\* 5 holes of 3 ch., 4 tr., then 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., all on first treble of group of six, miss two treble, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. all in next stitch, miss two treble, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in next stitch, miss one treble, 4 tr., consecutive, 1 hole, and repeat from \* all round.

15th round—\* 6 holes of 3 ch., 4 tr., miss one treble, 1 tr. on centre treble of group of three, 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., all in same stitch, miss two treble, 1 tr. in next treble, 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in the same stitch, miss one treble, 4 tr., 2 holes of 3 ch., and repeat from \* all round.

16th round—\* 7 holes of 3 ch., 7 tr. consecutive, 3 holes, and repeat from \* all round.



tr., 4 holes, 4 tr., and repeat from \* all round.

6th round—\* 6 holes of 3 ch., 4 tr., 4 holes, 4 tr., and repeat from \* all round.

7th round—\* 4 tr., 4 holes, 4 tr., miss two treble, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., all in next stitch, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in next treble, 8 tr. consecutive, 1 ch., 1 tr. in same stitch as last treble, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in next treble, miss two treble, and repeat from \* all round.

8th round—\* 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. all in same stitch, miss two treble, 4 tr., 2 holes of 2 ch., 4 tr., miss two treble, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in next treble, miss one treble, 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in next stitch, 3 tr., 2 holes of 2 ch., 4 tr., \* 1 ch., 1 tr. in

17th round—Holes of 3 ch. all round, putting treble on treble, and missing two treble between each hole when working over groups.

18th round—Holes of 3 ch. all round. 19th round—1 tr. in every stitch all round.

20th round—4 ch. to form a long treble, \* miss three treble, 1 long treble into next chain, 2 ch., 1 long treble in same place, 2 ch., 1 long treble in same stitch, miss three treble, 1 long treble in next stitch, and repeat from \* all round.

21st round—\* 4 tr., 6 ch., 1 single stitch into top of treble, and repeat from \* all round, and join.

## WHO'S POPULAR NOW?..by "STEVE"



**"B.O." RUINS ROMANCE**  
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**A** PRETTY FACE—an attractive smile—count for nothing against that unpardonable social fault—"B.O." (body odour). Don't take chances—especially now when warmer weather makes us perspire more freely. Make Lifebuoy your toilet soap. Its rich, creamy, deep-cleansing lather purifies and deodorizes pores—keeps you safe from offending. Removes germs from hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent, that vanishes as you rinse tells you you're cleaner, safer.

**Be sure you do get LIFEBOUY**  
No substitute can give you real protection.  
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CRITERION—Nightly at 8.15  
FINAL MATINEE, Saturday, at 2.15.  
J. C. Williamson Ltd. and the Cher-  
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"THE  
CAT'S CRADLE"  
Season definitely closes  
Saturday night, July 1  
FAREWELL APPEARANCES OF THIS  
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THEATRE ROYAL at 8.0  
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Ernest C. Rolls Bright and Breezy  
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The loveliest girls in Australia.  
The funniest comedians and  
Gayest Scenes.

"HONI SOIT" TRANSFERS TO THE  
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J.C. WILLIAMSON'S  
SUPER MUSICAL ATTRACTION  
JULY 8  
THEATRE ROYAL

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PRINCE  
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Popular Prices:  
3/-, 2/-, 1/- at 11 a.m.

An Absolute Sensation!

'Farewell to Arms'

With HELEN HAYES, GARY  
COOPER, ADOLPH MENJOU.  
On the Stage: The 4 Collettes, in a  
Thrilling Adagio Act.

Every Woman  
who has  
loved will  
understand  
this  
Picture.

Coming Shortly

I'M IN LOVE WITH A BABY—AND A BABE-IE

MAURICE  
CHEVALIER  
IN  
A Bedtime Story

with HELEN TWELVETREES  
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

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The grandest entertainer  
of them all in a NEW  
kind of romance . . .  
glittering with mischief  
and new songs.



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The NEW  
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Every Sat., 8.30 to 5. Afternoon Tea and Dancing, 1/-  
with JIM DAVIDSON and his  
NEW PALAIS ROYAL ORCHESTRA  
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with Jack Wainwright's Orchestra.  
GALA DRESS NIGHT.  
Every Friday, 8.30 to 1, 3/7  
Club secretaries, let us show you how to make a  
profit with no possible chance of any loss.

Great Farewell Season  
ASSEMBLY HALL, WYNARD SQUARE  
SATURDAY, JULY 8

ALSO TUESDAY, JULY 11, AND THURSDAY, JULY 13

JOHN BROWNLEE

Assisting Artists: RITA MILLER, Soprano,  
RAYMOND LAMBERT, Pianist.  
Prices: 8/- and 4/- (Reserved), 2/- and 1/- Plus tax.  
Box plans at Nicholson's next Monday.

LIVERPOOL  
MAJESTIC  
STREET

SATURDAY, MONDAY, and TUESDAY,  
JULY 1st, 2nd, and 4th.

MEN MUST FIGHT

With DIANA WYNARD and LEWIS STONE.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

With WYNNIE GIBSON and GEORGE RAFT.

## MARCHING back to PROSPERITY

WITH an estimated Commonwealth surplus of nearly £4,000,000 Australia has definitely turned the corner to prosperity. Time for the menfolk to throw up their hats and say, "Well, that's over, thank the Lord," and for us girls, as Lorelei would remark, to buy a new confection for the head. Now that the worst has passed, we can afford to take stock of our position.

WE have had in our midst real poverty, real distress, and real humiliation, saddest of all. Many of our people have endured starvation before they applied for the food relief. The application for this relief, to sensitive persons, has meant sheer hell. Fortunately, it is not the case that out of that hell there is no redemption.

A week or two ago, a woman whose husband had been out of work for three years, said to me, "My husband's got a job at the brickworks. On Friday, when he brings home his week's wages, I'll handle the first money I've seen in three years. And I'm going mad."

She has not had even a tram fare, even money to buy a postage stamp, unless a kindly neighbor gave it to her—for three whole years.

That woman needs a luxury or two; to misquote the Scripture, one cannot live on bread alone. At the time when I saw her, the sole edibles in her scrupulously clean kitchen were a loaf of bread, a very little butter, a very little milk, a tin of treacle; no meat, no vegetables, no fruit.

Yet, not fifty miles from Sydney, vegetables and fruit are allowed to rot on the ground because market prices do not pay the cost of transport.

Take another case—this time the wife of an insurance agent who lost his job two years ago, just when the eldest of the family had passed the Q.C. examination, and needed text-books and tram fares to enable her to attend High School

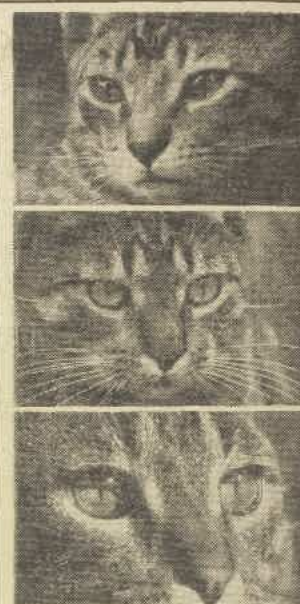
classes. The child's education was, perforce, discontinued.

A little later, when a baby's outfit was required, the mother had to appeal for help to the Welfare Department, among whose activities is the supply of such outfits to necessitous cases. She was unhappy about "asking for charity"—a refined woman, with the hypersensitivity of her type—but grateful, indeed, for the layette supplied. To her a few years ago, the idea of such an application had been unthinkable, in a year or two it will be only a reminiscence.

The most harrowing cases are encountered in what is known as the "F" division of the unemployed—married men with five (or more children). The wife of one of these men has one child over fourteen, for which no Child Endowment is granted. By Governmental regulations, the basic wage is computed on the needs of man and wife and one child. Child Endowment is given for three only of the remaining four children.

Under the new relief work scheme, her husband has obtained six months' work, the work being rationed on the scheme of "a fortnight on" and a fortnight off. She feels now like Dante when the gates of Purgatory closed behind him—or like a war veteran going on leave to Blighty. "You can have the side of the street I'm not using," she remarked, and rolled back off like a two-year-old.

No woman can face doubtful glances when she is wearing much-darned stockings. Ask any woman who has been in that sad predicament. So the



THE FELINE gaze, as it will be directed at visitors to the "Pets in Portraiture" exhibition.

unemployed woman is not seen much in public; she lives in a cheerless room, knows loneliness, suffers from malnutrition, and has somehow the strength to endure.

Positions are becoming more easily obtainable now. Many women who have long been unemployed are handling a weekly pay envelope, and their misery in the depression is but a nightmare from which they have awakened.

## DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE

in Paramount's and "The Australian Women's Weekly's" Quest for Australian Stars!

Particulars of  
"SEARCH FOR BEAUTY"  
Contest

Do you want a trip to Hollywood?

- Here is your opportunity. But—time is short and the closing date will soon be here. Make sure you do not miss your opportunity. The last day on which you can send in your entry is JULY 8.
- Paramount is looking for new Talent and will select one man and woman from Australia. They will have first class travel, accommodation, with the possibility of a further movie career. Any Australian-born man or woman between 17 and 30 years is eligible.
- Your photo accompanied by Entry Form must be in the hands of the following theatres by JULY 8th. Entry forms and further details are obtainable from the management.
- Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney; Orpheum Theatre, North Sydney; Hurlstone Park Theatre; Capitol, Canberra; Five Ways Theatre, Paddington; Civic Theatre, Newcastle; Ritz Theatre, Central Concord.
- A committee of Paramount directors will select the two National winners from screen tests of all State winners. You may be as lucky as the stars seen in this advertisement who have won fame in contests.

Paramount  
Pictures



# Latest Shows

By a Woman In  
the Audience

## "TELL ME TO-NIGHT"

ORIGINALITY of directing, beauty of subject matter (both human and scenic), a humorous and entertaining story, and artistically contrived opportunities for beautiful singing, are all present in "Tell Me To-night." That they are being appreciated is shown by the fact that the production is having an extended season. The plot is unpretentious and unsophisticated, as are the characters. An opera singer (Jan Klepura) decides he is a young man as well as a great artist, and, escaping from the clutches of the world's most efficient publicity manager (ess) to those of the world's most amusing confidence man (Sonnie Hale) leads the simple life in a country village, including falling in love with the village belle (Magda Schneider). Nothing particular happens, but, as we said before, the photography is so fine, and the singing, too, that this is Sydney's most attractive current release.

—Mayfair.



KATHARINE HEPBURN, the R.E.O. star, for whom great things are predicted.

## "FAREWELL TO ARMS"

THERE should be a very good reason before the public is presented nowadays with a war play, either characterization, dialogue, action, or originality of outlook. The only interesting points about "Farewell to Arms" are the originality of direction, and the beauty of the photography. There is the same old theme of the young people who live together, without matrimony (in the most lady-like and off-stage manner), because it is war-time, which is drawn out well beyond the point of boredom.

Adolph Menjou certainly does very good work, but both he and Gary Cooper are back numbers as far as interest to woman is concerned, and Helen Hayes, a capable little actress, is insignificant in this part. Even when one is finally promised a tragic climax, it just peters out.

—Prince Edward.

## "HONI SOIT"

"I'm just a little dandrift, trying to get ahead," is one of the amusing nothings of which "Honi Soit" is full, although some, it must be confessed, used to make the tears run down our bib, and lots of others we are too young to understand. In type, the show is just what you would expect. It rests on the double basis of humorous sketches, and gorgeous girls in gorgeous settings.

Rene Riano, l'Etoile and Laurence, and Colin Crane are its eyes, and on the whole, their material is satisfactory, although several "cuts" would be a happy thought. Both the bedroom scene, for instance, and the burlesque dance of Rene Riano and her partner would be more effective if shortened, and, while some of the girls are too, too marvellous, others are definitely not. A bright entertainment.

—Transferring from Royal to Criterion on July 8.



THIS IS Joe E. Brown, in "You Said a Mouthful" at the Capitol Theatre. Mr. Brown has personal authority for speaking out mouthfuls. No doubt you've noticed.

## "WHEN STRANGERS MARRY"

GIRLS never marry those men who spank you five minutes after your first meeting, you have no idea the trouble it leads to. For instance, Jack Holt and Lillian Bond. He is a "two-faced" engineer, and she a sophisticated young woman. So when Jack left her in a lowship, and departed to his works in the Javanese jungle, she lost no time in acquiring a Mr. Hinkle (Arthur Vinton).

After much ado, Lillian kills Hinkle, who has been plotting against Jack, and rushes nobly to the rescue of her darling husband, whom she loves, although it might not have previously been too noticeable, and who is still in the jungle, and having a pretty thin time owing to the natives.

"You Said a Mouthful," on the same bill, is, like its companion, an average show, although of the farcical variety. Included in its cast are Joe Brown, Ginger Rogers, Preston Foster, and Sheila Terry.

—Capitol, from June 30.

## "42nd STREET"

THIS production is of a type similar to "Broadway Melody," but is miles ahead of its predecessor in that it not only has its settings and its catchy music and its behind-the-scenes story, but replaces actors who have looks, but little acting talent, and horrible voices, with a cast which does really fine character work.

Warner Baxter's gradual descent from a debonaire man to a worn-out wreck, is reminiscent of Nicholas Hennen's work in "Escape"; Ruby Keeler, whose ability one suspected on hearing that she was somebody's wife (Al Jolson's), has not only looks, but talent, and a very attractive youthful freshness; Una Merkel surpasses herself, and Bebe Daniels simply radiates vitality and a joyous charm. The show is therefore entertaining, although it does rather demand a shade too much of the audience's nervous energy. The material is so arranged that most of the music comes in a heap at the end, and while it is certainly bright, it leaves one to crawl from the theatre a trifle limp in a whirl of artistic effects and crashing musical climaxes.

—State.

## "REUNION IN VIENNA"

"VIENNESE NIGHTS" is by a modern composer, whereas the old-fashioned compositions of Strauss form the setting of "Reunion in Vienna." This production appeals to the intellect rather than to the heart, which does not mean that its happenings are logical, probable, or even possible. That a blue-blooded person should behave like a boor because of his fallen estates (putting his boots on the table, and so on), is ridiculous. But thank goodness, we are not all like the dear old lady who used to say "I never liked the pantomime when I was a child. They did such improbable things."

The finished art of the producer becomes more and more evident in such pieces, and photography and dialogue are excellent, while the dignified restraint of Diana Wynyard (we sometimes wish, like the archduke, that she would relax a little), the animal spirits of John Barrymore, the suave loftiness of the husband (Frank Morgan), and the child-likeness of the father (Henry Travers) are in such sharp contrast that the audience is held spellbound with enjoyment, and the play well deserves the extended season that is in store for it.

—St. James.

RESIDENTS of Santa Monica Beach were recently greatly perturbed by a strange object floating in the surf about a mile off shore, and emitting strange yells. Just as a crew of life-guards were ready to set out with a harpoon the object floated inshore and revealed itself as Johnny Weissmuller on a surfboard. He had been practising his jungle calls for "Tarzan and His Mate."

# HOLLYWOOD Goes to LONDON!

## FILM BEAUTIES and EXPERTS are on the TREK to ELSTREE

London is capturing the brains and also the beauty of Hollywood, says Miss D. G. French, a brilliant young Australian scenario writer, who has just returned to Sydney from England.

Although she is only in her early twenties she has had three scenarios accepted—and she knows the screen world intimately. Miss French has written this fascinating article especially for The Australian Women's Weekly.

Specially Written for The Australian Women's Weekly by D. G. French.

EVERY Transatlantic luxury liner arriving at Southampton brings to London at least one screen celebrity. Many of these stars are merely taking well-earned vacations in Europe, but the greater number, including prominent directors and expert technicians (as well as many leading film players) are making trek from the famous film colony at Hollywood to a



BEBE DANIELS (centre) and THELMA TODD (left) at Elstree Studios.



new sphere of work in the British studios.

Barely seven weeks ago I sat in the lounge of the Dorchester Hotel, in Park Lane, the fashionable headquarters of film stars in London, exchanging "film chat" with Bebe Daniels, her good-looking husband, Ben Lyon, and lovely Sally Eilers (of "Bad Girl" fame), while we sipped "Side Cars" and nibbled stuffed olives to the strains of the newest Tango tune.

Bebe is superb! And she possesses much more than one person's fair share of charm and personality.

Only that afternoon I had been to the Regal Cinema Theatre, at Marble Arch, to see her latest film, "42nd Street." Later, sitting opposite her over cocktails, I listened while she enthused about London, or discussed in more serious vein the film which she was to begin on the following day at Elstree, and last, but by no means least, heard her stories of the precious baby daughter, Barbara.

I saw reason to applaud the wisdom and foresight of the English producer who had acquired the services of this

"MEN Must Fight" and "Night After Night" are screening at the Majestic Theatre in Liverpool Street. The former film has been called the American version of "Cavalcade," so there can be no doubt of its entertainment.

A double feature programme is the regular policy of this theatre, and one is assured of a pleasant hour or two's diversion for the expenditure of a modest 1/-.



Mr. and MRS. BEN LYON (Bebe Daniels) and small daughter arriving with Sally Eilers to fulfil contracts at Elstree Studios, London.

dark-eyed young actress for British films. Ben smiled across at his wife occasionally with a proud gleam in his eyes, and presently he was giving me news of many mutual friends in Hollywood.

The British colony was becoming larger every day out there. He mentioned Elizabeth Allen, one of London's most promising young actresses. She had almost completed her first film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organisation in a story adapted from a West End play success, "Service," by the same author as "Autumn Crocus," and with a supporting cast which included a surprising number of English players.

HEATHER ANGEL, too, a beautiful brunette who had been a featured player at the British International Picture studios only a year before, was being groomed now for stardom by the Fox people, and was said to have that same wistful appeal as Janet Gaynor.

In Paris, Bebe and Ben had run across Jeanette Macdonald. Jeanette herself would have been crossing the Channel within the next few days to co-star in a film with Herbert ("Bart" to his friends) Marshall for Herbert Wilcox at Elstree. At this juncture Sally Eilers

laughingly suggested that there were more Hollywood emigrants in London than there were English ones in Hollywood, and as only up to a year ago English artists had been turning eager faces towards Hollywood at the behest of American moguls of the movie world, I was glad to see that the conditions were reversed.

Now the British chiefs are realising the importance and ultimate benefit to be derived from this interchange of the world's most talented artists.

WE paused between olives to say goodbye to Conrad Veidt, the brilliant German character actor, who was leaving for Berlin that same evening after completing for UFA-Gaumont British the autobiographical film epic, "I Was a Spy."

In attractive clipped accents he told us he was sorry to go, and as he disappeared into the lift Sally waved him a final "Auf wiedersehn!"

"I'm sure is cosmopolitan, this talkie business," Sally said. "I wonder if they make films in Iceland."

Then, all too soon, it was time for me to take my leave, and when my screen friends had wished me "bon voyage," for I was departing almost immediately, I charged me to convey greetings and appreciation to their faithful fans "down under." And so I do.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS has also forsaken Hollywood to star for B.I.P. Her first picture is "Heads We Go."

## LITTLE THEATRES

EASILY one of the best amateur productions of last week was the Public Services Musical and Dramatic Society's "Two of a Kind." The production was excellent; rehearsals (except in one instance) had obviously been thorough; the settings, though "straight," were very pleasant; most of the actors could act, and the play itself contained consistently amusing dialogue, although it quite ignored the deeper issues of a case of bigamy.

Gwen Sherwood, who was also the producer, wholly delightful as the fascinating if overwhelming bigamist, Archie Atkin, who portrayed the artistic yet helpless Victor, was straight out of Wodehouse, and Doris Bellamy both looked and acted prettily. Also good were Tim O'Sullivan and Richard Hardyman. The whole entertainment was made particularly pleasant by the six members of the Price family, assisted by Bebe Williams, whose entr'acte music was a happy surprise to those not yet hardened to the sight of musical instruments being produced at an amateur theatrical entertainment.

ALTHEA GLASBY, in the title role, more or less carried the "Romantic Young Lady." Martines Sierra's play (translated by Paul Furness) on her shoulders, at the Four Arts Theatre in Liverpool Street. She was indeed a winsome Romario, the young girl who, half an hour after demanding equal rights and a latch-key like her brothers,

falls in love with a romantic novelist, who tells her within twenty-four hours, in the presence of a tactfully sleeping grandmother (who is, however, finally moved to wake and tell them not to take such a long time) that he wants to marry her too. Ida Caunter was an amusing Maria Pepe, the old servant, who was quite one of the family, Jack Westwood an attractive novelist, and Pearl Wiber acted well as the secretary, Irene; but the rest of the cast were not very proficient in their art. The production was, on the whole, capable.

## NEWS OF OTHER LITTLE THEATRES

SYDNEY is to have yet another added to its list of little theatres. Last week, with Mr. Charles Nott as its leading light, a little band, many of whom have worked with Doris Fittion, met at the Swords Club, and presented a number of small plays. They hope, in the future, to give evenings at rooms in Bond Street, and to produce plays from time to time, perhaps at the Forum Club.

THE Impressionists, under Dr. Cardimatis, had a crowded house (at the Forum Club) on Wednesday, June 29, for their reading of a Chinese play, which was performed in full dress, with orchestral accompaniment.



## ELSA on the ROCKS

(Continued from Page 14)

"GOOD heavens!" He was reproachful. "As if I could have gone because of that! I—"

He saw the waitress approaching. Elsa felt almost faint, and was glad to gulp down some of the hot coffee. Then she said:

"Please listen. I was, and am, down and out. The only way I could accept Kitty's invitation was to do as I did, to pretend I'd lost my luggage."

"I had only the suit I stood up in. I'd sold everything else. I told a lot of lies as well. I've got no job in prospect. Oh, I don't suppose I shall starve! That's difficult to do, nowadays."

"I've got only fourteen shillings and eightpence in the world, but . . . I can get work of some sort. It's only in stories that people really starve."

"I thought you ought to know all this before you . . . say anything you might be sorry for."

He didn't speak for a moment. His eyes had a dim, queer look.

"Thank you for telling me," he said. "But it was unnecessary. I knew all about your circumstances before I met you."

Elsa just stared and stared.

"My old nurse, Mrs. Wilmer, happens to lodge in Eldon Road. I often go to see her, and I've seen you, going in and out. Mrs. Wilmer knows your landlady."

"She told me all about you, how you were on the stage but hadn't had a job for ages, and weren't likely to get one. Oh, and a whole lot more things that an old gossip might find out about someone if she were asked to do so by a man who was . . . well . . . very interested in the 'someone'!"

He broke off to pour the rest of the coffee into Elsa's cup.

"It'll do you good," he said.

She drank it obediently. She felt limp, weak, terribly afraid of bursting into tears, of making one of those "scenes" that men hate so.

"I fell in love with you," he said, softly, "when I saw you, from the window of Mrs. Wilmer's room. When Kitty Marsden happened to mention you, I told her I'd love to meet you, but I made her promise not to tell you I knew you by sight."

"I didn't care two hoots when Dick Langley told me that you'd never had a suitcase in the train. What do I care whether you have suitcases or not?" He laughed gaily. "What has love got to do with luggage?"

Elsa laughed, too. Oh, the wonder of it, that he should have fallen in love, not with the beautifully dressed girl he'd met at Shripton Hall, but with the poor, out-of-work chorus girl in her shabby clothes . . .

Her laugh ended in a sob.

"I . . . cared for you, too, only . . . last night when I got your note, I . . ."

"My darling, I'm so sorry! How could I dream you'd think anything like that?" He looked alarmed. "You're not going to cry, are you? I feel like it myself, when I think of what you've been through."

"But it's all over, now. We're going to be awfully happy, Elsa? You believe that, don't you?"

She nodded, thinking it wiser not to try to speak.

"And you'll marry me just as soon as I can get a special licence?"

Again Elsa nodded.

Nigel looked round for the waitress. "I think we'll have to leave here," he said, "because if I have to live five minutes longer without kissing you, Elsa, I won't answer for the consequences!"

"Thanks to a taxi that was passing at the moment, he did not have to."

## QUICK SERVICE DEPARTMENT

The money sign. "£ s. d." (Inquirer, Chateaufort stands for the Italian words, lire pound, soldi (shillings), and denari (pence), derived from the Latin words libra, solidus, denarius. The terms were introduced into England by the Lombard merchants. Lb. is short for libra, a pound, and the plural in English should really not have an "s"—simply pounds the same as the singular.

### HAIR TONIC INQUIRY

A pennyworth of camphor and borax in a quart of water makes an excellent hair tonic. (Mrs. J. Sakemba). Let it stand twenty-four hours before using.

### POLISHING GLASSWARE

To make glassware brilliant ("Eureka"), use a tiny bit of lime in the water when washing it. Wash with a wet cloth.

### COOKING HINT

To prevent sausages splitting when frying ("Marie," Waterfall), dip them in milk, roll them in flour, and fry in boiling fat.

### WHEN WINTER COMES

According to the Meteorological Department (in English, Marouba Junction), winter starts on the first day of June, and the same authority tells us that the 22nd day of the same month is the shortest day.

## FOR MOTHERS AND YOUNG WOMEN

### CROWNED TEETH

DENTISTRY has advanced, like all other sciences, in the past few years, and it is not unreasonable to claim that a dental job done in war days, or even before the war, may need improvement in this year 1933.

There are many people cherishing old crowned teeth. These teeth may be quite all right; they also may be all wrong. It is not an uncommon experience to find that some long-standing crowns are covering teeth which have become infected. And there is no need to tell people these days that infected teeth can seriously interfere with general health and cause things like rheumatism and arthritis.

There is a good way of finding out whether crowns are covering good or bad teeth. Have them X-rayed. An X-ray of suspicious teeth once a year is a very good insurance against possible chronic invalidism.

### MILK

TIME was when emphasis on the value of milk merely caused a smile on the face of the listener. That day has gone by, and now we know, as certainly as we know any fact in medicine, that milk is absolutely essential in the diet of children. An endless number of experiments have proved this without any question.

Milk is essential because it contains practically all the vitamins, and is a food of the richest value, even if it is somewhat bulky in proportion to the good things in it.

Every young child should have at

### BY A DOCTOR

Every mother or mother-to-be should read this column. It will contain invaluable medical advice, written by a well-known doctor, upon every phase of motherhood and baby welfare.

least one pint of milk a day, and more is desirable. It is not too much to say that parents who do not insist on their children having milk are neglecting their duties to a serious degree. Two experiments conducted on a large scale in the past few months have shown that children who are given a full milk ration per day put on a good deal more weight and are healthier in every way than children given the ordinary small allowance.

### A HEALTH HINT

ONE of the things that the young mother-to-be can do in order to play her part in the miracle that is life is to indulge in plenty of walking. There is an idea that young wives should "ease up" during pregnancy. That is quite true in regard to late nights and restless days. On the other hand, steady and regular exercise is an excellent thing for the pregnant woman not only because it keeps her fit, but also because it helps the muscles to keep "toned up." Walking actually utilises some of those

### WHOOPIING COUGH

THIS is a time when many children contract whooping cough, and because it is such a common

disease, mothers do not realise its serious aspects. It is even suggested that some mothers used to encourage their children to get near other children with the trouble so that they could "get it over." It is an unfortunate fact that, in the last decade more deaths occurred in England from whooping cough than from scarlet fever and diphtheria put together. The death rate is heaviest in the first two years of life, and, therefore, it is highly desirable that children of early years be kept away from any possible infection. There is no question that a good deal of the mortality from whooping cough is due to the fact that children are allowed to run about and dissipate their reserve strength at the same time. They have what is really a serious disease. If they are watched carefully, and given proper medical relief, their chance of making a quick recovery is emphatically enhanced. Whooping cough is not a disease that should be treated without medical supervision.

very muscles that will be needed when the great day comes.

This walking can be continued right up to the last, unless the doctor specially decrees otherwise. Always remember that native women who do outdoor work all day and every day during pregnancy generally have most remarkably easy confinements.

## PROBLEMS of LIFE

By "The Matron"

Dancing as a Profession

I AM terribly worried about my daughter, who wants to take up dancing as a profession. Both myself and my husband were brought up to consider dancing in any form as highly improper, and that nothing but unhappiness followed in its trail. I want my girl to be happy. Do you think I would be doing right if I allowed her to take up this work?—"Furtive Mother."

The fact that your girl wants to dance only means that she is happy, for dancing is the expression of the joy and rhythm within you. Let her take lessons. You will find that she will have to work hard, and what with her practice and her reading (for in these days anyone who wants to be successful in their profession must study), there will be very little time left for her to indulge in the sort of life you fear. You will find as much happiness in her success as she will herself.

### Heed Not the Rumors

I LIVE in the country, and the man to whom I am engaged has gone to Sydney to a job. Now I hear he is constantly taking girls out to dances. I am very miserable, as he and I grew up together, and we have always been the greatest of pals. Should I write and break off my engagement?—"Jane."

Love is too beautiful a thing to spoil rashly. Ignore all you hear for a while. You must remember there is safety in numbers. You must remember, too, that in Sydney, like in all big towns, these days, you make up a party to go



IF YOU have a plain frock that needs brightening up, try the effect of adding a neckline and straight band extending to the waistline, of contrasting material as seen in the picture. Little bow cuffs and buttons extending from the bows to the elbow, will so change your old frock that even your best friends will not recognise it.

to a dance, and probably the hostess has arranged the group, and allotted partners, just as she would if she were giving a dinner. I hope you will soon let me know that the unhappiness was only a passing one.

### Aunt Is Annoyed

I OWE everything I have to my aunt. She educated me, and then sent me for a year's travel abroad. Since my return, my grandmother has died. This means my aunt is free to marry the man to whom she has been engaged for five years. But he is taking every opportunity to make love to me. This I don't want. Please tell me what I am to do.—"Worried."

My dear, the only thing for you to do is to get away, and not come back until the two are married. I don't want to hurt your vanity. But a man who has remained loyal to a woman for five years, must be in love with her. At the same time, you must not cause your aunt the slightest unhappiness. Probably you are taking too serious a view of the whole affair. You are young, and maybe the man is interested in hearing you talk and getting your very "modern" views on things at home and abroad.

### Break the Engagement

I AM engaged to a man, but he drinks heavily. My people and my friends all say, "break it off," but I feel that if I do, he will go under altogether.—"Jane," Parramatta.

I can quite understand how you feel. I know you hope by making him happy and being with him always that your influence will bring about his salvation. I agree with your friends, and would advise you to break off the engagement. If the young man does not think enough of you to turn over a new leaf now before you are married to him, he won't do it when you are.

Just think the matter over calmly; are you as much in love with him as you think, or is it that his apparent inability to look after himself has awakened in you the feeling you would have for a helpless child?



## I STRONGLY RECOMMEND GAS FIRES

Says a leading Medical Expert

Harley Street district (London), the practising centre for many of the world's foremost medical authorities, has more gas fires to the acre than any other residential area in Great Britain . . . . . Three out of every four doctors in England use gas fires . . . . . Ninety per cent. of hospitals and nursing homes, etc., in London use gas fires . . . . . Sydney Hospital uses gas fires. What finer testimony could there be to the health and hygiene of these up-to-date room warmers!

Modern gas fires are more hygienic than other room heaters because they provide a perfect system of ventilation and they are more healthful and health giving than other room heaters because they give off sunlike radiant heat—heat which warms your body and not merely the air in the room.

## Special Offer

20/- for fixing

If house pipes are suitable.

Free fitting

If gas is suitably laid on to fireplace.

One deposit only for fire and fixing cost.

Come and see these modern fires

They are so cosy that they make ordinary room heaters seem lukewarm and they are so economical that you can keep an average size room snug and inviting for as little as 1d. an hour.

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# Our SEARCH for BEST RECIPES

Do our best cooks live in the country? For the second successive week the £5 for the Best Recipe Competition has been won by a country woman, this week's prize going to Miss May Carr, of Grenfell. Make your bid for a prize. There will be £5 for the first prize and six consolation prizes of 5/- each for the next three weeks.

## CONSOLATION PRIZES BAKED FISH SOUFFLE

Well butter a soufflé dish. Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, add 1/2 cupful cooked mashed potatoes, and beat together with a fork until the mixture is hot. Add one cupful cooked chopped fish, which has been freed from skin and bone, also two tablespoonfuls milk and some parsley. Stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, season carefully, and, lastly, stir in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs. Turn the mixture into the prepared mould, and bake in a quick oven till it is well puffed up and browned on the top.  
5/- to Mrs. J. L. Power, 203 Flood Street, Leichhardt.

## CURRY PUFFS

Take 1/2 lb. steak (minced), 1 tomato, 1 small onion, 1 banana, 1 apple, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, quarter teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon fat, 1/2 pint water (or stock), 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1 dessertspoon suet, 1/2 cupful raisins. Dice apple and onion, slice banana and tomato. Fry meat in the fat & light brown, then remove from pan and fry apple and onion, add banana and tomato, and cook for a few minutes. Add flour and curry powder, brown and make a gravy with stock or water. Add the other ingredients, replace meat and cook gently 1 hour. Cool mixture. Have ready 1/2 lb. of rough puff or flaky pastry. Cut pastry into rounds 1/4 inch thick. Place 1 tablespoon of mixture in each, and fold over. Brush with beaten egg, and bake ten minutes in hot oven. Serve very hot. Suitable for a bridge afternoon.  
5/- to Mrs. Amy Gravenmaker, c/o Mrs. J. Paine, Short Street, Cwera, N.S.W.

## THRILL OF BLISS COCKTAIL

FOR a really thrilling cocktail try the following suggestion:

Take a medium-sized tumbler, pour in the juice of half a lemon, add a small quantity of chopped ice, half a teaspoon of sugar, a wine-glassful of brandy, a teaspoon of raspberry syrup, and a little cayenne pepper. Strain off, drink with relish, and enjoy the thrill.



COCKTAILS!!!

## ESCALOPES OF VEAL AND MACARONI

Cut fillet of veal into rounds 3 1/4 inches in diameter and 1/4 inch thick. Trim nicely, and season with salt and pepper. Melt a little butter or good dripping, dip the fillets into it, then into egg and breadcrumbs, the latter to

5/- to Mrs. M. Abbott, 152 Bay Street, Rockdale.

# MAKING the MOST of Your GAS STOVE

## A Few Money-Saving Hints

By MRS. RUTH FURST, Cookery Expert of the A.G.L. Co.



my advice: use a gas flame which just covers the bottom of the vessel.

Now consider your simmering burner. This is a real gas saver. After your stew or soup comes to the boil, instead of turning down the large burner, light the simmerer, place the saucepan on it, and turn it down low. The simmerer will keep quite a large quantity of liquid around boiling point. It will save you on your gas account every time you turn it on.

Always have your saucepans clean. A clean saucepan will boil much quicker than a dirty one.

In gas you have the perfect fuel for cooking. It is always ready; it can be adjusted to the finest point; it is dependable and safe; its cost is only half that of other fuels. With these advantages, and with its simplicity of operation, gas can be made to give much better service than the average if a few reasonable points are observed. Let me deal first with the top of the gas stove.

THIS is used for boiling, stewing, simmering, frying, grilling, and toasting.

The main thing is to place on the top of the stove only as much water and other liquids as are actually required. Some housewives boil a quart of water when they need only a pint. They are the kind who turn up a fierce gas flame, the heat from which escapes up the side of the saucepan or kettle. Take

Even the inside of the kettle should be kept clean. When the sides and bottom become furry, more heat is required to raise the water to boiling point. See that your saucepans are covered when you are cooking. "Watched pot never boils"—that is, because the watcher keeps on lifting the lid, allowing the heat to escape and the cold air to enter.

## Griller Tricks

The grill is not always used to advantage, but it can be made exceedingly useful. Breakfast for quite a large family can be prepared on this one burner. Toasting and grilling can be

done underneath, the kettle and the porridge or the frying pan can be placed on top. Yet many housewives have every burner on the stove going when preparing the breakfast. A complete dinner also can be cooked on one burner. Meat with root vegetables, such as carrots and turnips, can be put into the saucepan with a steam pudding in a basin in the centre of the steamer around which the potatoes are placed. This dinner can be cooked on the simmering burner, and the only gas needed is for the purposes of making sauces for the meat or the pudding. Or you can place your boiled pudding in the saucepan and steam fish and vegetables in the simmerer.

Here are three good recipes for the top of the stove:

## Sardine Fritters

4oz. S.B. Flour  
1 Egg  
6 tablespoon milk  
Parsley  
Lemon  
Sardines  
Frying fat

Make a batter with the flour, milk and egg, beating it till smooth. Remove the tail from sardines, and completely coat with the batter. Fry in boiling fat till golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve very hot on paper doilies, garnished with lemon and parsley.

## Mocha Pudding

2oz. Butter  
2oz. Sugar  
1 Egg  
1 tablespoon Milk  
1 tablespoon Coffee  
Essence  
4oz. S.B. Flour

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then coffee essence and milk, lastly well-sifted flour. Place in greased mould, cover with greased paper, and steam from 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours. Turn out in the usual way, and serve with sweet white sauce.

## Flap Jacks

4 tablespoons S.B. 2 tablespoons Sugar  
Flour 1 Egg  
Pinch Salt 1/2 cup Milk  
Sift the flour and salt, add the sugar. Beat the egg and add to the milk, then add to the sugar and flour. Beat well, making into a smooth batter. Pour one dessertspoonful into a fry pan which has been greased. When set and brown, turn carefully with a knife. When cooked, turn on to a cake cooler. Serve cold, buttered.

# If the Recipe says MILK use TRUFOOD



TRY THIS DELICIOUSLY LIGHT SANDWICH!

## Orange Cake

4 ozs. butter  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
2 cups flour  
2 teaspoons cream of tartar  
1 teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda  
grated rind of 2 oranges  
1 cup mixed Trufood Milk

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add the beaten eggs, flour, cream of tartar, and orange rind. Dissolve the soda in the milk and add it to the mixture. Bake in greased sandwich tins about 15 minutes. When cool put together with orange filling, ice the top and decorate with orange sections.

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(603)

# COOKING —By an Expert

Commencing in next week's issue, The Australian Women's Weekly will feature a special series of cooking articles by Miss Margaret P. Shepherd, lecturer in Invalid cookery at several Sydney hospitals.

Miss Shepherd trained in domestic science at the Sydney Technical College, and for some years she has been actively interested in the science of cooking and preparation of foods.

She is lecturer in invalid cookery at hospitals throughout the State, and four years ago compiled a cookery book which is now in its third edition.

Miss Shepherd has made a special study of recipes suitable for small families, and for the sick and convalescent. The weekly articles that will appear in these columns will be a help and guide to every housewife.



## TO SLEEP ON THE PREMISES

(Continued from Page 6)

"I FORGOT to say I like you very much indeed," he said, "without your hat."

"Do you? That's good. I wonder, now, if he's left anything in the nature of a drink. You deserve one."

She inspected the sideboard cupboard, but drew blank.

"Don't worry about me," said George. "Shall I get busy straightening the place? Is there anything to wash up?"

Without changing her position, she turned her face to him; the corners of her mouth were smiling.

"Do you really want to sleep on the premises?"

"I'm quite prepared to, if it'll be any use. You'll want to be getting home, of course."

"I'd like to, unless you feel you ought to go. He might easily come back and chaff things on the garden gate, or throw stones at the windows."

"Rely on me," said George.

"Won't your friend be expecting you?"

"Now, that's the point," he said. "If you had left a man without his pocket-book, would you expect him to concern himself about you any more?"

"Not if he had a mind of his own."

"Exactly. I shall expect my pocket-book to be returned by registered post, and if it isn't, I shall consider sending a solicitor's letter asking for it."

She was thoughtful again.

"Oh well," she said at last, "there's one thing. You've been wanting a good sleep, and if you stop here you can have a really early night at last."

It was morning. George had slept with extreme content and comfort, and now that he had wakened, he lay with a pleased and amiable smile upon his features, thinking about Diana.

Last night, while he walked with her to the station, she had awarded him five shillings with which to buy himself a few drinks at the local pub before he went to bed.

"And when you're there," she had added, "show yourself. Don't be afraid

to tell them who you are. They'll know by then."

Well, that was many hours ago, and now the sun was shining in through the window.

He rose and looked about him. Presently, when he had washed and dressed, he felt his chin with some embarrassment. Unshaven and with hair unbrushed, he could not, he thought, look very bright. He must get out and down to the village barber's quickly.

But even as he was about to descend the stairs he heard movements below, and through the open door of the dining-room beheld breakfast already on the table.

And not only that. Diana stood behind the teapot.

He had supposed that last night he had seen her at her loveliest; he now knew he had under-estimated her. She stood there looking at him cheer-

fully; and as he seemed to be struck dumb, she observed:

"Derek said something yesterday about you being down to make the tea. I thought I'd like to prove him wrong in everything."

"But you've not been here all night?"

"No; I came back this morning."

"Did you? That was awfully nice of you."

Diana hesitated. She was wondering how best to explain herself.

"Do you remember what you said last night? You said if anyone had taken your pocket-book they ought not to expect you to concern yourself with them any further, and you also said you hoped it would come back by post. Well . . . the fact is, I meant to give it back to you last night, only, when you said that I came over cowardly and decided I'd take your advice and post it. It was only when I got home and sat down to write the envelope that I thought better of it, and so I've brought it back myself, this morning."

She reached over to a chair and picked up his wallet.

"I'd better explain. It's not quite so bad as it looks. I didn't tell you the truth, that's all. I did get in that carriage before the other girl got out. You were asleep then, and as you slipped to one side, your pocket-book

### My Good Friends

Here close at hand good friends I find

To feed my soul, my heart, my mind.

Whatever my need, if wisdom, wit,

Among my friends at night I sit

And always find awaiting me

Whatever thing my need may be.

However dark the moment looks,

Here close at hand I have my books.

protruded a little from your breast-pocket and she looked at it. Then she reached out, and with a sort of wicked idea of paying you out, I suppose, she took it gingerly and tossed it under the seat. Then she got out and I was left there."

He was watching her with a pumpled grin.

"I didn't quite like that," Diana said. "I thought somebody else might get in and pick it up while you were still asleep. So when the train had gone on a bit I reached down and dug it out, meaning to push it back into your pocket. But just then you moved, and I guessed that you were going to wake up; and I was left with it in my hands, leaning towards you. You see the position? There was I holding your pocket-book in my fingers; and who was to say I hadn't taken it out of your pocket? So I tucked it away out of sight until I could tell you what had been going on."

"I see," said George. "And I woke up . . . and saw you there instead of Theo. Yes, I remember."

"You've never seen a giant wake up and stretch himself?"

"I don't remember doing so."

"I saw one yesterday. I told you that all the way to the station I'd been nearly crying because I had no one to stand up for me, and there, as if he'd been delivered into my hands by Providence, was a nice kind-looking person, about six-foot-three, with shoulders big enough for anybody's troubles and boots like boats. I hesitated. It was a sort of blackmail, I suppose. I thought that if I could keep you in attendance just long enough to get to the cottage I was saved. So I didn't tell you about the pocket-book until I'd found out what sort of person you were going to be. You see, the other girl did take it, and you'd have got out without it if I'd not been there. It would have been more difficult to get it back then; and if you could be very understanding and look at it nicely, you might almost say I'd only taken charge of it, so that the next person who got into the carriage shouldn't go off with it. And now I've brought it back, all safe and intact. It's your fault for being so big."

"All beef. I got you. Curious how tastes differ."

He looked at his pocket-book back and front, laughed, and slipped it gratefully into his pocket. He eyed the breakfast laid for him, and then he looked at her again.

"Do you ever have premonitions?"

"I have a toe that foretells rain."

"I'm serious, and I feel that something very important is going to happen in my life to-day."

"A letter from abroad? A friend unfaithful?"

"No; there is about to be a change in my affairs, I fancy, for the better. I feel that it concerns you slightly, so if you'd rather I didn't stay another minute, say so."

"The trouble is, I don't know anybody who could chuck you out."

"Then let us spend this morning talking about it, and more especially about you. If we arrive at any decision we could pop round before we go to lunch, and let the Gambles know."

"Must we," she quietly said, "spend all the morning talking?"

He looked at her devotedly. The way her hair was brushed back showed her courageous brow; her eyes were very friendly to him; in all her face the only remote sign of weakness was in her mouth, and that only because the curve of the upper lip made it appealing. He was filled with a great desire to put his large arms round her and pick her up until her face was close to his own; then, if he saw the right kind of expression in her eyes, to kiss her.

But he did not yet give himself away. He said:

"We ought to arrive at some decision pretty soon, I think. What would you advise me to do to help things on a bit?"

She looked up at him thoughtfully, glancing without disapproval at his rough chin, and then lifting her eyes to his.

"If I were you, I should quietly go on behaving exactly as you did yesterday."

"Would you? And what then?"

"I don't know any more about women than you do, but if you could keep that up without much effort, I should imagine anything might happen."

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Offer closes

31st OCTOBER, 1933



THIS IS AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE ONLY PANELS THAT WILL BE ACCEPTED



# BIG MUSIC PLANS

By ROBERT McALL

There is talk THAT should be of Mischa Borlakov and Louise Lightfoot producing a first-class music usually comes to us only through records. To get away with the tricky score of "The Fire Bird," however, the orchestra will have to be a little more alert and unanimous in its work than it was last week when Roy Maling's "Bokanda," Gounod's "Walpurgis Nights," and a variety of smaller ballets were staged.

This stimulating programme at the "Con." brought about some very effective dancing by the Burlikov-Lightfoot pupils. Mr. Maling's ballet was the most intriguing item. Originally it was arranged for production in Stuttgart, but the political turmoil brought about a prejudice against "foreign" works, and it remained for Sydney to experience its premiere. The score was full of modern interest, and deserves another hearing.

I BELIEVE that the Sydney Board of Judges have completed their arduous task of dealing with their share of the 800 odd manuscripts entered in Australian Composers' Competition. I was privileged to have a peep at one of their sessions during the week; it was a quaint experience, indeed, to hear Dr. Orchard playing hymn-tunes through on his grand piano, and Albert Casabon dashing off scraps of the fiddle entries, while Howard Carr silently, but with the avid interest of an Edgar Wallace fan, turned the pages of a symphonic score.

BY the way, there is a whisper that Mr. Carr, an English gentleman and accomplished musician, intends shortly to search for pastures new in the United States. Let us hope that we are not to lose so soon a composer, conductor, and good fellow of his calibre.

THREE important concerts are scheduled for next week. On Tuesday, Moore MacMahon is to submit a violin programme at the Conservatorium. I haven't seen his programme yet, but it is bound to be intriguing. Like his teacher, Joseph Szigeti, Mr. MacMahon has a flair for the unusual.

IN 1928 the Chausson Symphony in B Flat was performed by the Conservatorium Orchestra. It is to be heard again under the baton of Dr. Orchard on Wednesday night. Personally, I am more excited over the prospect of hearing in the same programme Vincent D'Indy's symphonic poem, "The Enchanted Forest." Other items announced are the "Figaro" Overture and a Piano Concerto in D by Mozart, and Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture, No. 3. On Saturday night John Brownlee is going to defy tradition by giving the first of several recitals at the Presbyterian Assembly Hall. It looks like a busy week.

## CANARY DIDN'T SING

A HOUSEWIFE in Ontario declined to pay the final instalment of £1 on her vacuum cleaner on the ground that it made such a noise that it gave her canary heart trouble and stopped it singing.

## "GLAD TO MEET YER"

Immediately I Knew It Was Wrong

How much charm have you? Just what impression do you make? Can you speak and converse with confidence? Avoid the many pitfalls by which you lose social prestige. Get the smarter point of view. Learn the correct procedure at all functions, and upon all occasions. Your problems solved and answered by the distinguished teacher according to modern English and Continental standards. Let me correct your mistakes and give you social ease and charming manners. Prompt reply on receipt of stamped envelope and P.M. for 1/- to—ELSPETH WINDSOR, Teacher of Etiquette, 46 Suite, Minerva Chambers, 154 Pitt St., Sydney.

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17 Strand Arcade, C5, and C16 Her Majesty's Arcade, 38 Imperial Arcade, and 72 Willoughby Rd., Crow's Nest.

# PROGRAMME PRESENTATIONS are often

By Sarabande



Probably the main difference between the programmes of the B.B.C. and the A.B.C. is one of presentation.

The B.B.C. programmes rarely contain any item or entertainment lasting longer than an hour.

A GREAT many of them, in fact, only run from half-an-hour to 40 minutes.

In Australia, on the other hand, the tendency is to make a particular presentation, be it an orchestral concert, a musical comedy, a dance night, or community singing, take up the greater part of the evening programme.

The latter two presentations invariably last the whole night, and the former run from an hour and a half to two hours or longer.

One believes that the B.B.C. idea is decidedly the best. It cannot be emphasised too strongly that the radio is a home instrument, and is used by the members of the family with comparatively equal rights.

WHY NOT some interesting radio debates, say a feminist versus a mere man on the place of women in public affairs.

It is too much to expect that father, mother, and the children will sit down for two hours and listen to either a dance night, community singing, or even an orchestral performance.

IN actual fact, the family radio set is never on the same station for very long, and individual members generally switch it round to hear some particular item or group of items in which they are interested.

The lay-out of any radio programme should take this into account, and a programme director who labours under the delusion that any except a few are listening to his particular station continuously the whole evening

## Too LONG

should study the question more closely. Practically every evening programme arranged by the B.B.C. is broken round about 9 o'clock for the insertion of either an interesting talk (not necessarily educational) or the reading of news.

This enables every programme to be made up in two (or more) distinct parts, of which the 9 o'clock "spoken word" session generally acts as an interval of at least twenty minutes.

If broadcasting authorities will bear in mind that the radio set stands in the living-room, and that all the family are sitting in the same place, it will help them materially to get the correct atmosphere for the creation of suitable programmes.

SOMETHING we sadly miss from programmes (except on specially arranged occasions) is the intimate recital by an instrumentalist or vocalist.

The present idea of bringing on the same person in "each half of the programme" savours of the out-of-date Victorian "grand concert," and should be dropped.

Better to have an artist giving a brief 15 to 20 minutes' recital, and then to proceed with something entirely different, than to work on the archaic idea just mentioned.

## REPRESSION

When you are near I cannot say one word  
Of all I long to speak, yet when we part  
A sudden anguish cleaves me like a sword,  
Bursting the flood gates of my stubborn heart;  
And those endearments which I could not frame  
Flower on the loveliness that is your name.

—RENA ABBOTT.

SPEAKING of programme presentation reminds one that among the most popular ones staged by the B.B.C. are the debates.

Two well-known men are given some interesting theme, and they debate it from 20 to 30 minutes.

As an example, the editor of a large London daily recently debated with someone of equal importance as to whether newspapers were good or harmful in the long run. The dialogue is reported in a current magazine, and makes excellent and amusing reading.

Why not begin with a debate by a prominent feminist and a man worthy of her steel as to whether women should take an equal part in the councils of the nation with the sterner sex?

THERE is no Broadcasting Commission in U.S.A. as we know it. All American stations are commercially owned and controlled. The programmes differ essentially, however, in that the greater part of their advertising is national, and comprises mostly sponsored programmes of wide entertainment value.

## Our LOUD SPEAKER

A VERITABLE feast of good things awaits 2UE listeners who are musically inclined. Mischa Dobrinski, the celebrated Russian violinist, will be heard each Sunday during the evening session.

Mischa Dobrinski was in Russia during the revolution, and only escaped by reason of the fact that he was attached to a band of musicians. Prior to his

advent to Australia, he completed a two years contract in Pekin.

A fellow countryman, Senia Ghostalkoff, the Russian tenor who, among other noteworthy engagements, toured the world with the Don Cossack choir, will also be heard from 2UE.

LISTENERS to the broadcast of "The Varsity Rag," by Humphrey Bishop through 2FC, owe a vote of thanks to two bright young things, undergrads from the seat of learning, Noel Taylor is the librettist, and Edna Andrews the musician (singles of Gilbert and Sullivan). Several amusing songs in the broadcast lay to their credit, while they have also produced some cheery shows within the hallowed portals.

WHEN you emerge from the tunnel into Wynyard Station, do you ever reflect on the distance traversed underground?

Reviewing the world's output of oil, have you ever considered the amount in terms of miles of cases placed side by side?

Gordon Marsh is, seemingly, possessed of a fund of the most surprising knowledge of this character. His series of talks over "B" class stations has attracted the ear of the Commission, and on Friday, July 7, he will give the first of a series of talks entitled, "Strange but true."

JUST as the Australian Broadcasting Commission finds itself challenged by the proposed national network of "B" class stations, the British Broadcasting Company is faced with a similar proposition. Actually there are no "B" class stations in England. All stations are controlled by the B.B.C., and the programmes have assumed a very formal character.

An enterprising company on the French coast is transmitting programmes with a special view to pleasing English listeners. Makers of English records are hurrying their new releases across the Channel, and special programmes in English are featured.

WHEN you tune in to station 2UW and hear Myra Dempsey holding forth, don't send for the nearest mechanic; your set is not at fault, for the women's session at the studio will be conducted by that forceful and interesting radio personality. Every Wednesday morning Miss Dempsey purveys a short talk on motoring. Having toured outback alone in her car, she is well qualified to discuss the many unheeded incidents that are the inevitable lot of the motorist.

McA. Hope Suttor, who recently won the 2UW competition, will be conducting a session during the afternoon programme, in which she will be dealing with salaries, theatres, and books.



almost blind with Headache!

—the dread penalty of Constipation!

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## TELLING of BORROWED

### Gardening Tools, Bulbs, Roses and Other Things

By THE OLD GARDENER

In hurried quest of borrowed garden tools, the Old Gardener looks in on several neighbors this week and offers some practical garden tips.



"MY word, it's getting cold alright now, Miss... ain't it? Have a look here how I lift them dahlia bulbs for storing. Cut the tops to about six inches from the ground, and put them away in a sheltered spot where you can cover them lightly with soil or sand."

"Now I'll go and have a look for them pruning scissors of yours. You say your sister gave them back to the lady next door, thinking they was hers. Alright, Miss, I'll see you later."

"Good morning, Mrs. Robinson? Have you got Mrs. Gardiner's pruning scissors? Oh... you've given 'em back to the lady next door, who you borrowed them from. Thank you, Miss! Them's nice roses you have there. Sure, I can tell you the names of some new varieties. Why not try the beautiful pink rose everybody liked so much at the Royal Show this year? 'Miss Australia' is the name. Then there is the 'Dame Edith Helen,' another attractive pink, and the 'E. G. Hill,' a beautiful red. Now I must be off after them pruning scissors."

"Good day, Miss Brown. Have you got them pruning scissors? Oh... Mrs. Robinson just sent back? They belong to Mrs. Gardiner. Oh... you're returned them to the lady next door, have you? ... Thank you, Miss. What's that, Miss? Oh, them stock plants? I'd force them along with a bit of liquid manure, or fork in lightly, to each plant, a handful of sulphate of potash. Good-bye, Miss."

"I know Mrs. Smith... you needn't tell me. You've just given the pruning scissors back to the lady next door. What? Oh—to Mrs. Grey across the road? No, they ain't hers; they belong to Mrs. Gardiner. You should cut down them chrysanthemums, Miss. Them's finished now. Lift and store them in

some corner of the garden and prepare the space for other quick-growing plants. Mrs. Grey, you said it was... Good-bye, Miss."

"I've been trying to catch up with them pruning scissors for the last fifteen minutes, Mrs. Grey. You've given them to Mrs. Oswald from next door. She lent them to you, did she? Alright, Miss... How are your sweet peas? I'd make another sowing of sweet peas, if I was you. Put them in a north-easterly aspect. Give them that's coming along a dressing of lime and they'll come along as quick as I'm going after them pruning scissors."

"Thanks, Mrs. Oswald. You handed them back to Mrs. Black just



A BEAUTIFUL specimen of sweet pea, grown in a colorful Burwood garden.

footpaths, you'll clean up the weeds. Mix one pound to every two gallons of water. See you again, sir."

"Now, Mrs. Borrow. I hopes you has got them pruning scissors of Mrs. Gardiner. Well, I'll be damned. You have just returned them to her? Well, they've beat me to it. Thank you, Miss. I see you've pruned your fruit trees and grape vine. Give 'em a good dressing of blood and bone. Fork it in round the base. I must go and do a bit of pruning myself in Mrs. Gardiner's garden... now that her pruning scissors are back home."



## BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. Loefer

MODERN girls have taken big strides in dress. Meaning beach pyjamas?

"RHEUMATISM," said the doctor, "causes one to imagine that his joints are very much larger than they actually are."

"I know," exclaimed Mrs. Housebody. "Our butcher has it." Prize of 10/- to Miss L. A. Bradley, No. 1 Ranger Rd., Croydon, N.S.W.

JAMS and pickles should always be stirred with a wooden spoon. Some home-made jams and pickles we have tasted should also have been cooked in a wooden saucepan.

WHAT we want in Australia is more fathers of families. Not in my family, by gosh!

A LOT of people are making a fuss about nothing.—Premier Stevens. That's all they have got to make a fuss about.

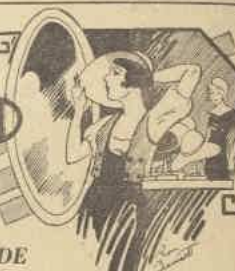
### ADVICE TO HUSBANDS

IF you burn a hole in the carpet, don't wait until you're asked "Who burnt the hole in the carpet?" and then say, "What carpet?"

Invite some friends home as soon as possible, and when they've gone, just draw your wife's attention to the spot and say, "Tut! tut! Just look at that!" It never fails.

## CHATS ON SHOPS AND THINGS

By SAIDE



"This world is so full of a number of things"—and so is this "shopping sleuth's" diary, for knitting competitions, novelties practical and purely aesthetic, and winter sales have left me all of a whirl.

### Practice Makes Perfect

I SALLIED down to Hordern Bros. on Tuesday to inspect an amazing display of garments. Dainty sports wear lay cheek by jowl with sturdy cardigans; cosy woolen shawls with dainty wee madras jackets and bonnets, while I was almost tempted to long for the invalid's couch when I viewed the alluring bed jackets, and negligees.

Speaking with the authority of a past that has been, as it were, peppered with the adjudication of knitting competitions, I pay tribute to the very fine workmanship—or workwomanhood?—that was evidenced in each section. Knitted wear has become so popular a feature in our wardrobes that practice has obviously made perfect once again. The wool itself was mostly "Brightella," a Hordern Bros. special, so you will know that further comment on its very obvious merits is quite superfluous.

### First Stop, Economy

IF you live adjacent to Killoola St., Concord West, or between its environs and Broadway, you are in direct communication with economy. Grace Bros. have inaugurated a special bus service from 8 a.m. daily every half hour, to enable residents of that district to take advantage of the amazing values offered at their winter sale, which opens on Friday, June 30.

This special facility is, of course, typical of the comprehensive service that this enterprising Broadway firm render their customers; the money-saving goal at the Broadway terminus of the route is typical of the policy that actuates the service.

Wardrobes and linen-presses and general household commodities will be replenished by thrifty housewives, and, in addition to the saving of expense, there will be the joy of leaping aboard a bus at Grace Bros. door, instead of grasping one's bargain firmly, closing one's eyes, and urging oneself across the street into the first conveyance that happens along.

### Those Gay Cretonnes

WHEN I saw, in a window, dainty cretonnes and chintzes, in colors as numberless and as vivid as a flower garden, and noted that they were marked at anything from 1/3 to 1/11 a yard, I had visions of refurbishing for the spring—albeit casting bitter thoughts backward to the days when I paid 4/8 a yard for material without half the charm or the enduring texture of these delightful cretonnes.

Those who are contemplating buying curtains or loose covers at the present time are in luck's way. They can "do over" their room for a quarter the amount it would have cost a short while back. The beauty of the new furnishing fabrics is, that they are fadeless under the influence of sun or water, and that no restrictions as to tints are experienced.

There are many fresh designs, among them those lovely chintzy patterns, in gay colors, that give such an uplift to a room.

### The "Cup That Cheers"

THERE is no need to pay large sums for cocktail glasses when they are liable to be broken by young people who leave them promiscuously wherever they happen to be standing.

Yet, they seem something of a necessity in these days of general cocktail-drinking, even when the beverage is nothing more stimulating than orange-juice and ice-cream. Many of the shops that deal in glassware are showing quite delightful individual cocktail glasses or



sets of regulation shape, in clear white glass, at prices as low as 6d. 8d and 1/- a piece, or from 2/6 a set of six. Frosted or colored glasses are equally inexpensive, and I have just seen a collection of perfectly delicious things with etched or cut designs, at 9d each.

### For Tennis Players

DEAR to the heart, and cheap to the pockets of, tennis players, is a becoming little contrivance that I espied yesterday. It is an eye-shade, complete with sweat-band (nothing to do with horses, it is worn on the forehead). Lined with a softly becoming shade of green, it has a further feature of incalculable value in that it sat upon—such things have happened at the very best tennis parties—it can be pressed into shape again, and will be as good as new.

It fits snugly round the head with a special elastic band, and is altogether a boon. This shade can be purchased for 4/6 at all sports and departmental stores.

### Anne Hathaway Trend

JUST one moment's lapse from things economical and useful to a plane a little more ornamental. And such a change from the ordinary, stodgy looking pots in which we brew our tea, too. Don't you adore the gaily colored "cottage crockery" making a lively appearance in the shop windows and elsewhere? Saw a cute cottage teapot, a realistic replica of Anne Hathaway trend, thatched roof, windows, doors and all, hand-painted on a roughish surface, for 4/6.

### Gadgets For the Kitchen

PERHAPS, for reasons not altogether unconnected with a series of belated luncheons, all those quaint little gadgets that live in the hardware departments have lured me from more aesthetic purposes these last few days. They do promise the harassed housewife a bit of extra comfort in her culinary pursuits. For example, a covered aluminium



roaster, stout and strong, with inner removable wire stand, and contrivance for holding in or letting out the steam, all complete, is made in three sizes—10in. x 10in., at 2/11; 13in. x 10in., at 3/3; and 14in. x 10in., at 3/11.

I am assured, too, that it cooks as well on a single gas jet, on top of the stove, as inside, and with the consumption of a quarter the amount of gas. It would be a useful possession to the country woman. It can even be used with good results on a camp fire, supported by a couple of bars (of iron—marked you!).

### Colorful Notions

DUE to one's natural leaning to articles wherewith to warm the cockles of one's heart, so to speak, colorful notions are always acceptable. The present trend to use table linen with gay borders is a very cheery circumstance. Even the most dyspeptic member of the family will greet the bacon-and-eggs with renewed zeal when they are disposed on a cloth that is bordered with rainbow hues.

In good quality linen, with colors to tone with the most exacting color scheme, these bungalow cloths can be purchased for 6/6 each. In the same window, still with my thoughts metaphorically in the linen press, I gleaned the following tidings of sheets. Fine twilled single bed sheets were marked at 10/11 a pair.

### Soft and Seasonable

IMAGINE dress flannel, fleeced, or in basket weave, at the low cost of 1/11 a yard! The irrepressible Eve, in me, ever on the alert for a bargain, commanded a halt to finger the material. Really very good quality, warm and soft, and suitable for business dresses or kiddies' "best." Such a range of seasonable colors, too! Quite a variety of flecks! An augmented load was the result, but any woman with a "good thing" like that in her suitcase can play the "beast of burden" with a singing heart. Other dress flannels I saw, in heavier weave, and an extended lot of colors, at 3/11 a yard. These moderately-priced flannels come at the psychological moment, just when the cold weather is at its worst and we yearn for a little extra warmth.



Contract Bridge

# ACCURATE Hand VALUATION

Article 3  
By FRANK CAYLEY

WE have seen that accurate hand valuation is only possible when both high and low card tricks are taken into account.

If your hand is going to be dummy, and you have decided to raise your partner in his suit, a third factor must enter your calculations. This is termed ruffing ability.

## THE TABLE OF RUFFING ABILITY

Counted in dummy only.			
	Blank Suit	Single-ton	Double-ton
Holding 3 trumps . . .	2 Tricks	1 Trick	1 Trick
Holding 4 or more . . .	3 Tricks	2 Tricks	1 Trick

Ruffing ability is never counted in the declarer's hand, because such a procedure weakens the main trump suit and merely provides a new way of making the same trick. If you find this difficult to understand, imagine yourself as the possessor of A, K, Q, J, 10 of spades. With this suit as trumps, your holding is worth 5 sure tricks, and all the singletons on earth could not assist you to make any more.



Frank Cayley

dummy it is a different matter for you to ruff with little footing cards and without weakening the main suit.

We now have three tables at our disposal, by means of which we can value any hand under any normal conditions.

Each hand may have three distinct values:

- (1) At its own bid.
- (2) In support of partner's bid.
- (3) In defence against an opposition call.

Glance at the following hand:

S: A, K, 6, 5, 2.  
H: A, 9, 7, 4.  
D: J, 8, 3.  
C: 5.

At its own bid (spades) it is worth 51 probable tricks, made up as follows: Honor tricks 3. Low card tricks 28. Ruffing ability 0.

In support of partner's heart bid, however, it is worth 61 tricks. The fourth and fifth cards in the spade suit are counted as 1 trick each (not 1, as previously), and the fourth heart is also 1 trick. The honor holding is constant and still totals 3 tricks, but ruffing ability remains to be estimated. A singleton with four trumps is present in the hand, and we therefore add a further 2 tricks to our total.

Now suppose the opposition win the call with clubs as trumps. Our specimen hand is now worth 3 probable tricks in defence, these being the A-K of spades and the A of hearts.

### WHAT A BID MEANS

An original bid at contract guarantees at least 21 honor tricks, and also indicates the total holding of about 4 probable tricks.

This fact must be understood, although it is actually unnecessary to look beyond honor tricks until both partners have definitely agreed upon a suit.

Opening no trump calls must be avoided if possible, but final declarations of this nature are quite sound.

At least four cards must be held in a bid suit, and these should be headed by Q-J or better. A five-card suit to the J-10 may be named, and longer suits may be called, regardless of tops, provided in each case that the outside values are satisfactory.

Holding any of the following hands, dealer or second caller should open with "one spade." Third or fourth callers should pass, because it is necessary for them to hold 3 honor tricks instead of the bare 2.

- (1) S: A, J, 7, 2. H: K, Q, 4. D: K, 8, 7, 5. C: 6, 2.
- (2) S: Q, 7, 4, 3, 2. H: A, Q, 7. D: K, 8, 4, 3. C: 9.
- (3) S: 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4. H: A, K. D: K, 8, 4. C: 9, 2.
- (4) S: Q, J, 8, 2. H: 7, 4. D: A, K, 6. C: 9, 8, 7, 3.

Next week's article will deal with responses to opening bids.

### WON FAME EVENTUALLY

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON—that is the name under which Mrs. J. C. Robertson wrote her novel, "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony"—lost her husband, a professor of German at London University, the other day. Probably she is the most famous of Australian authors to-day, yet she was writing and publishing books for 20 years before the world began to sit up and take notice.

# NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

## New SERIAL

By LOUISE MACK

LOUISE MACK is one of the most remarkable women in Australia.

Authoress, poetess, editress, war correspondent, world traveller, linguist, lecturer, proprietor and lecturer of "Good Films for Children," and immensely popular serial writer for London "Daily Mail," "Daily Mirror," "Daily News," and other English journals—this is her record. Her latest novel "Eve's Daughter," will commence in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

Authoress while in her teens of two successful girls' books, poetess whose book, "Dreams in Flower," was described by the "Bulletin" as "the most distinguished body of verse written by a woman in Australia," novelist who captured a London public with twelve European novels, war correspondent for London "Times," who flung herself into the War in August, 1914, and made a great coup by remaining alone in Antwerp all through the bombardment and occupation; lecturer who has traversed Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands on her lecture tours, primarily under J. N. Tait, but afterwards entirely under her own management, and so successfully that hundreds have had to be turned away.

Organiser and promoter and manager of "Good Films for Children," which have received the moral support of every Education Department in Australia and New Zealand; traveller who has garnered many lands into her repertoire; linguist with five languages at her finger-tips; and last, but not least, one of the most popular serial-writers London has ever known.

This is our own Louise Mack, the Australian whose new novel, "Eve's Daughter," is a love-story of rare charm.



LOUISE MACK.  
Author of our exquisite new Serial, "Eve's Daughter."

## Famous Author's Early Rebuffs

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S first book was rejected by about sixty publishers before it saw the light, and John Galsworthy made only about ten pounds with the efforts of his first ten years of journalism," remarked Miles Franklin, author of "My Brilliant Career," to budding authors at Hurstville recently.

After spending nearly twenty years in Britain, America, and on the Continent, Miss Franklin said she dreaded to come

## H.C.L. in the Royal Household

"THE Queen's Progress," nine Palace plays, by Lawrence Hoggan, centres around Queen Victoria, from girlhood to old age. Perhaps one of the most amusing of plays is that which shows something of the domestic life of herself and her consort, Prince Albert.

Albert, with his frugal instincts, was shocked at the waste he found at "Windsor," and determined, unknown to his royal wife, to check the household accounts. Even in those days before H.C.L. had been discovered, some of the items were overpowering.

For instance, 4005 of tallow candles had been going to the Palace every month for 30 years, though only once in that time had any actually been used. That was on the occasion when Victoria's grandfather had had a cold, and tallow was the cure.

That the person for whom the tallow had been ordered to soothe had been 21 years in the grave, made no difference to the domestic ordering.

The Royal Stables were another source of perils to Victoria's servants. In them were more than twice the number of horses she ever used. The surplus nags were hired out by her head stableman, and when Victoria, through Albert's investigation, reduced the number, the stable hands felt themselves aggrieved.

back to her native land, fearing she would see it with other eyes than when she had left, but when I reached it once again and gazed upon its natural beauties, my heart was filled with greater rapture than ever before, and I found it greater, grander, lovelier than ever," she said.

## "Try ANYTHING Once"

"TRY Anything Once," by Frank Clune (Angus and Robertson). Mr. Clune has certainly given us many laughs in the relating of his adventures. As the name indicates, the author, who is an Australian, was quite willing to "try anything once." He started out as a paper boy at the age of 19.



Being commercially minded, he quickly realised he would make more money if he started in business for himself, and accordingly he ventured out on a borrowed capital of 5/-.

His adventures hurry on each other's heels, starting with his school days that were not too happy.

One of the most interesting bits concerns his brief hour as messenger in the Sydney Printing Office.

He organised the boys into a union, and very rigid was the rule that each job must not be done under a certain time. Not a bad example of the go-slow policy.

There is no very thrilling or sinister incident in the book. The highest adventure comes with the author's war-making on Gallipoli. It is rather the story in detail of a rolling stone that rolled the length and breadth of Australia and into America. But it is told with humor, and the author's pen sketches of the personalities he has met in his many journeys make the book pleasant and individual.

### AUSTRALIAN SUCCESS

AN Australian authoress to whom success has come rapidly is Helen Simpson of Sydney who was recently awarded a £200 James Tait Black Prize for her novel, "Boomerang." She is Clemence Dane's collaborator in the "Enter Sir John" series of mystery stories, and her small daughter of four is named Clemence, after the other member of the firm.

### Life's Paradox

However much I may complain,  
I have learned more from loss  
than gain.  
When joys depart what joys remain.  
I seldom count my blessings when  
I am most blest. Then lose again,  
And then recall—and not till then.  
Once I was happy, I suppose,  
Yet not until the summer goes  
Remember that I had a rose.  
It seems, whatever happiness  
May come the heart of man to bless,  
He first must lose it, to possess.

with Bill, the cave-man hero, and Lilian, a heroine that everybody will fall in love with.

Comedy and tragedy and the thrills of domestic life are unfolded with an exquisite tenderness in this most moving story, "Eve's Daughter," the scenes of which are laid in London, New Zealand, and Paris.

A new book by Louise Mack, called "Teens Triumphant," is now in the press, and will be published next month by The Endeavour Publishing Company, synchronising its appearance with the great High School Girls' Jubilee, which takes place shortly, with Louise Mack as one of its most distinguished "Old Girls."

Louise Mack loves serial-writing intensely. "I gave it up," she says, "because I married an Anzac who fell into bad health after the War. Nursing him filled many years. It is only since my husband's death last year that I have returned to writing serials, and I find I love the work more than ever."

"HUMAN Being," by Christopher Morley (Faber and Faber Ltd.), is a book that no business man or his wife should miss. It is told in a style that on the surface is most prosaic, but its insight into human nature is deep and intuitive. There are tears and laughter and a spirituality in these pages even when the subject of a chapter is "The Flatiron Building" or "Streamline." For instance:—"Richard admired the low, cutaway shape (of the sports coupe). The little cabin rounded like an igloo. But all he said was: 'Civilisation is gradually developing streamlines, too. Little by little it's got to shed off unnecessary gadgets and wind-surfaces. Anybody who loafs on his job is just a gadget, so is any job that isn't worth doing. Maybe it's going to shed off people like me.' And then he added: 'Maybe armies and navies and tariffs are only temporary gadgets.'"

FROM THE HEART  
OF THE CRUDE

SINCE  
1861



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1000 miles proves it.

# ATLANTIC

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"BUT you want it."

The girl flushed.  
"No. I want Walter because I love him. Not for his family, or his money, or his marvellous prospects, or anything else."

"But what do you mean when you say you love him?"

"That I'm afraid you wouldn't understand, Mrs. Lydiatt. . . . If you need to ask for an explanation."

"You're very impertinent."

"I don't think so. I am not in the least disrespectful to you, but I don't see that I should shut up and not say a word when I'm being attacked."

"I'm not attacking you, my dear girl; I'm merely explaining to you why my son won't marry you."

"No," broke in Walter; "you're explaining why you are trying to prevent it. I'll marry Gretel, all right. If she'll have me, after this."

"I don't think there's any fear of that," his mother answered, coldly. "Miss Winton seems very determined."

"Mother, you shan't say things like that!"

"Please don't attempt to bully me, Walter. Shouting won't intimidate me, but it gives me a headache."

"Mrs. Lydiatt," pleaded Gretel, "please do let's try to be reasonable. I think, in your heart, you must know that Walter and I love each other. Have you really anything against me except that I haven't a great deal of money? Or is it just that you can't bear to lose Walter? Please be fair to me."

"Why should I be fair to you? Are you being fair to me? Just because you want my son, you set out to have him without considering my side of it, or his future, or anything else."

"That's not so, Mrs. Lydiatt. I honestly think any man has a better chance of a future if he marries for love than if he marries for money."

## WISE in HER GENERATION

(Continued from Page 11)

And I swear no one could care more for him than I do, or be more willing to do everything possible for him. Think of his point of view."

"He hasn't one. No man gets a point of view until after he's married, and then it's too late."

"How bitter you are!"

"Yes, I am."

"Why are you, mother," Walter admonished. "Can't you see that this is just the same situation you and father had with his mother? You're being as unreasonable as she was."

"Walter, how dare you speak of private things in front of this young woman? Your father and I were ideally suited, and knew it. We regretted having to oppose his mother, but she was without justification for her attitude."

"And so are you, mother. Can't you see it? Oh, I don't think your generation have any feelings at all."

"I think yours have far too many."

Gretel jumped angrily to her feet. As she went toward the door, she was unable to resist turning to reply:—

"I am quite sure a person of our generation, placed in your position, wouldn't be so positively inhuman."

GRETTEL stood by the vast window of her sun-room, man-icuring her nails. The sun had gone down an hour ago, but a faint rosy light still glittered on the new steel-work of the bridge across the Heads.

On the harbor the baby seaplanes whirled and rose and swooped like a swarm of moths. How dry and shrivelled her nails were, like her face. No wonder Leon had tired of her. He had gone off again on a

week's trip to Africa, ostensibly to inspect some diamond mines. She smiled cynically. Then her face saddened. She wished she had never re-married. There would never be anyone else for her like Walter. She was never allowed to forget his awful death. The papers were always full of old pictures of the wreck of the "Spirit of Empire," captioned, "The last great plane-wreck; loss of the Titanic of the air."



CHRISTABELL: "Do you believe in Santa Claus?"

ISABELL: "No, of course not, nor the devil; it's only Uncle."

Will there ever be another? Experts say No. Poor Walter.

She went inside, and in the privacy of her own room, looked through her pictures of him. There was that delightful one of their honeymoon in the Alps, with the ski-ing scenes, and the close-up of Walter just after a snow-ball hit him. But she could not bear

the sound of his laugh, so real after all these years. She turned off the projector, and began to dress for dinner, sipping a glass of blegen.

At seven o'clock Philip came in, glowing and excited.

"Mother, darling! I've landed it!"

"What, dear. Whatever is it?"

"I'm to be director-general of Textiles!"

"But that's ridiculous—you're only twenty-four."

"Yes, but that's the new State Manager's belief—young men all the time."

"My darling! You don't know how pleased I am. How pleased your poor father would have been, too!" She kissed him.

"Won't Leon be re-fuelled!" he exclaimed.

"Never mind Leon," she said, testily; "he's not your father, you know."

"No, but he's a great old rocket, for all that. Oh, by the way, Lisbeth is coming over for dinner; I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Well, I do think you might have let us be alone on an evening of such celebration, Philip."

"Oh, mother, do eliminate the static. This is 1933. Zoom out of it, old thing."

"You know I don't approve of that young woman, Philip. I wish you'd give her up."

"Give her up! I'm going to marry her, mother."

"You shan't."

"Now, now. No Depressed-Thirties stuff, old dear. Where's Bishi with the cocktails? I'm cooking out for one."

The quondam maid came in, swishing a new silk sarong.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Philip. "You look luminous. Give us a hug."

"Philip!" protested his mother.

"Oh, all right. You're not very astral about my promotion."

"I am, really, dear. Tell me all about it."

"Oh, no. Too dull. I must tell you about one of the French textile-buyers down at the exchange to-day. He said, 'You know, you Breetish, you are too quaint. How you can possibly be socialsteek and still have a king, I cannot make out. Don't you think that's priceless?' Of course, I explained it to him, but he couldn't see it. And there was the funniest old coyer there, about a hundred or so, moaning about the dear old days of real wool! Can you beat it. He used to be a sheep-farmer, or something equally earth-bound."

There was a buzz at the door, and Lisbeth Parker came in, very chic in the latest openwork sarong. She kissed Gretel heartily, and immediately begged for a blegen.

"Lisbeth," said Gretel, "I want to talk to you. I don't want Philip and you to do anything foolish."

"Oh, we won't," Lisbeth assured her, "we're going to get married."

"Oh, said Gretel, "so you've heard Philip's been appointed Director?"

"No!" cried Lisbeth. "Oh, how re-fuelling! That makes it easier."

"I thought that was what you were after," blazed Gretel.

"Now, mother," warned Philip, "don't be bitter. You know very well we're in love."

"Love? What do you young fools know about love?"

Philip and Lisbeth leaped into each other's arms.

"Plenty!" they cried, in unison.

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**SAO Biscuits** — delicious with butter, cheese, fruit or savouries.

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The Biscuit Specialists  
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When buying mixed biscuits always ask for Arnott's and make sure you get them.



# Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,—  
If you would put your name, address, and age on each entry, you would save me quite a lot of trouble, so bear this in mind when you are sending your contributions along. I just hate to read a clever verse or story, and then find that no address accompanies it, and I have to throw it in the waste paper basket. Anyway, pals, you'll remember in future, won't you? It was very difficult this week to pick the best letter, as so many of you wrote excellent ones; but I have at last awarded the prize of 5/- to Marea Wolkowsky (11), of 50 Moruben Road, Mosman. Marea went to North Head for an outing, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. She described the scenery minutely, and I will just give you a little extract from her interesting letter:—  
"Anyone who loves nature would like to visit North Head; everything is so peaceful, and the wild flowers growing are so beautiful. I saw dandelions, butter-brush, heath, native fuchsia, spider plants, wild daisies, and dozens of little blackwood plants all bravely struggling to live among the cold, damp rocks, and at the same time beautifying the scenery for miles around." Pals, I would very much like to print all her letter, as I am sure you would like it immensely.  
I will now say good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,  
From your Pal,  
CONNIE.

## TRIALS OF THE TELEPHONE

The telephone had been installed in the Smiths' house, much to the disapproval of Mother, and the satisfaction of Father.

A week had passed, and Mother had been repeatedly annoyed by the usual "wrong number" and "May I use the phone, I'll give you the money to-morrow." But strange to say, "to-morrow" never came.

It was early on Sunday morning, when Father, smiling happily, was dreaming he had won the lottery, had his slumber rudely disturbed by the incessant ringing of the telephone. Father roused, reached over, put the alarm clock under his pillow, and prepared to go to sleep again. Finding the ringing still continued, he suddenly remembered the "phone. Still half-asleep, Father did not see the baby's cue-give, and consequently went sprawling down the stairs, narrowly missing a chair at the bottom.

"Bully!" he said painfully.

"Is that you, my darling?" came the

voice. "No," Father yelled bravely. But isn't that you, Peggy?" asked a shocked voice.

"Wrong number," yelled Father, and having banged down the receiver, set forth for bed. He had hardly reached there when the telephone rang again. Father decided to let it ring, but on second thoughts, answered it.

He was rewarded this time by a voice enquiring if "that was the R.S.P.C.A.?" I shall not go into what Father said, nor what he also said when the large bill appeared at the end of the term, suffice to say the Smith family no longer have a telephone.

A prize of 10/- to Molly Brain (16), 15 Wragg Street, Burwood.

## AN EASTERN MAIDEN

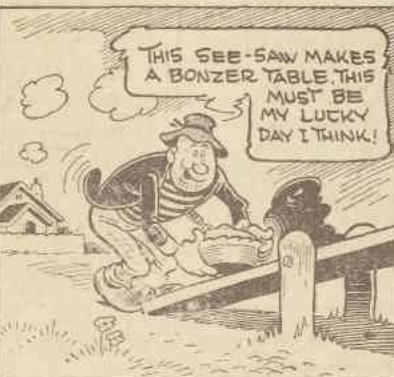


FOR this clever sketch, Beryl Mortimer (15), Tamarama St. Road, wins a prize of 5/-.

## WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

Girls named Barbara are often hard to understand. Their manners are somewhat peculiar, but never rude. They think deeply, and appear strange to many people. But Arthur represents everything that is good and honorable. Boys with this name are sometimes impatient when they are made to wait for any time. They are very patriotic.

# TERRY and TEDDY THE TERRIBLE TWINS



## CROSSWORD No. 4

- ACROSS  
1. Measurement  
3. Child's Treasure  
6. Less  
8. Exit  
10. Novel  
11. Depart  
12. To cavewdrop  
14. To make cool  
15. Tree  
16. Faded  
17. Boy's name  
19. Jewel  
21. Preposition  
22. Also  
24. Therefore  
25. A seashore resort  
27. Not shallow  
28. Finishes
- DOWN  
1. Girl's name  
2. Fowl  
3. Fog  
4. Conjunction  
5. King of the beasts  
7. Merry  
9. On a dinner table  
11. Sports  
12. Yam  
14. Fruit  
17. Like a mushroom  
18. Weight  
20. Crowds  
22. High Point  
23. Poem  
25. In  
26. Inside

RESULT OF CROSSWORD No. 2  
Across: 1. Gilt, 3. Ore, 7. To, 9. La, 10. Answer, 11. Me, 12. On, 13. He, Down: 2. Lo, 4. Us, 6. Stamp, 8. Turns, 8. Que, 10. Loc, 13. Ha.

A prize of 5/- to Ian Cumbe (11), 132 Wycombe Road, Neutral Bay; and Prize Cards to Norman Cane, 166 Burwood Road, Burwood; June Weir, 41 John Street, Wauchope. For paroling the fairies going to school, a Prize Card is given to Helen Kaye, 61 Regent Street, Kogarah.

Booby: Mother, I dropped the basket on the way home!  
Mother: Gracious, did you break any of the eggs?  
Booby: No, ma; but I think the shells came off some of them!  
Prize Card to N. Villy, s/o Engadine Post Office, Engadine.

## THE SIGNS OF SPRING

By BEATRICE RUSH

A soft wind passing by,  
The gurgle of a brook,  
That babbling winds its way  
Along some hidden nook.

The chirp of robins near,  
A dash of color gay,  
As some wild early bird  
Takes its winged way.

The rustle of dead leaves  
That guard the springing grass;  
The nodding of wild flowers  
Smiling as we pass.

The tinkling waterfall,  
The murmuring of the trees—  
Ah, long 'tis since we heard  
Songs quite as sweet as these!

The hurrying of the birds,  
The song the binoculars ring;  
All these are sent to us  
The harbingers of Spring.

A prize of 10/- to Beatrice Rush (11), 7 Westminister Road, Gladsville, for this clever poem.

## FOR FUN AND FANCY

What is the difference between a carpet and a bottle of medicine?  
One is taken up and shaken, and the other is shaken up and taken.

Why is the letter "M" like a magician?  
Because it changes "ice" into "mice."

Why is an empty room like a room full of married people?  
Because there is not a single person in it.

Prize Card to Mabel Blue, 22 Hillview Road, Eastwood.

## JUST CHATTER

Bessie Roberts, of Bellata, is twelve years old, and has nine sisters and four brothers; Jean Hamilton, of Jerry's Plains, knitted her brother a beautiful white pullover; Violet Ware, of Melbourne, is fourteen years of age; Stewart Russell, of Lidcombe, is very fond of baseball; Pauline Dawson, of Newcastle, likes doing fancy work; Mary Gorman, of Dapto, lives fifty-nine miles from Sydney.

Wally Lawrence, of Byron Bay, can milk a cow; Joan Sawyer, of Temora, is going for a Burnsary this year; Joan Machin, of Bangalow, travels 40 miles a day to school; Norma Smith, of Hornsby, has two pet—a cat, whose name is "Peter" and a kitten called "Micky"; Sylvia Fakes, of Glen Innes, likes sketching and painting; Bob Paddlesden, of Merryland, has only walked once day from school this year; Enid Baag, of Yass, makes pretty clothes for her dolls; Ivy Lewis, of Campbell, likes reading and playing tennis; Betty Barnes, of Kilmington Bay, likes sketching, writing, and doing crossword puzzles; Margaret Holmes, of Croydon, has a little black and white dog, whose name is Toby; Elaine Hopkins, of Coober, has two pets, a dog and a cat; Ray Power, of Paddington, plays football; Peggy Gilbert, of Coober, is very fond of knitting; Feltz Thoms, of Oakley, is very fond of reading stories; Enid Spence, of Tongahill, has two white pigeons called Jack and Joy.

JOHN BUCKLEY, of Northbridge, —Bernice Agar.

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## A SURPRISE

"Oh! how I wish Daddy were rich," sighed little Betty, gazing with longing eyes at the splendid array of toys which littered the shop windows.

"Well, it's no use wishing," said her brother Ted, "and besides, Mother promised us a plum pudding for to-morrow."

"He is quite right, but!" exclaimed her sister Mary, "and I think we are very lucky children to be able to even see the shop windows."

It was Christmas Eve, and the three Brown children stood looking at the shop windows.

Their father was very poor, and they never received any presents.

"They walked on in the direction of their cottage, and on their way, an old man hurried by."

As they traced his steps, Ted bent down and exclaimed, "Look what I have found!"

"Please sir, did you drop that?" said Ted, holding up the purse.

"It must belong to the old man," said Mary, and they hurried on, and soon overtook him.

"Please sir, did you drop that?" said Ted, holding up the purse.

"Why?" exclaimed the old man, "but for you and children I should have lost my money. Where do you live?"

Ted told him, and when they were on Christmas morning they found toys, a huge hamper, and ten shillings for each of them.

So the Brown family had a very happy Christmas after all.

A prize of 5/- to Enne Tassicker (13), Box 2, P.O. Warren.

## A GOOD GAME

When all are seated around, the Train Game is good fun. You appoint a trainmaster, and give the names of various parts of the train to different boys and girls—the whistle, the brakes, etc. When each is named, he comes into line. Then the trainmaster tells the story something like this: "The engine gave a loud whistle, the guard released the brakes, and the train started off. In the smoking compartment of the corridor they pulled in the windows—and so on. When the train is formed, it goes all round the room, stopping at various stations."

Prize Card to Betty Robinson, 303 King St., Newtown.



The Imps show you how to make a top.



# COUNTRY GOLFERS Show Us THEIR Style

By DOROTHY KEARNEY

No better example of the growth of women's golf in the back country can be offered than the present record invasion of players now participating in the annual Country Week carnival.

ALMOST every centre where the game is played has sent its representative.

Many tried and experienced golfers are renewing acquaintance with Sydney courses, while others are having their first taste of grass greens and difficult sand bunkers.

## Valuable Experience

But, fare they ill or well in the matter of scores, the experience gained will be invaluable. The record field is a wonderful tribute to the organising capabilities of golf's controlling body—the N.S.W. Ladies' Golf Union.

Many lasting friendships will be formed at the carnival, and the friendly tie that exists between city and country women followers of the royal and ancient game will be considerably strengthened.

Owing to the strangeness of the greens and the bunkers, many of the visitors found conditions a bit difficult on the first day's play. Mrs. Byrnes was the only one to break 90.

Miss Bannister, Tamworth's champion, had a disappointing round, but as the carnival proceeds she is expected to regain her form.

## No Tennis, but Golf

BONNIE DOON'S popular associate secretary, Mrs. C. H. Gold, met with a painful accident last week while playing tennis. A torn ligament in the ankle will prevent her playing tennis again this year, but the injury, fortunately, will not seriously interfere with her golf.

## Fine Performance

THE L.G.U. silver medal at N.S.W. Club was won by Mrs. C. J. M. Walters. This was a fine performance, considering that she plays off the low mark of 11 on this difficult course. Mrs. J. L. Norrville, continuing her run of recent wins, won the bronze division medal.

## Improved Game

AFTER an absence of a year, spent in New Guinea, Miss Barton, a young Pymble associate, returned home recently and last week surprised her many friends in the club by qualifying among the first eight in the championship. Now on a handicap of 19, her game shows marked improvement, especially with the irons. Miss Barton is expected to give a good account of herself in the match play rounds.



COUNTRY WOMEN golfers, at N.S.W. Club, La Perouse: Miss Ebert (Griffith Club) putting. In background: Miss Parkman and Miss Mackenzie (Orange).

## Personalities In GOLF

### Golfing Family

RUNNER-UP to Miss Betty Gowing in the Concord championship last week, Miss Janet Saxton is a member of a well-known golfing family. Her three brothers, A. W. Geoff, and Harold, are all enthusiastic players at Concord.

### Silver Medalist

A FORMER Roseville committee woman, Mrs. A. E. Everett, who now plays at Avondale, won the latter club's L.G.U. silver medal last week. The bronze medal went to Mrs. F. J. M. Scott.

### Accuracy Pays

AT MANLY last week Mrs. Tregloan made history by winning the club championship for the twentieth time. On this occasion her victim was Mrs. Morris, the margin being 9 and 8. In her younger days as Miss Duret, daughter of a former Manly Club secretary, she specialised in accuracy around the greens, and this is still her main forte.

### A Good Start

IN PYMBLE'S stroke handicap last week Miss Roseby handed in her first card in competition to annex the C grade in easy fashion. As a result her handicap has been reduced from 36 to 30. Quite a number of players reduced during the day, the principal ones being Miss McLeod, who entered the silver division, and Mrs. O. Bevan, who came down to 14. The latter has had an extraordinary run of successes since her old club, Hunter's Hill, amalgamated with Pymble.

## Weekly Golf Hint

### GRIP CLUB FIRMLY, NOT SAVAGELY

Don't grip your club so savagely that you get into a state of inflexible tautness, or you will become muscle-bound. A slightly firmer grip is desirable for the iron clubs, as they have a tendency to turn in the hands at the moment of impact with the ground.

But if you remember the forefinger and thumb, the other fingers will automatically follow with the amount of increased pressure desirable.

Don't neglect to look at the notice board. It is no use grouching when told about some new rule for local play. Read all the official announcements, to avoid any misunderstanding.



## Illawarra Trophy Awarded

IN the Illawarra Association, The Australian Women's Weekly Challenge Cup will be awarded to the winning team of the A2 ladies' mid-week winter competition. This will be a very popular decision among the members of the association, for, hitherto, this grade, representative of some of the finest players in the metropolitan area, has not been awarded a trophy.

Mrs. A. G. Matthews, secretary of the ladies' mid-week fixtures, and also a member of the grading committee of the association, has expressed personal and official appreciation of the donation of the cup. News of the play and progress in the ladies' fixtures and those of the junior ranks will be published from time to time on this page.

A striking example of what an enterprising and enthusiastic secretary can achieve is afforded in this association. Mrs. A. G. Matthews is the "deus-ex-machina" at whose bidding between 1700 and 1800 womenfolk seize their racquets and rally forth every week, comprising in all 268 teams.

With a thought for the rising generation of Illawarra, two years ago Mrs. Matthews organised a tournament for schoolchildren. The entries for the initial venture amounted only to twenty odd. This year there will be over three hundred. The youngsters look forward to this event with the keenest enthusiasm. It is always played in the school holidays, so that this training ground for budding Crawfords or McGrahns does not interfere with the pursuits of a prospective professor.

The immediate objective of the association is the erection of a club-house. Specifications are already in hand for a building that will afford every facility to members, and be something quite outstanding from a strictly architectural viewpoint.

As a trophy has been presented to each association affiliated in the Combined Harcourts Tennis Association, the awarding of the trophies has been a matter for the executive council of each to decide independently.

## Mrs. Jack Crawford writes from Paris

"Spent several days shopping with Mrs. Wittingstall (Eileen Bennett) . . . she is looking wonderful. . . . Our boys are all fit and well. . . . Shops are beautiful. . . . Many Americans in Paris. . . . Conditions appear brighter. . . . Everyone looking forward to championships. . . . Met Jean Borotra . . . he is looking very fit."

## WOMEN CRICKETERS Plan TESTS

Negotiations are proceeding with a view to arranging for an English team of women cricketers to tour Australia. Of course, body-line bowling would be barred.

MISS ELSIE BENNETT, of the Y.W.C.A., Melbourne, who has been in England for some time, has been in constant touch with Miss Cox, secretary of England's Women's Cricket Association.

It is understood from these conversations that England would be pleased to send a team of women cricketers to Australia, in the near future, probably in 1935.

Of course, an invitation must come from the Australian Women's Cricket Council, and this will not be sent until after the interstate matches are played here next year.

### ANXIOUS TO ARRANGE

N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association has always been eager to arrange this visit, and at the annual conference held in Brisbane last March, Miss Peden, Secretary of the N.S.W. Association, endeavored to have an invitation sent for this season.

However, both Victoria and Queensland opposed the idea, as they considered the financial part of the visit would be too difficult a venture to tackle just yet.

The Women's Council left the matter open to be discussed again at the next conference, to be held in Sydney next year.

### TESTS WITH N.Z.

They did consent to an invitation being sent to the New Zealand Women's



Mrs. JACK CRAWFORD, who will partner her husband in the mixed doubles at Wimbledon.

## How to AVOID FOOTFAULTS

Tennis players who wish to correct any tendency they may have as regards footfaulting, will benefit considerably from a study of hints given by Dr. G. H. McElhone, in an address to the Hornsby District Tennis Association.

Having taken his stance behind the base line, the server must maintain continuous contact with the ground until the moment of impact of racket and the ball, explained Dr. McElhone.

If the server throw the ball in the air and catch it again, this is not a fault; but, if he attempts to hit the ball and miss it, then it is a fault.

The server shall not serve until the receiver has signified that he is ready. When playing without an umpire, the receiver is justified in turning his back to indicate that he is not ready.

Thus Dr. McElhone gave an unhesitating verdict on the player who will insist on serving two balls in rapid succession (when his first service is a fault).

Should the ball, before touching the ground, hit the receiver, or any part of his clothing, the receiver loses the point, even though he should be standing outside the court.

### TROPHY IS PRESENTED

The Australian Women's Weekly Trophy and replica, for annual competition among the lady members of the association, was presented to the secretary by our representative.

The meeting concluded with a further happy speech from the president.

## SPECIAL OFFER ! BUY DIRECT

WE ARE THE MANUFACTURERS  
A GENUINE SAVING OF  
2 GNS. ON YOUR  
LEATHER COAT

HERE is an ideal opportunity for you to get a HIGH-GRADE LEATHER COAT at WHOLESALE PRICES. EVERY woman who values appearance must possess one of these BEAUTIFUL LEATHER COATS, particularly when it can be purchased at such a reasonable figure, without sacrificing QUALITY or FASHIONABLE DESIGN. THE phenomenal interest which these LUXURIOUS COATS have aroused will be intensified by the announcement of a substantial PRICE REDUCTION. THESE STYLISH COATS are POSITIVELY WATERPROOF, and besides being LIGHT IN WEIGHT, are thoroughly WARM. They may be procured in PLAIN SHADINGS or TRIMMED with CONTRASTING COLOURS, and fully lined with figured silk to match. BE wise and secure one of these GENUINE LEATHER COATS whilst such a wonderful opportunity occurs.

(As Advertised over the air.)

SEND TO-DAY — DON'T DELAY for Samples and Catalogue, etc.

### LADIES' COATS

IN ALL SHADINGS. Red, Blue-du-Rose, Wine, Royal Blue, Jade Green, Easi-de-Nil, Bottle Green, Tan, Medium Tan, Nigger Brown.

Suitable for Motorcycling or Street Wear. When ordering state Chest Measurements and Colour.

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### GENT'S COATS

Being both Warm and Waterproof they are most Serviceable and Reliable Coats with wind and rain resisting qualities for motorcycling or everyday wear.

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daily glass  
of Sheaf Stout  
keeps me fit  
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it's TOOTH'S

\*Sheaf\*



## SPORTS GIRLS NEED MORE Dressing Rooms

HOW will the different women's sporting clubs be catered for in the summer months? Playing fields are scarce enough, but when these are procurable, the lack of dressing accommodation for the players is deplorable.

Hundreds of players use the Domain, winter and summer, and have been doing so for some years now, yet no specified place has been set aside for the accommodation of these players.

The same applies to Moore Park, Centennial, Prince Alfred, University and other municipal grounds.

Certainly, the women are lucky in having the use of the women's square at the University, where they can play hockey and cricket under ideal conditions.

There should be many more grounds of a like nature for the women players.

Every branch of women's sports is expanding, and the time is now at hand for the various councils to make arrangements and provide dressing rooms for the summer season.

## BUSINESS FIRMS ENCOURAGE SPORTS SPIRIT

EVERYONE knows that the majority of girls playing sport are at work in some capacity or other.

Very few people know, however, of the generous support these girls receive in their sporting activities from the firms that employ them.

Every week The Australian Women's Weekly will feature an article on the activities of the sports and welfare clubs playing under their firms' guidance.

That the firms are wise in fostering this love of sport among their employees is apparent by the returns they obtain. The average sports girl is alert in thought and quick in action. Her powers of anticipation and perception keen, she is just and thoughtful, and, because she knows the value of team spirit so well, she makes the ideal fellow worker in any office or factory.

### Real Co-operation

Quick to realise the value of the sports girl, business firms have helped them in all ways possible. It is these business firms who have lessened the breach between employer and employee more than perhaps any Arbitration Court could do. The sporting fields are the grounds (metaphorically and literally) where the director and clerk, the manager and shop assistant, the superintendent and the factory hand, find something in common.

In New South Wales there is not one instance of a firm preventing one of its girls from playing in interstate matches either here or in other States.

In fact, the director of one firm, on learning that one of his girls had been chosen to play for New South Wales in another State, and that she would have to leave the day their sale commenced, sent for her, congratulated her, and gave her her salary, plus enough money to pay her expenses.

## £50 Picture Words

(SEE CONDITIONS ON PAGE 1)

- 1 . . . LOWN
- 2 . . . LOG
- 3 FLA . . . ON
- 4 . . . OD
- 5 . . . EAVE
- 6 . . . UCK
- 7 . . . ANSY
- 8 . . . ASS

Mark the missing letters on this form

### ENTRY FORM

I desire to enter your Picture Puzzle No. 1 competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as legally binding.

Name .....

Address .....

Entries should be addressed to "Picture Words," Box No. 1220C, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.



MEMBERS OF THE N.S.W. Women's Hockey Team chosen to tour Suva. (Left to right): Misses Moriarty, Crowley, Pepper, O'Brien, Hollingworth, M. Johnson, Locke, Burrell, Whyte, N. Wicks.

## Hockey Team for Suva Confident of Success

AMONG the masses of flowers and streamers, a tiny mascot, in the form of a doll in hockey uniform with monogrammed blazer, was a prized possession.

The following farewell messages were left by Mrs. F. J. Davy, who accompanied the team as chaperon and manager, and Nancy Wicks, captain of the team.

"Please thank the many well-wishers and followers of women's hockey for all they have done for us. I consider there is no better game for girls than hockey. These interstate, inter-dominion and inter-national tours are not only an incentive to excellent play and a delightful experience, but the means of making life-long friendships. I have an excellent team, and they are well fitted to be the ambassadors of this State. I am looking forward to a wonderful time chaperoning them."

—Mrs. F. J. Davy, Manager of the N.S.W. Hockey Team.

"We are all setting forth, full of enthusiasm, and I am confident we shall be able to uphold the prestige of the New South Wales Women's Hockey Association. All of us are looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the good times ahead. We have an excellent team, a team that will play the game, whether we win or lose. Give my sincere thanks to everyone for their good wishes." Nancy Wicks, captain of the team.

The enthusiastic farewell tendered to members of the N.S.W. hockey team, when the "Mariposa" sailed last Wednesday, is typical of the spirit that has made such trips possible. Matches have been arranged in New Zealand and in Suva, and the girls are confident of success.



## PARTNERSHIP AUGURS SUCCESS

The news that Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crawford will be partners in the mixed doubles at Wimbledon is very welcome in view of their past performances together.

At Wimbledon they defeated Helen Jacobs and Allison, while in Adelaide and Sydney, in 1931 and 1932 respectively, they won the Australian mixed doubles championships.



DEFEATED, BUT STILL SMILING. It takes more than an occasional defeat to dim the smiles of the "All White" Hockey team at Rushcutters Bay.

## SPORTING SHORTS

### Pelaco Cricketers

The Victorian Pelaco Women's Cricket Team intends touring through this State in December, and they have written to Miss Feden, secretary of the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association, asking her to arrange matches for them during Christmas week.

### Tennis Star's Success

American tennis star, Miss Elizabeth Ryan, has had a wonderful time at the Riviera this year. She won 11 out of 19 events for which she entered, and she came first in the nine out of ten tournaments in which she played.

### Studied Massage

Miss Barbara Thomas, a well-known University hockey player, and one-time cricketer, who broke off her medical course to go to England with the Australian Women's Hockey Team, will be sitting for her final examinations in massage shortly. It will be remembered she stayed in London to study this course.

### Short Story Writing

### Free Lance Journalism

NEW COURSES  
Instruction and training in your own home by practical journalists. Write for free prospectus, A.C.S., 140 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

### Novel Idea

Miss Evie Carpenter, who joined the ranks of athletes last year, has now purchased an Alsatian dog, with a view, it is said, to studying the dog's jumping and running methods. Miss Carpenter is well known in baseball and cricket circles.

### Biggest Score

Drummoynes baseballers registered a cricket score when they played Nestles II, and beat them by 31 to nil. This is the biggest score registered this season. Sam Souel, who have been unlucky by having their players more or less on the injured list, won their first match of the season when they beat Vikings. David Jones still remain the runners-up.

### Basketball Champions

The Ironhearts team won again on Saturday, but the scores did not indicate how well Vice-Royal played. They were always on the attack. The Y. Blues and Corinthians have not yet won a match in "A" Grade. Nancy Forty, of the Budgarees team, can throw a goal from any part of the circle, and is playing well enough to be in a higher grade.

In Victoria there are over 50 basketball teams partaking in the night competition arranged by the Y.W.C.A.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonald House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

## NOW FOR THE ADELAIDE Hockey Tests

Having safely despatched the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Team to Suva, the State selectors are busy selecting another team to leave this month for Adelaide. Over 80 names are forwarded for selection.

MRS. HOLT and the Misses Redfern and Wicks have a contract ahead of them in reducing the number down to 14.

Victoria has decided to send 13 players to Adelaide, and that State has already selected 22 from the 40 names sent in.

Basketball selectors are also keenly

## VISITING AUSTRALIA



MISS CAMPBELL, daughter of Sir John, Bt., D.S.O., and Lady Campbell, of Malay States, is in Sydney at present with her mother. She is an enthusiastic tennis and golf player. She also finds much enjoyment in jungle picnics, for which elephants are used as a means of transport.

watching the girls at their games. A basketball team from this State will also be playing in Adelaide in August. Misses Wansey and Clarke were at the Agricultural Ground last week, watching the various players at work.



For  
Children's  
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This gentle, thrift dentifrice — swift, safe cleaning — a flavour children like

Neglect of children's temporary teeth, orthodontists agree, may result in serious malformation of the later, permanent teeth forming beneath the gum surfaces. Beauty may be marred, health impaired.

### At the Age of Two

Dental authorities therefore urge a systematic cleansing of baby teeth after the child has reached the age of two years. For this purpose they suggest a tooth paste free from harsh abrasives; safe and swift in action, and pleasant to taste.

### Protects Precious Enamel

Listerine Tooth Paste contains amazing new cleansing and polishing agents. They are softer than enamel. Therefore, they cannot harm it. But they are harder than tartar. Consequently, they remove it. The teeth are left brilliant, clean, unmarred.

We ask you to try Listerine Tooth Paste for a week. Disregard, if you will, the saving it affords, and judge by cleansing results alone. The Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney.

**LISTERINE**  
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**24/6**

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FAR BELOW USUAL PRICES!

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Wool, Cotton and Silk, Cotton and Wool, or All-Wool Vests, to clear! Manufacturer's Seconds, Sleeveless, or with short sleeves. W. to O.S. White only. Usual 4/11, 5/11. At

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Another wonderful value! 270 Cotton and Art. Silk Vests, selling for only 1/6 each. Superior quality, in white only. S.W. and W. sizes. Usually 2/9 and 2/11 each. At

7/11 Bloomers for **3/11**

Half-Price! Wool Cashmere or Wool and Silk Bloomers. Slightly imperfect but wear in no way affected. S.W. to O.S. White and colors. Usually 7/11. To Clear at ...

3/6, 3/11 Vests now **1/9**

Snap these up! Ribbed Wool and Cotton Vest, in cream only. Shaped shoulder style, or some with short sleeves. Usually 3/6 to 3/11. Priced at, only ...

All-Wool Underwear less **33 1/3%**

Amazing reduction on Cream All-Wool Vests, Combinations and Spencers, also colored Bloomers, mostly perfect, some "Seconds" included. S.W. to O.S. Usually 2/3 to 15/11.

5/11 Cream Vests **2/6**

Take advantage of this remarkable opportunity! Cotton and Wool Vests, in cream only. Sleeveless, or with short sleeves. W. to O.S. Usually 4/11, 5/11. All at, each ...

3/11 Art. Silk Bloomers **2/6**

Less than Half Price! Excellent quality Self Stripe Art. Silk Bloomers, guaranteed not to ladder. In Pink, White, Sky, Black, Beige, and Nile. S.W. to O.S. Usually 3/11 pair. Only

4/6 Vests go at, ea. **3/3**

Finely-ribbed Wool and Art. Silk Vests, in cream only. Manufacturer's mediums, but wear in no way impaired. Assorted sizes. Usually 4/6. Reduced to, each ...



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